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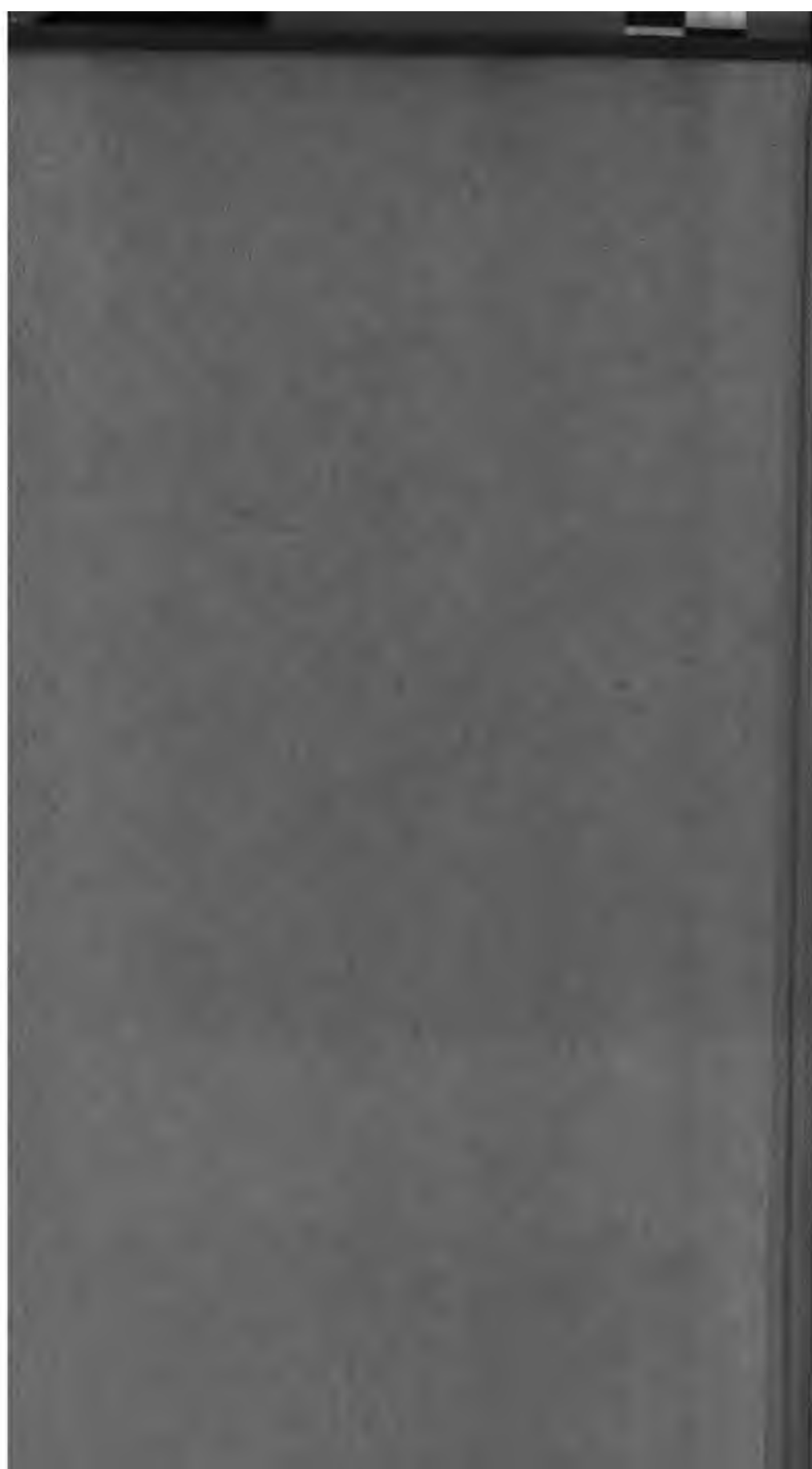
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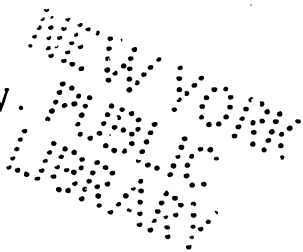
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A MAGAZINE

OF

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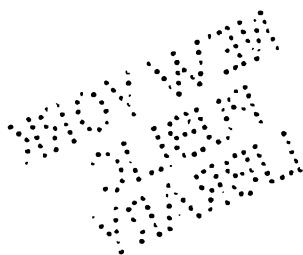
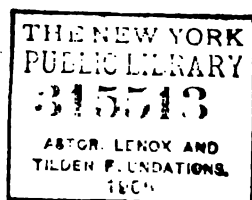
VOLUME V.



DOMINICAN COLLEGE

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

1904



DOMINICANA

VOLUME V

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DOMINICANA

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NO. 1.

The Conversion of Literature.

MERWIN MARIE SNELL, PH. D.

FIRST PART.

THE pagan renaissance and the Protestant revolt conspired to bring the Middle Ages into contempt, and draw the veil of oblivion over their sublime monuments of Faith, and of philosophy and of art. The beautiful medieval literature, culminating in Dante, Tasso, Spenser and Shakespeare (for the latter belonged distinctly to the medieval cycle of literary development), and finding a belated and mocking echo in Ariosto, Rebelais and Cervantes, was replaced by one that looked to pagan antiquity for its inspiration and its forms.

As all art is of God, and all created things aspire, consciously or unconsciously, to Him, and all aspiration finds in Divine Truth the condition of its perfect fruition, classicism reached its highest point only when wedded with Faith, as in Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, Racine and Dryden. But the paganism at its core worked out into an irreligion which, in the English Deism, the French encyclopedism, and the German *aufklarungsphilosophie* became universally dominant during the eighteenth century—that age inordinately proud of its emancipation from the trammels of “superstition,” but now coming to be justly estimated by its posterity as representing the aphelion of human thought.

But in that very century whose sterile pseudo-rationalism reached its climax in the atrocities and blasphemies of Hebert and his “Enrages,” which sickened even the monster Robespierre, the seeds of a new life were germinating. Already in the seventeenth century the medieval faith had inspired the “Lucifer” of Joost von der Vondel, and indirectly, but none the less truly, the works of its professed enemies Milton and Bunyan; and in the eighteenth the revived influences of Spenser and Milton caused in England the beginning of a revolt against the classical school and of a renewed interest in medieval culture.

On the continent the study of Shakespeare, long unappreciated in his own country, was one of the causes that gave rise to the Swiss school of literary criticism, which definitely broke with the traditions

of classicism and threw off for a time the yoke of French literary supremacy. The movement was taken up in Germany by Lessing, followed by Goethe, Schiller and Herder; and at the same time a new classicism, inimical to the old, was inaugurated by the Catholic art critic Winckelmann and his followers, who for the first time distinguished sharply between the most perfect monuments of Graeco-Roman culture and the degenerate standards of that decadent period of the Roman empire by which the writers and artists of the pagan renaissance had been chiefly influenced.

The historico-critical school, headed by Lessing and Winckelmann, refused to consider all of history between the fall of the Roman empire and the beginning of the "reformation" a blank or besmirched page, and took up with the enthusiasm, as English writers were beginning to do, the work of re-opening the rich treasure-house of medieval culture and folk-lore.

In the midst of the infidel pseudo-philosophy of France arose, as one of its products, an element which concurred with it in bringing about the revolutionary cataclysm, and tended to act as a universal solvent of pre-existing institutions, ideas and standards—classicism and rationalism themselves among the rest—namely, the ultra-naturalistic and equalitarian notions and sentimentalist spirit of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The historico-critical school was largely affected by Rousseauism from the beginning; and the great romantic movement in literature, in its typical form, was the joint product of these two influences.

What was at first a mere revolt against the dominant literary standards—a natural outcropping of the general spirit of revolt that dominated the century, soon took the form, more and more distinctly, of a Gothic revival and a renaissance of wonder, as it has been strikingly called. The new movement spread to all parts of Christendom and was represented, for example, by Oelenschlager in Denmark, Walter Scott in Scotland, Atterlom in Sweden, and Coleridge, De Quincey and Walpole in England. The European mind, starved by the negations and commonplaces of cheap infidelity, drank in with boundless eagerness the wonder-tales of long ago, and the imagination, newly aroused, began to revel in the delights of phantasy to the point of extravagance. And, finally, the realization came that the dream was not all a dream—that the beauties of the ages of Faith were the beauties of the Faith itself; and the feeling grew that the source of such matchless beauty and grace of life could not be all a lie.

Thus the romantic school developed in two different directions: representing, on the one hand, the exaggerated *Welt-schmerz* sown by "the spirit that eternally denies," and on the other the hope and

joy and pure delight which spring up in the footsteps of Divine Faith. The misery and pessimism, tending to utter despair, of the unbelieving sentimentalists—of Byron in England, of Senancourt and Nadier in France, of Jean Paul Richter, followed by Heine and Borne, in Germany, and of Zoukevsky and Lermontev in Russia, was the wail of humanity outraged in its inmost nature and cheated of its true destiny.

Far different was the note sounded by those whose feet had found, or whose eyes had recognized, the rock of salvation—such as Novalis, Frederich von Schlegel, Clemens Brentano, Werner and La-Motte-Fouque in Germany, Lamartine and Chateaubriand in France, and Manzoni in Italy. They applied the balm to the wound, furnished the answer to the enigma, proclaiming to the sick world—over-ripe in the wisdom which is from below—that to the awakened mind, clearly cognizant of the realities of the universe, health and peace can come only as the gift of Faith. But the leaven of iniquity was still working, even in the Catholic romantic school, and the apostasy of Victor Hugo, who had become its head, together with that of Lamennais, the chief of the traditionalists and the Christian republicans of France, co-operated with the influence of George Sand (representing the Rousseauian sentimentalism combined with the revolutionism of Pierre Leroux, the self-chosen successor of the eighteenth century encyclopedists), and other representatives of irreligion, to turn back the tide of Faith.

The Hashish Club of the Hotel Prinodan became the center of literary life in Paris, the metropolis of literature. There Hugo's disciple, Gautier, presided, and inspired the beautiful but sin-stained muse of Baudelaire. The eighteenth century empiricism was revived by Auguste Comte, followed by Herbert Spencer and Ernst Haeck, —the positivism, agnosticism and materialistic monism which they respectively represented being forms of infidelity less violent and superficial than that of the eighteenth century, but none the less inimical to supernatural religion; while the negative side of the historico-critical movement worked itself out in the destructive biblical criticism of the young Tübingen school in Germany, and the pessimism of unbelief found systematic exposition in Schopenhauer, and was reflected in the magnificent but poisoned art of the dramatist, Wagner, and in the gloomy poetry of the Italian Leopardi and the American Poe, finally reaching its *reductio ad absurdum* in the mad philosopher Nietzsche.

The making of good resolutions is now in order. May we suggest one? That you give ten minutes a day to the recitation of the Rosary, to the study of the life of Jesus under the guidance of His Blessed Mother.

The Monk's Christmas Gift.

ALIDA M. BIBBY.

CHAPTER II.

The twilight of the wintry afternoon had deepened into cimmerian shadows which gradually enveloped the monastery. Lights were already burning throughout the building, their fitful glimmerings could be faintly discerned through the high grated windows. The brethren moved noiselessly to and fro. It was now too late for out-door occupations.

In the convent chapel, bent in earnest prayer, a solitary monk earnestly supplicated Heaven for the conversion of sinners.

"O my God," he cried, "show mercy to my wayward brother! Deliver him from the snares of satan. For his soul's salvation I have scourged myself, undergone penances, and exhausted my strength by prolonged fasts. It is not Thy will that any one should perish in his wickedness. Grant me the consolation of seeing his repentance, but, Thy will, O God, not mine, be done."

Prostrating himself for a moment in silent resignation, he arose and turned to leave the chapel. The dim light revealed the chastened countenance of Father Nicholas, the Superior, whom we saw giving his blessing to Father Placidus early in the afternoon. His uncowed head was firmly set upon a pair of broad, athletic shoulders; his brow was expansive and marked by thought, his nose and mouth were well cut and refined; his eyes beamed with gentle kindness. As he reached the vestibule he pulled the cowl over his head and involuntarily shuddered as he saw the merciless snow which was falling in heavy flakes.

Just then a long, sharp bark echoed through the frosty air. Father Nicholas listened and made the sign of the cross. Again it resounded, this time it seemed like a cry for help, and from Fidelis, too Merciful Providence! Could the young monk have lost his way and was Fidelis giving the signal of his misery? Father Nicholas listened attentively for another summons from the faithful animal, but hearing none continued his walk.

The Superior's thoughts naturally reverted to the young monk Placidus. How much was he indebted to him for his gentle and pious example to the brethren; through the twelve years that he had been amongst them none of them had ever heard him say an impatient word. True, there was an enemy when he entered the monastery who had endeavored to prove guilt against the young

monk. His only defense when the Superior arraigned him publicly before his comrades in the monastery was simply: "It is the will of God that my heart should be brought to this subjection. I accuse my brother not, as it is not for man to judge; but, by the grace of God I live, and if He be willing that I should be calumniated unto death His will be done."

And when after a few months his accuser lay dying of a loathsome disease, Father Placidus took tender care of him until the end. Eight years had passed since then. The brethren who had loved Placidus and who had refused to believe him guilty of the crime of which he had been accused, loved and revered him more each succeeding year. But, we must continue our story.

The Father Superior, as we have seen, listened attentively for Fidelis' bark. He was just about to enter the monastery to dispatch help to Father Placidus, when, looking towards the iron gate, he saw the tall figure of the young monk hurrying towards him. It was now almost dark.

"Well, my son, has your—"

"O Father, but, pardon me—the voice—O Father," and the young man sank to his knees.

"Nay, my son, thou art in strange excitement; but the voice, didn't thou hear aright?"

"Truly, Father, I have found the man—buried beneath the snow—I have come for help."

"Yes, we shall go; he may be dead; even so, he must have Christian burial; come, and we shall summon the younger brethren, and I also shall accompany you."

Three of the brethren besides Father Placidus and the Superior went forth from the monastery gate a few minutes later, bearing torches and a litter for the dead or wounded—Father Nicholas and the young monk holding large flambeaux aloft, after them the litter borne by two, while a fifth monk brought up the rear, holding another torch. The snow was now abating, but the air was icy cold; still the brethren had no idea of turning back.

Coming slowly to the snowy ridge, they crossed it in safety. Father Placidus, holding his torch high above his head, at length exclaimed: "Yonder, my reverend father, is the cross on the eminence!"

The Superior held his flambeau aloft, likewise, and beheld the dark cruciform outlines dimly defined. He said not a word, but blessed himself as he glanced towards it.

At last, the monks halted at the spot indicated by Father Placidus; neither dog nor man were to be seen; presently a bark from Fidelis told them where to look, and there at the foot of the cross lay the faithful servant guarding his charge.

Father Placidus had one foot on the bank, about to ascend to the rock, when the Superior said to him: "Nay, stay here."

Then they carried the litter as near as they could. Father Nicholas placed his arms around the helpless man's waist; another lifted the heavy, benumbed limbs; they placed him gently upon the litter. The fathers had done this kind of work many times before. The grey figures gathered about the frozen man, whose face, in the strong light from the blazing torches, appeared strangely cold and placid. His handsome features, clearly cut, as if in marble, peculiarly appealed to the pity of the brethren. An earnest prayer went out from each heart for Heaven's mercy in his behalf.

Chafing the benumbed limbs and pouring brandy through the set teeth, they wrapped him tightly in a blanket, and endeavored with all possible speed, to retrace their steps to the monastery.

Fidelis now bounded up to the litter to see if all were right, then hurried on before Father Nicholas; thus he went to and fro, until the end of the journey, when the monks placed their burden in one of the interior rooms of the monastery. Then Father Nicholas, pulling down the blanket, saw to his joy, that the right hand of the sleeper, whereon was twined a rosary, had moved to his breast and that the fingers clutched the beads less tightly than when they had laid him upon the litter.

"My children," the Father said, "place the torches about so that the heat may vivify his slumbering senses; for something tells me he is not dead, but that we shall know more of him, ere long, if it be the will of God."

"Amen," was the humble rejoinder.

Father Simoni said to Father Placidus, as they left the room together, "Think you not, dear brother, that the one on the litter resembles our revered Superior?"

"God's gifts of comeliness are freely dispensed, my brother, to many. I have noticed a striking similarity in their features," replied the monk.

"Knowest thou that our revered Superior once had a brother who caused him great anxiety on account of his lack of faith—but, God forgive me, I have said too much."

Father Placidus looked astonished, but merely answered, "God returns the lost sheep to the fold and He promises salvation to all those who forsake their evil ways."

At daylight upon the following morning, Father Placidus, before saying Mass, entered the apartment assigned to the vigil of Father Nicholas by the side of the unfortunate stranger.

Father Nicholas was in an attitude of silent prayer; his tonsured head, bowed low, almost touched the threadbare garb of him

upon the litter; his hands were clasped as if in supplication. The torch at the head of the body shed a weird, unsteady light over the features, exhibiting the rigidity of death. The young monk stood still undetermined whether to advance or to recede, when the priest, slowly raising his head, beheld him and beckoned. As he approached, Placidus observed an open letter in the Superior's hand. When he reached his side the father motioned to him to kneel, whispering, "Look thou upon the face of the dead, my son, and pray for his soul; he was of my flesh and blood, and very dear to me. God has brought the wanderer home." And while the two monks kneel and pray for the eternal rest of the departed soul, we shall go back to the scenes of the previous evening.

Having dismissed the brethren, Father Nicholas took his place beside the inanimate form of the stranger, anxiously awaiting the faintest sign of life. His heart was filled with compassion; he prayed fervently. The uncertainty of his brother's fate pressed heavily upon him. What if this should be the wayward one? There might yet be time for his repentance. Was not God a merciful Father and would He not bring sinners back to those who had craved their salvation in prayer? Turning his eyes toward the pale features he studied them attentively. Surely he had seen them before; or, was it only fancy? Kneeling beside the litter and taking one of the cold hands in his own, Father Nicholas renewed his supplications to Heaven. Suddenly he felt a slight pressure upon his wrist, slowly the man's eyes opened with a look of intense yearning; steadily he gazed into the eyes of Father Nicholas who no longer doubted. Before him lay his long-lost brother.

"Merciful God," he cried, "I thank Thee!" Taking his brother's hand again he kissed it rapturously. Then he arose and, procuring some brandy, poured it between the man's lips. After a few moments the man said faintly, "Brother—Father Nicholas—forgive—me," His hand moved towards his breast pocket—but he was too weak to reach it. The Superior, following his look discovered a folded paper which he took from the pocket and placed in the man's hand. But he feebly uttered one word, "read."

Father Nicholas then opened the paper which was in his brother's handwriting, evidently pencilled in haste before he was overcome by the violence of the storm. He read the following:

"O my brother I have sought thee, laden as I am with sixteen years of sinful indulgence. So heavy has been my burden that God seemed to have turned His countenance from me—until, finally a ray of hope has pierced the gloom of my darkened soul. Repentance is still left to me. Riches and power I had used unto my own destruction; therefore, I resolved to abandon them and

seek the peace and security of your cloistered home. With me I have brought but two mementoes of my old life—the rosary given me by my mother and the cross that marked her grave. The cross I shall plant as a signal of distress should I be overtaken by a storm and perish. Pray for my soul. Thy repentant brother,

PAOLA.

The superior's eyes filled with tears, he fell upon his knees and cried, "Oh, my brother. God will forgive thee!" With brotherly affection he soothed the unfortunate man and hastened to procure for him the spiritual ministrations of one of the brethren. Having made a contrite confession Paola received the last Sacraments with edifying fervor, his spirit passed into the hands of his Maker—just as the first beams of morning lighted the windows of the monastery.

Three days later the solemn ceremonies for the dead were concluded for the repose of the dead man's soul. As his body was laid away, the cross that had marked his living grave in the snow was placed at his head. Probably no more earnest petitions went up to Heaven than those of Father Placidus. His prayers were mainly of gratitude for the manifestation of the merciful providence of God in behalf of erring sinners. He could not refrain from expressing a wish that the spot upon which the wanderer had been rescued should be marked by the symbol of salvation.

The brethren were filled with joy; now they could testify their esteem for him in gratifying his simple desire. God's glory would be advanced and souls would be saved! A large crucifix, therefore should be erected in honor of Father Placidus. Slowly but patiently they toiled in carving the figure of the Saviour which, when finished, was suspended upon a cross made from a young Alpine tree. As Christmas drew near the brethren decided to erect the crucifix on that day so that the offering to Father Placidus might be more acceptable. Laboriously they accomplished their task and awaited the moment that would reward their efforts, in his grateful surprise. On Christmas morn, radiant in sunlight, the crucifix stood guard upon the rock at the base of which Father Placidus was wont to meditate and pray. True to his custom he went forth on Christmas afternoon followed by his protector, Fidelis. So deeply was he absorbed in contemplation that he looked neither to the right nor to the left. As he approached the rock, however, he glanced towards its summit, when to his wonder, a marvel of artistic workmanship met his gaze. Those dying eyes were gazing upon him, the divine head crowned with thorns, the hands and feet pinioned to the wood. Could it be? he rubbed his eyes and looked again; yes, the dear pitying gaze of the Savior pierced his heart with a burning flame

of love, the arms seemed quivering with a realization of their agony, and the emaciated body with its perfect depiction of long, weary vigils and merciless scourgings, sent a fervent thrill through the monk's very soul.

The pupils of such an art, must have been under divine inspiration, must have had their hearts kindled with holy fire of revelation, to have consummated such a work! So Father Placidus ruminated that noon as he retraced his way to the monastery, where meeting his brethren, he told them in simple child-like words, his thanks and his more than heartfelt gratification at the love they bore him. So the years glided by, each one leaving to Father Placidus an additional sanctity and renewing virtue as repeated gifts from him to his brethren. After many years he became in turn Father Superior, suggested by Father Nicholas upon his deathbed for that post of dignity. And now he had been the head of the brethren, it might be said for nearly thirty-three years, and he had seen each one of them lay his work aside and reply to the heavenly summons, "O Lord receive my soul," until all they who were his brethren when he was young and in his strength, had vanished, replaced by others who learned to love him as those of yore, and his name in age became even as it was in youth the *vade mecum* to all the brethren. At last even old Fidelis succumbed to the hand of time and he was also replaced by another who learned to love the kind and gentle accents of the Father Superiors's voice. Old age, nigh unto eighty years, had usurped the throne of vigorous manhood, and the Crucifix on the Alpine rock had stood through many winters of intensity, summers of alternate shadow and sunshine, springs and autumns of inundations and frosts; but imperturbed by them all the dying Saviour looked upon many a wayfarer and brought hardened sinners back to repentance and gave to the old age of Father Placidus many a consoling hour.

The Christ is come, a God is born
to-day:
A Woman's arms enfold the wondrous
Child,
A Woman's breast sustains the Unde-
filed;
And simple folk hear the first Christ-
mas lay,
And hearing, haste to worship and to
pray,
Trusting their flocks to angels on the
wild—
While Mary looked upon her Babe and
smiled,

Most Bless'd of Women on that morn-
ing grey.
So once again let the glad tale be told
Of love most human, yet of love divine:
Bring loyal gifts of frankincense and
gold,
And lay thy heart's best treasures on
His shrine;
Bring Faith and Hope, but to these
graces see
Thou add'st man's noble virtue—
Charity.

John Dennis.

A Christmas Sonnet.

REV. T. A. METCALF

O happy Mother, if in heaven were known	That made thy Babe, while God of Heaven, thine own
An envious thought, then angels envied thee	And only Son. When lovely Baby- eyes
That winter midnight when, in ecstasy, They saw thee worship at the manger- throne	Looked up into thy face to sweetly smile
Of Bethlehem. They knew that thou alone,	Unspoken greetings, numbered with such charms
By virtue of thy sweet maternity, Couldst taste the fulness of the mys- tery	Was full beatitude; and Paradise Came down to earth to dwell with thee, the while
	Thy neck was circled by His little arms.

Invocation.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Show me the way that Thou would'st
have me go,
While wand'ring down life's dark-
ened path of years,
And give me strength to fight the
bitter fears,
That strive to bring about my over-
throw!

I ask not much, dear Lord! Full
well I know
That there is joy in life to dry my
tears,
That lips are kind to whisper in my
ears
And tune my heart-strings to love's
allegro.

Show me the way! Kind Father! Let
me see
A little sunlight in my ev'ry day,
And for my wealth give me not
lucre gay
But peace of soul and mind! There-
in for me,
Lies recompense, the sweetest, to
defray
Man's sense of duty—love-defined
and free.

New Year Thoughts.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

'Neath the wings of Thy protection
Guard the hearts that look to Thee
With a strong and tried affection,
And a hope that they may be
In the Homeland true and glorious
When the cares of life are o'er,
There to share with saints victorious
Peace and joy forevermore!

Oh, this life were pain unending
Did we have no hope to light
Ev'ry effort we are lending
To the struggle for the right;
And our days were those of sorrow
Could we claim no cheering thought
That there waits a bright tomorrow
When the fight of life is fought!

Lord, we thank Thee for the blessing
Of belief in HOME above,
Where our hearts, in glad confessing,
Shall respond to those we love;
Where our souls in sweet commu-
nion
With the souls we dearly prize
Shall a pure and perfect union
For all ages realize!

Father Thomas O'Neill, O. P.

On December 10, 1903, Father Thomas O'Neill died in S. Dominic's Priory, San Francisco. Born in the town of Dungan-



THE LATE FATHER THOMAS O'NEILL, O. P.

non, Tyrone, the historic home of the O'Neills in the year 1882, Thomas O'Neill left his native land in 1850. In 1851 he came to California. In 1852, on the advice of Bishop Alemany, he went to Monterey and was there received into the newly formed community of Dominicans, the first novice whose mother tongue was English.

Having removed to Benicia, when the community was transferred to that city, then the capital of the State, Brother Thomas

made his solemn religious profession in 1856. In 1863 he was ordained a priest by Archbishop Losa, at that time living in California as an exile from his See of Guadalajara, Mexico.

In 1864 Father O'Neill organized the parish of Antioch, and built its church. During the following nine years he generally labored in the district included in the parish of Antioch, in Martinez and in the missions dependent on those centres. A stretch of well nigh fifty miles was faithfully patrolled by him, a tireless shepherd whose splendid physique enabled him to bear toils far beyond the strength of an ordinary man. His familiarity with the Spanish tongue qualified him to bring comfort to the deathbeds of Spaniards and Mexicans who then formed a considerable portion of the population of that section of the State.

Elected Prior of S. Dominic's, Benicia, during that period, he relaxed, in no manner, his pastoral vigilance, his missionary zeal. Verily he was a pioneer, not for the gold of this world, but for souls in the building up of the Church.

Subsequently called to San Francisco he labored most energetically and fruitfully in S. Francis' parish, San Francisco, helping notably in the work of reducing a very heavy debt. From 1873 to 1876 he was the pastor of S. Brigid's Church, San Francisco, a field in which he also wrought unsparingly and vigorously. For twenty-four years he had resided in S. Dominic's Priory San Francisco. Twice he filled the office of Prior there, and during those six years he led the efforts of the Fathers in the

great work which they accomplished in the erection of the present S. Dominic's church.

For many years a sufferer, the result of an accident aggravated by rheumatism and other maladies, his disability finally became so pronounced, that he was confined to his room during the two years immediately preceding his death which came to him as a happy release from his multiplied sufferings, which he had always borne without a murmur.

In the death of this venerable man, the last of the old Monterey community, the California Dominicans have lost one of their greatest men. Of varied talents, a musician, a poet of no mean quality, had he cared to cultivate the muse, Father O'Neill dedicated every gift to the cause to which he had vowed life and strength. Self-sacrificing, obedient, prudent, of a determination steel-like in its vigor, he literally spent himself for souls. When, at last, he was compelled to relinquish all active share in the work of the Order, he became a willing victim, resigned, patient, cheerful under his heavy cross, an example of edification to his brethren, their helper and comforter by his counsel and wisdom.

To the memory of a true and loyal son of S. Dominic, a faithful priest of God, DOMINICANA deems this slight tribute due. We regret that we cannot present a recent likeness of Father O'Neill, but the one we reproduce is the only one available. Taken more than thirty years ago, it pictures him as he was in the early days of his career. His repugnance to having a photograph subsequently made could not be overcome.

At the obsequies celebrated on December 12, in S. Dominic's, San Francisco, Archbishop Montgomery gave the absolution. His Grace also spoke, in a very touching manner, of the life work of Father O'Neill and of the example which he bequeathed as a precious inheritance to priests and people. The interment was made in Benicia on December 13.

Bidding adieu to this noble soul, we bespeak our readers' prayers that his dwelling may be in the light and peace and love of God.

There comes a Galley laden—
A heavenly Freight on board—
It bears God's Son, the Saviour,
The great undying Word.

And proudly floats that Galley
From troubled coast to coast;
Its sail is Love and Mercy,
Its mast the Holy Ghost.

Now earth hath caught the anchor,
The Ship hath touched the strand
God's word in fleshly garment,
The Son steps out on land.

Thou Bethlehem, the lowly,
Receiv'st Him in thy stall,
Thou giv'st Him rest and shelter,
Who comes to save us all.

Edward Vaughan Kenealy.

A Newly Translated Life of S. Mary Magdalen.

THE REVEREND HENRY A. BRANN, D. D.

THE lady who signs her writings "Vernon Lee," in her peculiar preface to this work, speaks of it as "Miss Valentina Hawtrey's learned and skillful version." This is a very polite compliment to the translator, but truth compels me to say that there is no evidence of learning in the work at all. From the beginning to the end there are neither references, notes, nor comments to justify the epithet "learned," and as for skill, it required very little to make the translation. The original is not a history, nor does it pretend to be a history. It is a series of meditations, or perhaps they were intended for short and simple sermons on the character of the repentant woman who figures so conspicuously in the Life and Passion of our Lord. The style is of the plainest character, the thought is humble, the diction devoid of art or rhetorical embellishment. The book treats of very grave subjects, such as are the matter of every-day contemplation in convents and seminaries, and for the pious of all classes who give a portion of the day to mental prayer. All that was required to make this translation were a knowledge of English and a fair knowledge of Italian. The very simplicity and familiarity of the matter helped the translator out of difficulties, for it is almost all taken out of the New Testament or suggested by facts therein stated. The rest is purely subjective, invented by the pious brain of the writer. If eliminations and corrections of certain historical errors in the preface and in the first fifteen pages of the book were made, it would be in every sense a good work, one that Christians especially could read with edification and spiritual profit. It has the characteristics of medieval piety, deeply sincere because resting on intense faith in the divinity of Christ. The original writer, if he was a Franciscan, of which there is no intrinsic or extrinsic proof, strongly believed that Jesus Christ was God, and that consequently His teaching should be accepted under pain of eternal damnation.

The Middle Age Christians, unlike many of our times, believed in sins of intellect. They held that as the intellect was man's highest and noblest faculty, God required its homage first, and that its assent to revealed truth, proposed in the form of dogmas by an authority representing God, was the first duty of man. This is not merely the teaching of the medieval scholastic theologians like Thomas Aquinas, or of the great poets like Dante, or of the great ascetics like Francis of Assisi and Dominic de Guzman, but the

belief and practice of the common people of Europe in the Middle Ages. Hence their idealism, their vivid faith in the supernatural, their attempts to realize it or to represent it; hence the spirituality of their art, whether it be architecture or painting; hence the ardor of their zeal, their ascetical practices, the seraphic poetry of medieval mystic saint and scholar, like Francis of Assisi, Jacopone, and Dante.

In this series of meditations on the character of the Magdalen we find evidence of a full knowledge of Christian asceticism. The book contains an essay, though not in form, on the active and the contemplative life. The writer, after enumerating all Martha's qualities and works, says of her:

"And therefore I think that Martha must have been the most perfect woman in the active life that there ever has been, especially in her actions and in her eagerness. I think that our Lady was far greater beyond compare, but it is not told that she did much in outward works, as did Martha, for she (Mary) was entirely contemplative."

Again, of the Magdalen it is written, (Page 86:)

"And do not take it amiss that the Magdalen, when she began to do penance, disciplined her body and desired to outrage herself with every harshness in her way of life, for is not this also a part of the active life? * * * I have never understood that any could attain to the contemplative life, however complete it be, without passing first through the active life."

According to the ascetics, Mary Magdalen, the penitent, represented the contemplative life, while her busy sister, Martha, occupied with various worldly things, represented the active life; but both lives crossed each other and often intermingled.

The description of the renunciation of all earthly possessions by Magdalen, by her brother, Lazarus, and by her sister, Mary, after hearing the counsel of Jesus, "to sell all they had and give to the poor," might suggest to Vernon Lee that the original writer was "a small burgher turned Franciscan late in life," but would not necessarily suggest such an inference to one who was familiar with the practice of the vow of poverty everywhere prevailing in the Catholic Church. S. Francis and the Franciscans of the thirteenth century were not the only ones who preached and practised absolute poverty. All nuns and monks always made, and they will always make, this vow of renunciation. A better intrinsic proof of the Franciscan origin of the work is found in the special meditations on the Passion of our Lord. S. Francis of Assisi was deeply and continually given to this meditation, and merited by his devotion the well-known stigmata or marks on his head, hands, feet, and side. Mary Magdalen is graphically and pathetically represented in Miss Hawtrey's translation as constantly absorbed in the contemplation of the sufferings of Christ. Indeed, it is hard for the average Chris-

tian to read some of the passages that bear on this point without being deeply moved. After the dearth of Christ the Magdalen's grief was almost inconsolable. "But what shall we say of the Magdalen who was most tender of heart and whose grief so overwhelmed her that she seemed well-nigh crazed?" (Page 229.) When they were about to bury Him she cried; "What do ye think to do? Do ye intend to wrench my heart from my body? Now, how can I live without seeing my Master? I have no other but Him! At least let me see Him, dead though He be; let me stay with Him." And when they buried Him she cried: "I implore ye for the love of the one God, if ye feel any pity for me and would comfort my soul a little, let me stay here within this sepulchre at the foot thereof."

These meditations breathe the most intense love of Jesus, but it was a love absolutely spiritual and holy, the love of a pious soul for its Redeemer; such love for God as saints like Bernard, Francis de Sales, and Teresa manifested in their lives and writings, and such love as Dante in verse and prose describes and idealizes in Beatrice.

Not the least interesting and valuable part of this volume are the pictures of the Magdalen, copies of the masterpieces of the great painters. None of these seemed to be satisfied until he had painted a Madonna and then a Magdalen, the one an immaculate Virgin, the other a repentant sinner. The pictures are copies of supposed portraits of the saint by Crivelli, Carlo Dolci, Bellini, Correggio, Titian, Grampetrino, Guercino, Lorenzo di Credi, and by Le Sueur, by Guido Reni, and by Carracci. One could frame some of these pictures, put them in an oratory, and pray before them, using the words of Miss Hawtrey's translation as helps to a distracted or to a tired mind.

I have hinted at certain eliminations and corrections that might be made in the book. Vernon Lee inserts in the preface a grotesque legend of very doubtful taste. She tells us that she found the legend "in a box of old manuscripts." But she gives us nothing to indicate the character, the date, the author, or the origin of the manuscripts. They may have been the work of some of the medieval rabbis, who were always busy in writing and secretly spreading caricatures of Christian doctrine and tradition; or the work of some Albigensian preacher of the thirteenth century, who mixed up pagan and Manichæan monstrosities with the creed of Christ. Certainly no intelligent Christian could have written the legend which Vernon Lee clumsily narrates. Florence, the whole of Italy and of France in the Middle Ages contained many who were semi-pagans in belief and wholly pagans in morals, and who were perfectly capable of writing the ridiculous legend. It tells that an old man named

Hilarion was in the habit of saying *paters* and *aves* long before those prayers were formed, the one by Christ, the other by the Angel Gabriel and S. Elizabeth, and that after reciting them for a long time he met one day in a forest a beautiful woman, who was naked, except for the covering of her own long hair. She told Hilarion that her name was Magdalen, "a Princess and a courtesan," who was "seeking one more beautiful than herself." "Hilarion wondered and said ten *paters* and ten *aves*," and then brought her to a stable where Christ had just been born. She fell in love with the babe, "who was wiser and more fair than" any one else. This story would make Magdalen an old woman of sixty when she repented, and not only does it contradict the Scripture story, but it takes away from her half the merit of repentance.

It is undoubtedly Vernon Lee's authority, based on another fable, that makes Miss Hawtrey say that Mary Magdalen was the wife of S. John the Evangelist, and that the marriage in Cana was the marriage of Mary and John. "The marriage in Cana was that of S. John the Evangelist. And they say that our Lord Jesus Christ, after the feast, took away John the Evangelist with Him." (Page 4.) This is said to excuse Mary's fall. She was, it is said, deserted by her husband, and in her loneliness and despair she turned to sin at Magdala, then a town of culture and luxury. Vernon Lee is sponsor and patron of this fable, which the good Miss Hawtrey accepts as truth. "If she [Mary Magdalen] took to scandalous courses, it was only from despair at being forsaken by her bridegroom, who left her on her wedding day to follow Christ to the desert, and who was no other than the Evangelist John." (Preface, Page 8.) But where is the proof of this statement? S. Jerome is quoted for it (Page 3.), but neither text nor place nor page is given to enable one to verify the statement. Thus do many write history out of their own imagination, instead of narrating the facts, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The word of S. Jerome could be relied on, but the gossip of an anonymous medieval writer is of no value. The fact is that S. Jerome in four different places in his writings, which lie before me, tells us that S. John was never married, but that he always remained a virgin.

Neither the learned Dominican, Father Olivier, who wrote a work of which there is an excellent English translation published by Herder and called "The Friendships of Jesus," nor Dr. Kaulen, in his learned essay on Mary Magdalen in "Wetzer and Welte's Kirchenlexicon," nor any other reliable authority gives a spark of proof that Mary Magdalen was the wife of John the Evangelist. Where did Vernon Lee get the myth, and why did Miss Hawtrey credulously accept it?

There was, indeed, anciently a dispute in the Church about the identity of Mary Magdalen. Many of the Greek Fathers, and for a time the Greek Church, distinguished her from Mary, the sister of Lazarus. Hence in that Church three feasts were celebrated in honor of the three Marys—one on the 18th of March to honor Mary, the sister of Lazarus; one on March 21 to honor Mary the Sinner, mentioned by S. Luke in Chapter VI., Verse 37, and one on July 22 to honor Mary Magdalen. But the Roman Catholic Church identifies these three as one, Mary Magdalen, and celebrates her feast on July 22. The prayer and the Gospel read in the Mass on that day indicate the belief of the Church that she and the other two Marys are identical. The Roman Church is undoubtedly the better judge in the case, as the Western tradition is more closely connected than the Eastern with the history, labors, and death of the Magdalen after the ascension of Christ. The eloquent Lacordaire, in 1880, published an erudite and most gracefully written work on the mission of Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary Magdalen (the younger sister, Miss Hawtrey to the contrary) in the south of France. These came from the Orient, preached the Gospel in Provence, and Mary spent the remainder of her days in a grotto called "La Sainte Baume," near Marseilles. The tradition behind this story is favored by the Roman Breviary. The grave and the relics of the Magdalen were held in highest repute at the "Sainte Baume" up to the seventh century. When the Arabs invaded southern France the relics were hidden, but restored to light again in A. D. 1279 and transferred to the Abbey of S. Maximin at Aix, where a band of Dominican friars lived. The French Revolution, which destroyed or desecrated so many holy places, forced the friars to hide their sacred treasures once more, but in 1804 the relics were restored to public veneration. By the publication of Lacordaire's work and by his preaching, devotion to Mary Magdalen became very popular in France. In fact, the ardent lover of the Redeemer, the penitent woman to "whom much was forgiven because she loved much," will always be a popular saint. If Miss Hawtrey had written her own preface, instead of getting the help of Vernon Lee, who is evidently out of harmony with the spirit of her book, which she calls a "devout novel," and in sympathy with what she gravely calls "Boccaccio's more serious tales," she would have given us a work free from serious blemish, she would have deserved the gratitude of Christians.

John Lane, London and New York, is the publisher of this Life.

Many make resolutions simply for the making, seemingly for the later breaking. A bad practice!

Filling the Baby's Stocking.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Oh, first I put my love in, dear,
And tho' I stuffed it down,
I could not find room for one toy,
Within that stocking brown;

That's why it's empty to all eyes,
Save mine, of mother's sight;
That's why her playthings lie around
The Christmas hearth to-night.

A Fickle Santa Claus.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

Old Santa Claus is good enough,
I s'pose, in his own way,
And this may be a little rough,
What I am going to say.
Time was, when my good Pop was
rich,
My Mom dressed gay and fine,
And all rolled on without a hitch,
And ev'rything was mine.

Those days old Santa used to come
And bring me dandy toys—
Steam-cars, a boat, a sword, a drum,
And other things for boys.
And candy! why, I got so much,
I couldn't eat it all,
And couldn't even bear to touch
The sweets when friends would
call.

But it got diff'rent in our home,
About this time last year;
I might as well have been in Rome
Instead of living here.

Old Santa acted quite the same
As friends of Mom and Pop,

Who, when bad fortune to us came,
Began to slowly drop.

Yes, Santa let his heart grow small
On hearing Pop was poor;
He left me gloves and shoes—that's
all—

On his last Christmas tour.
However, things ain't quite so bad
With my folks just at present,
And it has made me very glad
To see them looking pleasant.

Pop always seems to have some gold,
And Mom's been buying silk;
I wear new clothes instead of old,
And live on creamy milk.

This news will make old Santa Claus
Come 'round now sweet as honey;
He'll be just like he was, because
He knows that Pop has money.

Who'd think Old Nick would care a
jot
About such stuff as wealth;
I'm certain, now, that he is not
In business for his health.

Among the many agreeable features of the holiday season, there is none more pleasant than the making of gifts. It is pleasant to dwell in thought upon the coming days of relaxation, with their good cheer for mind and body alike, but it is even more pleasant to make little plans for the happiness of others, and to select for them those small mementoes which mean so much for the tastes and the affections, however slight may be the estimate set upon them in the market-place. Among

these remembrances, the tokens by which we express ourselves far more effectively than by means of any words, there are none more important than good books and magazines, for none others possess so much of the spiritual and symbolic value that we should always seek to embody in our gifts. However limited may be our resources, they are sufficient to compass the procuring of the richest treasures of the spirit as it is revealed in literary art. Gentle reader, thus remember your friends.

Blessed Marcolino of Forli, O. P., Priest.

BLESSED Marcolino Amanni was born in the little town of Forli in Italy, in 1317. He was not gifted with great talents, but from his earliest years was remarkable for his holiness of life. At the age of ten he abandoned the world and consecrated himself to God in the Dominican Order. He was so great a lover of solitude that he never left his cell or the Convent without necessity. He led a most penitential life and one of almost uninterrupted prayer; he spoke but little and was always attentive to the wants of his brethren and ready to render them any service in his power. Humility and simplicity were his characteristic virtues, and he strove to conceal the supernatural favors granted to him by God. His devotion in celebrating Mass was very great; he often went into an ecstasy whilst offering the Holy Sacrifice. Some, who treated this holy and simple man with contempt, used to say that he went to sleep at those times; hence, he was closely watched, and the supernatural character of these ecstasies was clearly manifested.

He always sought to take the lowest place, and, unless prevented, would not take his meals in the refectory, but in the kitchen with the servants. He ever loved the company of children and was a favorite with them from his gentle and winning ways. He bore a tender devotion to our Blessed Lady, and a statue of her, which he had in his cell, is said to have spoken to him several times. In consequence of his fervor and exact observance of the rule, he was employed by Blessed Raymund of Capua in the reform of the Order after the ravages of the Black Death, and he succeeded in re-establishing regular discipline in several Convents.

He died at the age of eighty, in 1397. Scarcely had he breathed his last when an unknown child of entrancing beauty, supposed to have been an angel, was seen hurrying through the streets, exclaiming, "Hasten to the Convent of the Friars Preachers; the blessed Father Marcolino is just dead." The people, obeying the summons flocked to the Convent and their faith and devotion were rewarded by many miracles. Blessed Marcolino was beatified by Benedict the Fourteenth, in 1750.

To the Snowdrop.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER

The summer had no room for you,
So, in December's cave snow-wild
You were sweet born. How much you are
Like to the dear, the good Christ-Child!

A Festa of the Holy Name at Sorrento

EDITH R. WILSON

IT was noon of a perfect day in mid-January—not the January of our northern winters on the Atlantic Coast, but one resembling those of Southern California—when we drove up to the quaint, old hotel which was to be our home during a short stay in Sorrento. The sky, cloudless and blue, a wonderful transparency in the atmosphere; the air, soft and caressing, most springlike in the sunshine, even at full noonday—possessing later, however, a certain keenness which reminded one of the presence of the snow upon the mountains in our vicinity. How shall I describe “Cocumella Hotel” or the “Hotel of the Watermelon,” as rendered in unpoetic English. The hotel is, or rather was, an old monastery which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, but has passed into secular hands. Having been the private family possession for more than a century the building was converted into a hotel-pension, and, on account of the resemblance which the chapel dome, rising at an angle of the building, bears to a watermelon, the hotel was called “Cocumella.”

The building, colored like those of Southern Italy—at least those in the neighborhood of Naples—charmed by its soft pinks and yellows, mellowed into still softer hues by age or dampness. The courtyard was green with palms and yuccas, while, beyond the old crumbling wall, to which the ivy clung so tenderly—Nature deals most tenderly here with decay—one caught sight of the once convent, now, hotel-gardens filled with orange trees, laden with their golden fruit, interspersed with these soft, silvery olive branches. The day of our arrival chanced to be the “festa” of the little church which was dedicated to the most Holy Name of Jesus. We entered and walked across the tessalated pavement to a side altar. There was a certain quaint attractiveness about the interior, as arrayed for its festa, although alas, there was also much that was poor and tawdry in the decorations which entirely concealed, for the moment, the altar-piece—a rather pleasing Annunciation. A temporary dossal had been made of red and gold tinsel from which, mysteriously pendent, were life-sized (paper) angels of the Passion, grouped around the tabernacle in adoration. The little pulpit was enveloped in red and yellow bunting; crude and jarring it seemed to us, yet, a certain artistic grace was displayed in its arrangements, adding to the general effect of the drapery. A side shrine of scarlet and gold, blazing with lighted

candles and decorated with sprays of a yellow, mimosa-like plant, had been erected for the Santissimo Bambino which was placed on its summit.

We lingered for some moments to examine the pictures above the side altars and along the walls. I was particularly impressed by a dark, time-worn Crucifixion, a quaint Saint Ignatius, holding an open book of the Rule and pointing to the words *Omnia ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, a Mater Addolorata, and a young Saint Aloysius. Leaving the chapel, to return at the hour for Benediction, we entered the court or cloister of the monastery. Here stood the old well, used by the monks of by-gone days and still surmounted by an iron cross. Peering down, we could see arches and subterranean passages which, our informant told us led to the original kitchen and cellars of the monastery. In an angle, hung the old iron bell, which had doubtless rung forth many a holy summons, while, as if to heighten the suggestiveness, a little acolyte stood beneath filling his thurifer with charcoal. The white doves drew back shyly on our entrance and cooed apprehensively, as if fearing that we should prove a disturbing element in their peaceful retreat; but, later, they became our fast friends and usually saw fit to mount guard on the parapet of our loggia whenever we took our morning walk, or to follow us in solemn silence up and down the stone flagging.

At five in the afternoon we returned to the chapel for Benediction; several premonitory bells had informed us that the service was about to begin, but the last peal was irresistible, sounding and resounding through all the vaulted passages of the old building. I wondered whether any of the brethren of the *ci-devant* monastery had ever been late for chapel. Certainly there could have been no excuse for their tardiness. The church was quite filled with worshippers when we entered. The peasant women were seated on the chairs and benches in front, each dark head bowed, and modestly draped in its black mantilla; farther from the altar was a line of men either kneeling or standing. It was dark, save for the sanctuary lights. The priest was still in the sacristy; the fragrance of incense permeated the atmosphere. A rustic verger approached one of the elder peasant women and touched her on the shoulder, whereupon she began, in a low, minor key, the Litany of the Holy Name, all the little congregation joining in the responses, the voices rising higher and higher in an impassioned supplication and then sinking to a whisper. They were untrained and somewhat harsh, but one soon forgot all that and abandoned oneself to the devotional fervor that made itself felt through that strange monotonous music—the cry of the heart that went up towards the

tabernacle where the lights centered—while, perhaps, the surrounding darkness hid some fervent tears. The singing continued for a full half hour, it was apparently a vesper or confraternity office, interspersed with Italian hymns. Our ears were too untrained to catch the full meaning, but both the melody and the refrain of the last hymn impressed itself upon my memory. Each verse ended with the words "Dulcissime Jesu." Then followed a sermon on the Holy Name—it's meaning, power and love and the sufferings prompted by that love, through which that power had been won. It was an appeal of simple but real spiritual eloquence, though delivered as a meditation, the speaker pausing occasionally and closing with a prayer. Then followed the Benediction proper.

Just at the moment of the elevation of the monstrance, I was startled and, at first, quite horrified, at hearing a sudden explosion of gun powder;—"bum! bum! bum!" it went, awakening a hundred sleeping echoes for fully five minutes. It seemed to us interminable and far from reverent; but, by degrees, we have become quite accustomed to that manner of saluting our Lord. It forms the invariable accompaniment of every festa in southern Italy. The gunpowder, in the form of large squibs, was fired from the organ-loft, outward, so that when we emerged from the chapel, the courtyard was still filled with smoke. The effect upon Italian ears, is, I presume, somewhat similar to that of our ringing of bells at the Holy Thursday Mass. The next day, which was Saturday, the festa continued; there were Masses, confessions, Benediction, and the ringing of the Angelus, accompanied by repeated explosions of gunpowder. On Sunday followed a general Communion with a short sermon, mainly an address to the Blessed Sacrament. The Ciborium was placed in full sight on the altar and the priest stood with his face turned and his hands extended towards it, imploring our Lord "to do great things" and to fill his people with a sense of His love. At sunset, the final Benediction was given. When we left the lighted chapel, twilight had faded into night and the bright stars were looking silently down upon the little church of Cucumella while silvery moonlight shed its radiance upon dome and tower, throwing into strong relief the outline of the hills beyond. So closed our festa of the Holy Name in Sorrento.

In vesture white, the Eternal Child
Lay on his Mother's lap and smiled:
What joy to see that longed-for sight,
Her spotless Lily of delight,
Her Love, her Dove, her Undefined.
She recked not of the anguish wild,
The sorrow upon sorrow piled,
His dead Form swathed one awful
night

In vesture white.
Oh, let our hearts, this birthday bright,
The sorrow and the joy unite;
While, by the twofold grace beguiled
Of suffering Man and Infant mild,
We walk with him on Faith's calm
height
In vesture white.
Richard Wilton, M. A.

	Some Recent Books and Music	
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Cardinal Newman's DREAM OF GERONTIUS will always hold a high place in English literature as one of the most original poems of the nineteenth century, as a composition quite unique. That a new edition of this beautiful series of songs and hymns and lyrics (all set to the music of prayer in Faith and Hope and Charity and Contrition, for so we may designate the entire work), with an introduction and notes by Maurice Francis Egan, of the Catholic University, has been published in good style and at a moderate cost, by Longmans, Green & Co., of New York, we are pleased to announce. The frontispiece portrait of John Henry Newman is a valuable addition to the volume.

The "Carlyle Controversy" has called forth many a charge and countercharge. Whether the public is weary of the quarrel we cannot say; but evidently the defenders of the gruff Scotchman think that their side was justified in "firing another shot" into the ranks of their opponents, and at the head and front of their offending—Froude himself.

Accordingly, Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander Carlyle, the editors of NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE, already reviewed in this magazine, have brought out in THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE, a rejoinder that puts the English historian in an unenviable light.

Recalling Froude's deserved punishment inflicted by Father Burke, more than thirty years ago, because of the former's slanderous treatment of Ireland's case, there is a grim satisfaction to lovers of truth in witnessing this *post mortem* pillorying of the Englishman because of his villainous treatment of Carlyle. It is an unpleasant affair, nevertheless, but in the volume under notice, those interested will find lively reading. Issued by John Lane, London and New York, THE NEMESIS OF FROUDE is a well-made and moderately-priced book.

Especially appropriate as a souvenir of the new year is an exquisitely finished volume published by the Grafton Press, New York, entitled MONTHS AND MOODS. Artistically arranged on a beautifully printed page, each month of the year appears through a series of fifteen years—1901 to 1915 inclusive. Appropriately typical of the varying seasons are the verses which accompany the months in sympathetic rhythm with gladsome sunshine or in mystic

meaning of Nature's lessons in her singing winds and lowering clouds:

But dawns the morrow, golden,
 With sun on snow fields new
 Limning the long tree shadows
 In Heaven's own radiant blue,
 And with hope, as the sun, new risen,
 My heart hails token true—
 Light is life and life is light;
 Day, whose shadows e'en are bright,
 My soul is in thy keeping!

THE LIMERICK UP-TO-DATE BOOK is the title of a profusely illustrated perpetual calendar and memorandum, accompanied by moral admonitions in facetious rhyme. This unique compilation is the work of Ethel Watts Mumford who has been assisted in the interpretative drawings by Addison Mizner.

Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco, have bound the book in art fabric with poster label. The rubricated decorations, contrasting artistically with the drawings in black are effectively attractive.

A new issue of the STANDARD DICTIONARY, to be known as THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SUBSCRIPTION EDITION has been published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. The various departments have become so numerous that a table of contents has been added of necessity. Besides the changes in the original text, two hundred and fifty pages of new matter have been added, in part as an atlas, in part as cyclopaedic information and new definitions. In the two-volume edition the atlas and the cyclopaedia are added to the first volume, and the list of new words with other new matter to the second.

The atlas contains about ninety large colored maps of the continents and subdivisions, including each State and Territory of the United States; on the margin of each is given a list of the countries, departments, or other political divisions, and of the principal cities and lakes; in each case the area, population, and position on the map are indicated. The thirty-page cyclopaedia gives a descriptive and statistical manual of the principal features of the various nations. Besides these additions to the first volume, there is a universal, perpetual calendar that embraces both the Julian and the Gregorian reckonings.

The additions to the second volume required more extra pages. There are addenda of ninety pages, giving both new words and new meanings of old ones. "Immune," for instance, a person not

susceptible to some particular disease, is one of the new words; "impasse," a blind alley, is another; "angel cake" is found in this list, "aim," in the sense of intending to do a thing; "beat," meaning a newspaper "scoop;" "Boxer," a Chinese insurgent; "coherer," used in wireless telegraphy, are some of the well-known terms that are just finding their way into the dictionary. Following these newcomers in the language there is an appendix of nearly two hundred and fifty pages containing among other useful things one hundred and fifty pages of a pronouncing vocabulary of names, mythological, proper, fiction etc., all in alphabetical order; a glossary of faulty diction, another of foreign words and phrases in English literature, etc., much of which is new or extended.

Bound in full Russia leather with marginal index, this monumental dictionary, either in one volume or two parts, is a work of great beauty and value. We congratulate the publishers.

D. Appleton & Company, New York, have published in excellent style *THE ALPHABET OF RHETORIC*, an admirable handbook "for all that care to speak and write correctly." Rossiter Johnson, the author, calls attention to the use and misuse of many English words and phrases by conversationalists and sometimes by writers of prominence. The present work is intended as a reminder to the student in his doubtful application of words. Articles on the principal figures of rhetoric, accompanied by illustrative sentences from famous authors, and essays on Conversation, Humor, Poetry, Style and kindred subjects are presented in clear, concise terms.

The closing chapter on Elocution contains many useful hints for the elevation and refinement of expression in public speaking—particularly where caricature of national traits would be likely to render the speaker odious.

The M. H. Wiltzius Company, Milwaukee, have published a handy book of reference, interesting to the clergy and to secular persons, entitled *THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR*. This book is a translation from the German of the Reverend Andrew Petz, by a member of the Dominican Order. The translator has omitted all that does not strictly apply to the customs of America in the observance of the principal feasts of the ecclesiastical year. The explanations of the feasts, the Sacraments and sacramentals are comprehensive and will prove to be valuable aids to students and teachers of Christian doctrine. The reasonable price at which the book is offered places it within the reach of all.

The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, in response to urgent requests from many quarters, have agreed to include, con-

trary to their original plan for the publication of THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, historical data touching events of the nineteenth century.

It is to be regretted that a limited edition only is announced. Each volume grows in fascinating interest. Volumes five, six and seven review events from 1582 to 1591 by presenting original documents bearing upon the colonization, government and commercial facilities of the Islands. The royal decrees and papal briefs granting privileges to missionaries are models of benignant charity, formulated for the temporal and spiritual good of the degraded pagans that swarmed the Islands.

A faint idea of the stupendous task undertaken by the Spanish missionaries may be gained from the correspondence between Philip the Second and Dominic de Salazar concerning ways and means for the progressive good of the missions. Excerpts from letters of many other personages, reproduced from Spanish archives, reveal the amazing activity of Spain in her relations with Mexico, China, and other various parts of the Orient.

The preservation of these important documents, the exactness of details expressed therein, the clearness of ancient maps and charts all evince the magnanimous purpose of the projectors of Spanish colonization—the greater glory of God in the universal diffusion of the Gospel. The vicissitudes of the history of Spain—old and new—are unparalleled in charm of adventure.

The publishers of this admirable work deserve congratulations, thanks and generous co-operation.

Cyrus Lauron Hooper has most skillfully interwoven some philosophical instruction in his interesting romance entitled GEE BOY AND THE WORLD. Of an abnormal mentality, GEE BOY contemplates himself and draws most flattering conclusions from his consideration of the *ego*! "*I am me!*" is a substantial incentive to his undertaking the burden of life—but as time goes on the *ego* expands so mightily that the world—infinitesmal in his eyes—satisfies him not. Lost in a metaphysical whirl for a long period, our hero is brought to a sudden stop by sorrowful experiences initiated by domestic tragedy.

Returning to the scenes of his youth Gee Boy finds in the ordinary situations of life many sources of happiness. There is no hint, however, that he rewarded the patience of Ruth—who, Penelope-like, awaited his return—by allowing her to address herself as "*I am she!*"

This delightful study of human idiosyncracies is published by John Lane, New York.

From the same publisher, beautifully embellished, comes THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF BOX. We rejoice to meet again the Cardinal,

Beatrice and Peter Marchdale. They will always be heartily welcomed. Try as we may, it is impossible to decide which is our favorite. Each one is so graciously insistent that we waver—and yet, we must, like the SNUFF BOX, return to the Cardinal.

Had Mr. Wilmshurst been able to photograph Henry Harland's rare conception of a harmonious characterization of human goodness, he could not have delineated its embodiment more successfully. Enduringly charming is the Italian atmosphere that envelops the bright spirits of this romance.

THE GREAT ENCYCLICAL LETTERS OF LEO THE THIRTEENTH recently published in one volume by Benziger Brothers, New York, form a compendium of Christian ethics the promulgation and the effectibility of which have been generally recognized. The practicability of a morality based upon religious principles has been clearly shown in results during the lifetime of Leo the Thirteenth. The secret of the spiritual influence exercised by the Church, the motive of her unceasing intellectual activity, the reason of her firm resistance to falsehood, the supernatural character of her splendid endurance are indicated in the noble expositions of the Divine Law embodied in the teachings of Leo the Thirteenth. Of the remedial application of these teachings to the evils that afflict modern society there can be no doubt. The earnest searcher after Truth will not only be convinced of the necessity of the religious restraint exacted from each individual by the Church of Christ, but he will realize intensely the absurdity of attaining either temporal or eternal felicity without such denial.

The Encyclicals can not be too highly commended as helpful to the individual, to the family, and to the members of civil and religious organizations.

Among the recent publications of A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, is Michael Davitt's study of the conditions prevailing in Russia respecting the Jews, whose lot he graphically describes, after personal investigation. *WITHIN THE PALE* will be a revelation to its readers.

Another work issued by the same house is the late Richard Henry Stoddard's *RECOLLECTIONS—PERSONAL AND LITERARY*, an interesting and notable volume for which Edmund Clarence Stedman has written an appreciative introduction.

B. Herder of Saint Louis has published, in becoming style, a substantial volume, of seven hundred pages, entitled *JESUIT EDUCA-*

TION—ITS HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS. The author, Father Robert Schwickerath, is a member of the Society whose labors in the field of education during a period of three and a half centuries he eloquently champions.

For teachers especially Father Schwickerath's work will be of great interest. The questions and even controversies that have arisen during the past decade on the subject of educational methods are here discussed from the Jesuit view point, and with a detail of treatment that leaves little to be desired.

The author's sketch of the history of education in medieval times, during the acute stage of the Reformation, and in subsequent periods, is written in an agreeable style, and will be found attractive by the general reader. Matters educational and peculiarly American also receive due attention from the learned author whose book will probably be recognized as an official declaration of the Society of which he is a member, though no official *imprimatur* is announced.

L. de V. Matthewman has written in similar vein to his admirable "Crankisms" some striking humorisms entitled RIPS AND RAPS. Accompanied by the realistic illustrations of T. Fleming the RAPS effect a most enjoyable invigoration.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, are the publishers of this entertaining pocket companion.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, have published an English version of Ferdinand Gregorovius' study of the career of Lucretia Borgia, according to original documents and correspondence of her day.

The ponderous German who note this work is a bigot; therefore, he is not a safe guide when he moralizes concerning things Catholic. To cite, among other instances, his definition of a good Christian (p. 128) as one "who blindly obeys the Pope," is sufficient to fathom Gregorevius' depth—or honesty.

Of the career of the unfortunate Lucretia he tells little that will be new to readers of history, while he departs from his regular course, to picture Alexander the Sixth in colors most black, and for this he diligently chooses, in part, sources condemned by the fair-minded and the competent.

Nevertheless, those who delight in the gossip of court life, especially of the kind that was characteristic of the latter part of the fifteenth and the opening of the sixteenth century, among Italian despots and princelings, will find in Gregorovius' LUCRETIA BORGIA the gratification of their tastes.

The volume is beautifully illustrated, well printed and handsomely bound, for which we compliment the publishers.

A revised edition of the CYNIC'S CALENDAR has been issued for 1904 by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

The ingenious humorous renderings of hackneyed maxims has effectively arrested the attention of the thoughtless and indifferent, inducing reflection upon the serious quality of its contrary. Much amusement may be derived from the old truisms decked in the fantastic garb of the present hour. Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner have contributed their talent and labor in making the Calendar an attractive and agreeable companion.

The same publishing house has supplied a genuine need in the line of suitable entertainment for social gatherings. The publication of DRAWING ROOM PLAYS written by Grace Luce Irwin with a view to develop the dramatic talent of amateurs, will be popularly applauded. The plays, including characters of both sexes, are varied in quality of subject. "A Domestic Dilemma," "An Innocent Villain," "Art for Art's Sake," are some of the pleasing titles under which most clever impersonations may be expected. Brief instructions for staging accompany each play.

Music

J. Fischer & Brother, of New York, have sent to us a collection of piano music in one volume, entitled CONSERVATORY REPERTOIRE. In the Index we note the following composers: Paul Wachs, P. Mascagni, V. Hammerel, A. Margis, L. Gottschalk, C. Bohm and others equally prominent. Among the compositions are: Last Hope, Madrilena, Angel's Serenade, Valse Bleue. The binding, of a neutral brown tone color, is attractive, and the book is not liable to fall to pieces. CANTICA SION is a collection of Latin and English hymns and motets for female voices, compiled by G. Burton. The Latin hymns include several compositions of each of the following: Ave Maria, Ave Verum, Ecce Panis, O Salutaris, Tantum Ergo, Regina Coeli, Veni Creator, O Cor Amoris, and a Latin hymn to S. Joseph. Nine English hymns complete this interesting addition to the choir library. CANTICA SION, also published by the Fischers, is prettily bound in navy-blue cloth.

MUSICAL DEFINITIONS, by N. F. McConnell, published by the P. H. Gilson Company, Boston, is a brief, valuable treatise on some essential points in music. It is more comprehensive than the average catechism of music. Some chapters on scales of all kinds and nations are very instructive. Musical form is well and concisely explained. Every progressive teacher and earnest pupil should possess a copy of this valuable work,

	EDITORIAL	
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DOMINICANA offers New Year's congratulations to its many friends, and hopes that 1904 will bring to them all good things as needed.



We are pleased to lay before our readers another installment of our Holy Father's first Encyclical:

Since, however, it has been pleasing to the Divine Will to raise our lowliness to sublimity of power, we take courage in Him who strengthens us, and, setting ourselves to work, relying on the power of God, we proclaim that we have no other programme in the Supreme Pontificate but that "of restoring all things in Christ," (Ephesians, i., 10) so that "Christ may be all and in all" (Colossians, iii. 2). Some will certainly be found who, measuring divine things by human standards, will seek to discover secret aims of ours, distorting them to an earthly scope and to partisan designs. To eliminate all vain delusion for such we say to them with emphasis that we do not wish to be, and with the divine assistance, never shall be, aught before human society but the minister of God, of whose authority we are the depository. The ininterests of God shall be our interests, and for these we are resolved to spend all our strength and our very life. Hence, should anyone ask us for a symbol as the expression of our will, we will give this and no other: "To renew all things in Christ."

In undertaking this glorious task we are greatly quickened by the certainty that we shall have all of you, venerable brothers, as generous co-operators. Did we doubt it we should have to regard you, unjustly, as either unconscious or heedless of that sacrilegious war which is now, almost everywhere stirred up and fomented against God. For in truth "the nations have rag-

ed and the peoples imagined vain things" (Psalms, ii., 1) against their Creator, so frequent is the cry of the enemies of God: "Depart from us" (Job, xxi., 14). And as might be expected we find extinguished among the majority of men all respect for the Eternal God, and no regard paid, in the manifestations of public and private life, to the Supreme Will—nay, every effort and every artifice are used to destroy utterly the remembrance and the knowledge of God.

When all this is considered there is good reason to fear lest this great perversity may be as it were a foretaste, and perhaps the beginning of those evils which are reserved for the last days, and that there may be already in the world the "Son of Perdition" of whom the Apostle speaks (II Thessalonians, ii., 3). Such, in truth, is the audacity and the wrath employed everywhere in persecuting religion, in combating the dogmas of the faith, in brazen effort to uproot and destroy all relations between man and the Divinity! While, on the other hand, and this, according to the same Apostle, is the distinguishing mark of Antichrist, man has, with infinite temerity put himself in the place of God, raising himself above all that is called God; in such wise that although he cannot utterly extinguish in himself all knowledge of God, he has contemned God's majesty, and, as it were, made of the universe a temple wherein he himself is to be adored. "He sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God." (II Thessalonians, ii., 2).

Verily no one of sound mind can doubt the issue of this contest between man and the Most High. Man, abusing his liberty, can violate the right and the majesty of the Creator of the universe, but the victory will ever be with

God—nay, defeat is nearest at the very moment when man, under the delusion of his triumph, rises up with most audacity. Of this we are assured in the Holy Books by God Himself. Unmindful, as it were, of His strength and greatness, He “overlooks the sins of men” (Wisdom xi., 24)—but swiftly, after these apparent retreats, “awaked like a mighty man that hath been surfeited with wine” (Psalms lxxvii., 65). “He shall break the heads of His enemies” (Psalms lxvii., 22)—that all may know “that God is the king of all the earth” (Psalms lxvi., 8)—“that the Gentiles may know themselves to be men” (Psalms ix., 20).

Again we urge our friends to meditate on those solemn words of the Vicar of Christ.



Publication of the following letter of the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco we intentionally deferred till the present time. The worthy object which His Grace so cordially commends should find many generous helpers, especially during the gladsome days of Christmastide.

AUGUST 25, 1903.

To the Clergy and Laity of the City and Diocese of San Francisco:—

As you are already aware, the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society was organized years ago for charitable purposes, chiefly to aid poor women and neglected children. The society has labored zealously and successfully in this great work, the limit of its benefactions being simply that of its resources. This work so well done in the past is a guarantee of success of whatever the society undertakes.

Some time ago I proposed to the society that an early date it should endeavor to establish a home in this city for the working girls. We all feel that there is a great need for such a home in this city. The number of working girls from the East and from the interior of the State seeking employment in San Francisco is constantly increasing, and we all know that coming, strangers among

us, without the shelter and protection of such an institution, they are exposed to the manifold temptations of city life.

At its annual meeting, the Ladies' Aid Society resolved to take at once the preliminary steps for the foundation of the “Girls' Home.” It is intended that this home shall be in every sense what the word implies. There is no more honest and noble-hearted people in our community than the working girls, and this home is not intended to make them feel dependent, but to enable them to maintain an honorable independence for themselves, and to have all the comforts that such a house may afford and at the same time to make it ultimately self-supporting. But to accomplish this the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, with my hearty approbation, makes an earnest appeal to those able to contribute, for means to begin the work, by renting and furnishing a suitable building at first; the purchase of property and the erection of a permanent building being deferred until the work shall grow, and so commend itself to public patronage.

I know of no more worthy object at the present moment, and as such I commend it to the earnest consideration of the pastors and people of this city and diocese.

P. W. RIORDAN.

Archbishop of San Francisco.



From the first allocution addressed to the Cardinals in consistory, by our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, we quote several passages that “speak for themselves:”

It is strange, then, to find so many, influenced by the passion for novelty so characteristic of our time, speculating as to what will be the tenor of our Pontificate. As if there were any food for inquiry, and it were not plain that the way we intend to follow, and the only one possible for us, is that followed hitherto by our predecessors. We have already declared that our aim shall be: To restore all things in Christ, and since Christ is the Truth, our first duty will be to illustrate and proclaim the truth. Hence, it will be our care that

the Word of Jesus Christ, simple, clear and efficacious, shall ever flow from our lips and be deeply impressed on men's minds to be sedulously kept. The keeping of His word He Himself has prescribed as the surest means of knowing the truth: "If you continue in my word, you shall be my first disciples indeed, and you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." (John viii., 31, 32.)

* * *

In the task of preserving the law of truth and Christianity, it will be necessary for us to treat of and proclaim just conceptions of great issues, whether derived from nature or divinely handed down, which are now obscured and erased everywhere; to strengthen the foundations of discipline, authority, justice and equity, now undermined; to direct all and several, not only those who obey, but those who command, as being all children of the same Father, to righteousness in public and private life, and in social and political movements.

* * *

True, we are aware that some will be found to take umbrage when we say that it behooves us to concern ourselves with political affairs also. But every impartial judge must recognize that the Pontiff cannot separate the treatment of political matters from his office as teacher of faith and morals. Moreover, since he is the head and ruler of a perfect society such as the Church is, made up of men and established among men, he must assuredly desire, if he wishes to promote the security and liberty of Catholics in all parts of the world, to be on good terms with the heads of states and other civil rulers.

* * *

And as it is necessary and of the first importance for the interests of Christianity that the Pontiff be and be seen to be free and not subject to any power in the government of the Church, we do complain, as we are bound by the nature of our office and by the oath we

have taken and as holy religion requires that we should complain, of the most grave outrage which has been inflicted on the Church in this respect.



Touching the school question which is now attracting special attention in California, because of the various fads and humbugs that are made a part of the public school curriculum, to the neglect of those features which should be regarded as essential and exclusive, we present a letter that appeared in *The Sun*, New York November, 16, 1903:

I am a Protestant and so cannot be accused of bias when I say that the boys from the New York parochial schools are as a rule preferable as office boys to those from our public schools. To emphasize what I say, I will state that we get nearly all our boys from the former schools, and we employ quite a large number, all told.

It might be more to the point to say why we find the Catholic schoolboy better, and leave the shortcomings of his public school fellow to be judged by inference.

His arithmetic has a commercial value in rapidity and accuracy; his writing is uniform and, as a rule, good; he can read with reasonable rapidity and accuracy; and he can—this is where he is far ahead of the other boy—understand a message of instructions, and follow them intelligently.

I am sufficiently familiar with the methods used in both schools to be able to see the reason for the differences. In the parochial schools the boys get a thorough training in the fundamentals, reading, writing and arithmetic. They are taught to spell by rote, they learn their tables by rote and devote a sufficiently long period to writing to be able to write decently. They may not be able to weave parti-colored watch fobs or make baskets or design book covers; but what they do they do thoroughly. If they don't, it is due to the boy's inattention, which is corrected, as was my misbehavior at school, by corporal punishment.

I am a firm believer in the value of manual training in moderation, but, in my opinion, we are spolling a lot of very good material, not only in paper, water colors and wood, but also in boys.

It would be interesting to know if other business houses have had the same experience.

A PROTESTANT BUSINESS MAN.

Who will deny that these weighty words are applicable in California?



Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor; S. Francis de Sales, Bishop; S. Genevieve, Virgin; S. Julian, Martyr; S. Raymond of Pennafort. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Veronica, Virgin; S. Sebastian, Martyr; S. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr; S. Felix of Nola, Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Adela, Widow; S. Titus, Bishop; S. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr; S. Adrian, Abbot; S. Louise of Albertone, Widow.



On December 5 the Freemasons of Vallejo officiated at the laying of the corner-stone of the public library for that city. Having previously spoken on the impropriety of such functions, we now desire to enquire if there is a Catholic layman in California who will appear before a tribunal of competent jurisdiction, to sue for a writ of injunction restraining men holding public office from transferring to any order or society the burden or honor of duties that should be held as absolutely civil, and that should be discharged by them—without any admixture of religious ceremonies suggesting union of Church and State?



A subscriber submits to us the question: "Has a Catholic husband any right to read and destroy any letter addressed to his wife without her free consent?" To this question, which was suggested by the story "The First Year of Marriage," which appeared in our December number, we answer:

Ordinarily a husband has no right

to open or read or destroy his wife's letters, without her knowledge and consent. As the head of the family he may exercise a reserved right, and thus control his wife's letters, provided there is *reasonable* ground for suspicion that would justify investigation by him, in the manner named.



A branch of the Holy Name Society for boys was organized on December 13, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, San Francisco, Father Hugh Lagan, Pastor. About one hundred and twenty took the pledge of total abstinence from profanity and all other indecent speech. It was a gratifying spectacle. Thus the good work grows!



The Christmas number of *Sunse Magazine* is one of great variety and beauty. This periodical has steadily risen until now it stands in the front rank. Californians should be proud of its career.



The criticism of "The Life of S. Mary Magdalen" which we publish in this number appeared originally in *The New York Times Saturday Review*. To the courtesy of the learned author and of the Editor of the *Review* we are gratefully indebted.



Father John B. Tabb possesses a singular power of condensation in vigor of thought and in beauty of expression. Witness his latest, entitled "Helplessness," which appeared in *The Independent* for December 10, 1903:

In patience as in labor must thou be,
A follower of Me,
Whose hands and feet when most I
wrought for thee,
Were nailed unto a tree.



The gift of a paid subscription to DOMINICANA will be a gentle reminder throughout the year of a refined and delicate thought for a friend.

Calendar for January

- 1—The Circumcision of our Lord. Holy day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 2—Octave day of S. Stephen, Proto martyr.
- 3—First Sunday of the month—Octave day of S. John the Evangelist. Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Rosary church; prayers.
- 4—Octave day of Holy Innocents.
- 5—Vigil of the Epiphany.
- 6—Epiphany or Manifestation of our Lord. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 7, 8, 9—Of the Octave of Epiphany.
- 10—Second Sunday of the month—The Finding of our Lord with the Doctors in the Temple. Fifth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.
- 11—B. Gundisalvus, O. P., Priest.
- 12—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.
- 13—Octave day of the Epiphany.
- 14—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Patience.
- 15—Feast of the Most Sacred Name of Jesus.
- 16—S. Stephana, O. P., Virgin. Love of suffering. Votive Rosary Mass.
- 17—Third Sunday of the month—S. Anthony of the Desert. Solitude. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 18—S. Peter's Chair at Rome.
- 19—B. Andrew, O. P., Priest. Forbearance.
- 20—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs. Fortitude. Votive Rosary Mass.
- 21—S. Agnes of Rome, Virgin and Martyr. Confidence in God.
- 22—S. Vincent, Deacon and Martyr. Attendance at daily Mass.
- 23—S. Raymond, O. P., Third Master General of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.
- 24—Fourth Sunday of the month—B. Marcolinus, O. P., Priest. Obedience.
- 25—Conversion of S. Paul the Apostle. Correspondence with grace.
- 26—B. Margaret of Hungary, O. P., Virgin. Spirit of prayer.
- 27—S. John Chrysostom, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Zeal for the Truth. Votive Rosary Mass.
- 28—Translation of the Relics of S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P.; principal feast of the Angelic Warfare. Members may gain a Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 29—S. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Patron of the Catholic Press.
- 30—S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. Love of the poor. Votive Rosary Mass.
- 31—Last Sunday of the month—S. Peter Nolasco, Founder (with S. Raymond of Pennafort and with King James of Aragon) of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the Redemption of Captives. The Devotion of the Six Sundays in honor of S. Thomas Aquinas by way of special preparation for his feast (March 7) will begin on this day. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on each Sunday on the following conditions: (1) C. C.; (2) meditations or considerations on the life and virtues of the Saint; (3) prayers. The same indulgences may be gained by those who perform the exercises on the six Sundays immediately following the Saint's feast.

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The Conversion of Literature

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH. D.

SECOND PART

Stendhal, perpetuating the sentimentalism and subjectivism of Rousseau, was the progenitor of the psychological and realistic schools, the first representing a morbid and unfruitful introspection and the second a myopic outlook on contemporary life which saw only its worst and most degrading sides. The great novelist Honore de Balzac developed the realistic tendency (precisely the opposite, it is to be noted, of philosophical realism, in the scholastic sense); which in Flaubert became still more open in its iniquity. Then came the two brothers De Goncourt, characterized by a boundless egotism, a contemptuous disregard for the accepted canons of literary excellence, a passion, like that of Gautier and Baudelaire, for the literature and art of decadent periods, and a substitution (in the ultra-nominalistic spirit) of the photographic for the artistic method in the depicting of human life.

In the meantime the great critic Sainte-Beuve, the successor of the romanticist Villemain, had been followed by Compté's disciple, Taine who, in his earlier years, recognized no ethical or aesthetic standards, applying to literary criticism the "positive" (empiric) method of his master. These principles were merciless, developed by the "naturalistic" school of Medan, headed by the novelist Emile Zola, the disciple of the Goncourts and of the positivist physiologist Claude Bernard.

Zola professed to introduce into literature the methods of physiology; and almost all of his works were characterized, not only by the utmost grossness, but by a love of horrors, of the morbid and diseased in all its forms, which was even more pernicious in its effects upon the mind of the ordinary reader, and gave them (considered from the most favorable point of view) the character of studies in social and moral pathology. The school of Zola had its day, and gave way to the decadent school derived from Baudelaire, which sought to pander delicately to the nauseated palate of the faithless and the immoral by seeking the utmost refinement of sensation and taste, introducing into the French language a flood of neologisms, and giving to the utmost aberrations of vice and

error the most over-exquisite literary expression. This school was represented in England by Oscar Wilde and in Italy by Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Realism spread throughout Europe, but became saner and less sensual in the Russian school of Turgenief and Dostoevsky and Tolstoi and the Spanish school of De Pereda, Valdez, Valera and Galdos; but, in the American disciples of the Russian school, like Howells and Boyesen, it became at once pure and commonplace—a mere photography of the mediocre and the conventional. In its polemic form, as an instrument for the deliberate propagation of religious unbelief, social discontent and political revolutionism, realism developed into the problematic school, (following in the footsteps of the English Godwin and Shelley, the French Sand and Eugene Sue, and the Swedish Alinquist), represented in the field of criticism by the positivist Georg Brandes, of the University of Copenhagen, who teaches that no literature is significant, save in so far as it deals with living problems, and thus becomes, as he views it, a movement, and an instrument in the process of the "emancipation of the human race from despotism and dogma." To this school belong Mrs. Humphrey Ward (the successor of the positivist novelist George Eliot) in England, the pessimistic-anarchist dramatist Ibsen, in Norway, and (in certain respects) the Russian Count Lyov Tolstoi, especially since he became a peasant, communist, and Quaker (Doukhobar'.

But, side by side with the realistic development, an idealistic one (the aesthetic counterpart of philosophic realism) was taking place. Saint-Beuve's disciple the idealistic critic Leprade (1812-'83), who wrote in much the spirit of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, was the master of Leconte-de-Lisle who became the head of the Parnassian school of poetry in the days of the second empire. This school, which was not without influence in promoting the aestheticism of the decadence, opposed subjectivism, and taught that the function of art is to portray the impersonal and universal experience of mankind in the most beautiful possible manner. From it came forth Maurice Maeterlinck, the head of the young Belgian school, which combines the aesthetic principles of the Parnassians with the strong mystical tendencies of the later Catholic-romanticists, fostered by the study of the mediaeval mystics of the low countries, like Ruysbroeck.

The English phase of the Parnassian-mystical movement in literature and art was represented by the pre-Raphaelites, headed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and represented in contemporary fictive art by Burns-Jones. The mystical tendency was very pronounced in the occultist-decadent, Josephin Peladan, who made a powerful

attack upon the naturalistic tendencies in art in 1880, and in 1886 began the publication of a series of novels in which the language and methods of the decadent school were carried to the farthest extreme, but which had as their primary object the counteraction of its materialism, scepticism, realism and pessimism and the full revelation of the excesses of vice with which it is associated.

Of a far higher and more unmixed character was the influence of the Catholic mystical-romantic school of Frederic Ozanam, Francois Delsarte and Ernest Hello. The last-named (certain elements of whose thought have been propagated in the United States by Dr. Conde B. Pallen in his "Epochs of Literature" and "Philosophy of Literature") was one of the most wonderful geniuses of modern times and the founder of a school of criticism distinctly supranaturalistic and therefore more thoroughly Catholic in character than any that had hitherto existed.

The tide had turned again. In 1885 the ultra-decadent Huysmans began a series of novels which represented so many successive steps in the ascent from the *Inferno* of the *fin-de-siecle* unbelief and vice to the *Paradiso* of faith, and hope and charity. The reign of the school of Medan was over; in rapid succession the mystical symbolist and neo-Catholic schools became the dominant influences in the Parisian world of letters.

In 1892 Paul Desjardins (connected with the Parnassian school through Vogue and Paul Bourget) called for a union of all adherents of every school of thought representing the affirmation of truth, and the duty of the ideal, against the representatives of religious, moral and aesthetic negation. His principles were ardently propagated by Mme. de Bury and Edouard Rod (previously a follower of Zola and Schopenhauer) and scarcely any of the literary men and women of France, of any school, remained unaffected by the spiritual and moral reaction. One of the influences that contributed to bring about this result was that of the neo-classical movement, dating from Winckelman, represented in England by the Oxford school of literature founded by Cardinal Newman and including such men as Walter Savage Landor, Principal Shairp, Lord Bowen, Matthew Arnold, John Addington Symonds and Walter Pater. Its foremost continental representative was Brunetiere, the most eminent of French literary critics—"The Second Sainte Beuve"—who had steadfastly opposed the subjective criticism of Ernest Renan (fundamentally a sentimentalist, but a follower of Taine, and the propagator of the anti-Christian doctrines of the Tübingen school in their extreme form) and his disciples Anatole France and Jules Lemaitre, and protested strongly with Reue Doumic against the whole realistic movement. Brune-

tiere preached the funeral sermon, as it were, of "scientific" infidelity in his "Bankruptcy of Science," and, together with Francois Coppee, the master of all the younger school of French poets, and many other literary leaders, was afterwards reconciled with the Catholic Church and became an earnest exponent of Catholic principles.

A similar movement toward the Church has been taking place throughout the whole world of *belles-lettres*. With the turning of the century the light of Faith has shone upon many of the leading *literati* of Scandinavia and Great Britain, including "Lucas Malet"—the daughter of that inveterate enemy of the Church, Charles Kingsley—and Disraeli's disciple "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie); and the movement is gaining new strength every day. Even the problemists are beginning, like Mallock the agnostic and Hall Caine, of the Liverpool school, to seek in the Church, instead of in the revolution, the solution of their enigmas; and Catholic writers, like Barry and Sheahan, are writing problem novels from the standpoint of faith.

Side by side with this conversion of literature there is taking place a conversion of art, a conversion of history, a conversion of philosophy, and a conversion of social-economic and natural science; kings and princes and governments are seeking the favor of the Church; reformers and conservators alike are looking to her as their most powerful ally; and even the masses of the people are being disabused of age-long prejudices and errors.

Materialistic and rationalistic infidelity, like dogmatic Protestantism, is dead or dying; it is not with sensism and positivism that the Church of the twentieth century will have to contend, but with the new gnosticism (the Alexandrian Fathers would have said "pseudo-gnosticism," as opposed to the true gnosis, which is simply the philosophy of faith), resulting on the one hand from the gentilizing tendency present in romanticism from the beginning (shown in Macpherson's "Ossian," Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," Schlegel's "Promotion of Sanscritic Learning," and the pre-Christian interest of the Gothic school which developed in Sweden by reaction against the phosphorists, or ultra-romanticists, and on the other from the frantic endeavors of the obsolescent pagan religions of the orient to prolong their existence by reacting against the all conquering Church and borrowing from it such features of its weapons as its trembling hands are able to grasp.

This means that the battle is almost over; for the occidental infidelity was so dismal a negation that it required a miracle to breathe into the dry bones of its victims the spirit of life; while all the neo-gnostic sects and schools, as fearful as are their errors, are

rich in content, and contain germinal affirmations (derived from Christianity, the Mosaic Church of the primeval revelation) which logically lead to Catholicity as inevitably as the living acorn generates the oak.

They agree with the Catholic religion in nearly every point in which Protestantism has taken issue with it; and will, therefore, have the effect of disabusing the separatists of their most obstinate errors and preparing their minds and hearts to receive the perfect truth in God's good time.

Life

JAMES CONNOLLY.

The hours we may live in the land of the ideal,	Are the joys supreme of life—the felicities which we all
Above the lower passions of the earth and all its pain	May, as our souls grow upward, still in ampler measure gain.

In the Convent Chapel.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The aged nun to chapel came, The lowliest Sister there; With hidden look but heart aflame, She knelt her down in prayer.	<i>Presto!</i> the hissing monotone Became so honeyed sweet— It seemed a whisper from God's Throne, With Godlike power replete!
A dull, laborious soul was she, Even in choir-stall The <i>crux</i> of her community, A stumbling-block to all.	And, straight the list'ner's soul was filled With floods of light and peace; Her inmost being burned and thrilled In rapturous ecstasies.
For she prayed aloud in monotone So sibilant and strong— A youthful nun made fretful moan In the nearest stall: "How long	
"Must I, dear Lord, this cross endure? In vain I strive to pray; This evil that I may not cure Distracts me night and day!	Was this a seraph at her side — This Sister old and frail? This humble one who meekly hied From the Communion rail?
"Sweet Mother, aid! Still on it whirrs That murmur harsh and dread!" "Why not unite thy prayer to hers?" A Voice within her said.	With glowing face and glorious guise, Star-eyed and queenly tall— Was this a Saint from Filling the old nun's stall?
"So be it!" — and the prompted prayer Sped heavenward at once, United in intention there Unto the poor old nun's.	"Pardon!" the watcher strove to speak: "Lord, God! forgive this wrong! Thus, canst Thou by the old and weak Confound the young and strong!"

After the Storm.

MARY E. MANNIX.

IT is surprising how readily the most fixed ideas will undergo a revolution in the minds of those who hold them, especially in time of danger, and more particularly if they are founded on falsehood or bigotry. As an instance of this the following illustration will afford some amusement to our readers:

Not many years ago, a rich Englishman, whom we shall call John Smith, although that was not his name—was traveling between Kamarska and la Malbaie. It was in the month of November, and the weather not of the best. He had confided his precious existence, precious in his own eyes at least, to Baptiste Riverain, master of the shallop "Marie Alice," which her captain firmly believed to be the finest little craft in the world. In himself he had no pride—not even dwelling on the thought that but for his skilled management of his bark she might be as apt to come to grief as many another, equally fleet, trim and beautiful, which had gone to destruction in the hands of less confident navigators.

Not so with Mr. John Smith, a retired grain merchant, whose fortune was due to hard work and a lucky combination of circumstances. He had a high opinion of himself, and a correspondingly low one of other people, especially those whom poverty had destined to hard labor, whether on sea or land. In his eyes poverty was criminality. His eye swept the figure of the humble mariner with an expression almost of contempt as he exclaimed in a tone of authority:

"Baptiste, I wish you to take me to la Malbaie by the shortest route. I am to dine and sleep to-night with my friend, the Hon. M. Nairue, and it is not my habit to make my hosts wait for me. I will pay you the usual sum. Come, now, to the quay at la Malbaie, by six o'clock? Is it a bargain?"

"I will do my best, monsieur, but it will depend upon the winds and the waves, and the will of God. Just now, the breeze is pretty stiff. One can never tell, though, at this time of the year."

"You Canadians are very superstitious," said Mr. Smith. "You always bring God into everything; why, suppose that He will intervene in so slight an affair as a little trip on the water, which you make perhaps three or four times a week, your priests should see to it that you have a little more education."

"Without making any reply to these sarcastic remarks, Baptiste went on with his preparations for the trip.

In the twinkling of an eye everything was ready, and the "Marie-Alice," all sails spread, was on her way. They had not proceeded very far when Mr. Smith began as follows:

"And how is the Cure, Baptiste?" "He is very well, monsieur," answered the sailor.

"And so he ought to be. He lives on the fat of the land. He does nothing but receive your tithes and those of your comrades as you pay them in. Tithes, I said; that was a mistake. The word does not cover his emoluments. You give him the greater part of your earnings, under the pretext of Masses, indulgences and I know not what beside. That is so, is it not, Baptiste?" queried Smith, with an ironical smile.

"It is not so, monsieur," replied Baptiste, gravely, but without anger. "I assure you that if you were in his place you would not be satisfied with what he receives. It is more often pennies than shillings, monsieur. However, we consider it our duty to support him who has devoted his life to us, and we do it as well as we can." Then, assuming a tone of solicitude, he continued: "It is not with us as you Protestants, who, I judge from what you say, do not support their ministers."

"You are entirely wrong, Baptiste," answered Mr. Smith, with some asperity, "We do pay our ministers."

"Ah!" replied Baptiste, quickly; "in that case, you are also expected to provide for their wives and children, monsieur. That goes without saying; and I will engage that they and their families cost you a great deal more than does our lonely Cure—and, furthermore, that you are not nearly so well served."

"Perhaps that is true, in one sense," said the Englishman, who was not entirely destitute of the spirit of fair play upon which his race so vaunt themselves, and who was, moreover, somewhat taken aback at having unexpectedly met in the poor boatman a foeman more worthy of his steel than he had thought possible in so benighted a race as those French Canadians. "In some respects we may not be as well taken care of, Baptiste, he continued, "but we certainly pay them no more, nor as much as you do your Cures. They ask nothing from their congregations to defray the expenses of miracle-working. They do not profess to sell us graces from Paradise. We do not put money in their palms for the release of our departed friends from the flames of purgatory. We pay nothing for the supposed forgiveness of our sins. Our ministers as well as our people are intelligent, and our religion was made for the intelligent."

"Ah, yes," responded Baptiste, his hand on the tiller, so that the Englishman did not observe his heightened color or flashing eyes; but his voice was under perfect control as he went on:

"Miracles seem impossible things to you; moreover, it is hard for you to believe in them; but, as our Cure very proudly and sensibly says, the whole world is a miracle, and as difficult to understand as what you are pleased to term miracles. I have heard that you Protestants have faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, in His death on Calvary, His resurrection from the tomb and His ascension into Heaven. If you guarantee the truths of the Gospel on these points, why can you not also believe in other miracles?"

Mr. Smith was considerably non-plussed. As he had no answer to this argument he replied: "My poor Baptiste, you can not help it if you are ignorant. These things are too deep for discussion with a man like yourself who has never been taught the real truths of religion. It would be a work of time. I assure you, for one thing, that you are throwing money away when you have Masses said. Tell me, have you ever obtained one favor thereby?"

"And, so you do not believe in the virtue of prayer, monsieur? I thought all Christians did. I see that you are disposed to be prejudiced no matter what I say. If I told you I had obtained graces and favors you would not believe me. So it is not worth while to discuss the subject any longer, for we can never come to an understanding, and you are only wasting time in trying to change my opinions. I place much more confidence in M. le Cure than I do in you, Monsieur. Besides, just now I have no time to argue further, for I see a great cloud on the side of the Cap-a-l'Aigle, which betokens a severe storm. Excuse me, Monsieur."

Mr. Smith was not a brave man; he became alarmed. The cloud was certainly there, and growing larger every moment. The wind began to blow with great violence, and the rain to fall in torrents. The captain of the "Marie-Alice" was put to it to keep his vessel in her course.

"Baptiste, do you think there is any danger?" inquired his passenger, from under the shelter of the heavy oilskins which the boatman had thrown him for protection from the storm.

"There is always danger in a gale like this," answered the mariner between his teeth.

"But, is it imminent? Is your boat fit to weather this tempest?"

"I hope so, Monsieur," was the response; "I will do my best."

The waves rose higher, the winds waxed fiercer, the brave little bark strained every fibre against the fearful odds that threatened to engulf her. Smith shrunk farther and farther into the shelter of the water-proofs. We know not whether he prayed; at any rate he was silent. At last, the fury of the storm began to abate, the waters subsided, and the passenger more dead than alive ventured to put forth his head as he inquired in a feeble voice:

"Do you think we shall get there all right, now, Baptiste?"

"I hope so, Monsieur; but I can not say. The sea is nasty, and the weather may take an ugly turn again. It is a real miracle that we have gotten this far along," he continued with a cruel emphasis not lost on his hearer; "we are in the hands of God, Monsieur, who does sometimes interfere in such little things as a sudden squall at sea, we Catholics believe."

"Baptiste," said the other, after a moment's silence, "what do you usually do in such an emergency as this?"

"You see very well, Monsieur. I govern my boat as best I can. It needs all one's energy and all one's senses, as you perceive."

"Yes, I know. But, are you not accustomed, in time of danger, to promise some Masses? Why did you not do that to-day?"

"Mr. Smith, this is not the time to ridicule my superstitions," said Baptiste, in a tone in which indignation and reproach were mingled.

"Baptiste, I am not ridiculing your belief in the least. I asked the question seriously, and I now repeat it."

"Very well, Monsieur, since you wish to know, I will tell you. When the sea behaves as it did just now I commend myself to God and make an act of contrition with the hope of saving myself, but also with the resignation to die—if it be the will of God. Where do you suppose a poor devil like myself would get the money to offer for Masses?"

"It seems to me that if for no other reason than that your family needs you, it would be your first thought to make such a promise." Baptiste said nothing; he was too much occupied with his boat at that moment to give his attention to anything else. Smith moved uneasily, hemmed and hawed—and finally said: "Listen, Baptiste; promise a Mass—two, a dozen if you wish, and I will pay for them."

Baptiste, still busy at the helm, waited an instant before replying.

"Very well, that is understood, but on one condition—that you never again ridicule the religion of Catholics, Monsieur."

"I never will," said the Englishman.

An hour later the "Marie-Alice" touched the quay of de Malbaie and Baptiste bade adieu to his passenger, who was entirely changed; he had become modest, gentle and grateful, where he had been self-assertive, loud-voiced and arrogant, and it is to be presumed that on this evening he had not much appetite for his dinner.

But Baptiste carried in his pocket a double fare, besides an offering for Masses, which would be quite welcome to the poor, hard-worked Cure, to whom the delighted boatman gave it at the first opportunity.

"El Padre Santo" of Santa Clara

ESPERANZA

I.

ON November 30, 1830, a missionary died at the Indian mission of Santa Clara, California, of whom things so wonderful were reported that even Rome was constrained to take notice of them. This venerable priest was Father Magin Catala of the Order of S. Francis; whom the Indians and other inhabitants of California affectionately called "Padre Santo"—"Holy Father." The regulation fifty years having passed, the Holy See ordered an examination into the life and virtues of Father Catala as a preliminary step towards the beatification of this servant of God. The investigation was conducted by the Reverends Aloysius Masnata, S. J., Vincent Vinyes, O. P., D. E. Governo, and Andrew Garriga under the supervision of the Most Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany, O. P., Archbishop of San Francisco.

This commission went to work in the summer of 1884. After visiting Santa Clara, San Jose, Monterey, Watsonville, Santa Cruz and other places, and having taken the sworn testimony of forty trustworthy persons who had known the deceased, and of twenty others who declared that they had received information from reliable witnesses, the Franciscan archives were searched for further evidence. Unfortunately, nothing could be obtained from the great missionary college of San Fernando, Mexico whence Father Catala had been sent to California, because the papers referring to the California missions had been publicly burnt by the anti-religious government of Mexico. Yet, considerable testimony was collected and forwarded to Rome. From this report which Father Andrew Garriga, the Secretary of the commission, drew up, and from other sources, we have endeavored to make a sketch of Father Catala's life for the benefit of the readers of DOMINICANA. The Holy See has not pronounced judgment concerning the famous missionary of Santa Clara; but, what Rome farther desires is a stronger proof that Father Magin practiced the theological and cardinal virtues in a heroic degree; this shows that the Catholic Church is in no hurry to "create" Saints. Eminent sanctity must be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Father Magin Catala was born in January, 1761, at Montblanc, in the Archdiocese of Terragona, Catalonia, Spain, and was baptized in the parochial church of Santa Maria Mayor on the thirty-first of the same month. Of his boyhood little is known; but, from

the fact that young Catala early showed an inclination for the religious state, it may be inferred that his parents were practical and pious Catholics, who gave their boy a good Christian education which is worth more than treasures that rust and moth are apt to consume.

At the age of sixteen Catala entered the Seraphic Order, at the monastery of Barcelona, on April 4, 1777. Having completed the usual course in philosophy and theology he was ordained priest. Zeal for the conversion of the heathen must have urged him to apply for permission to join the missionaries in America, since we find him on October 6, 1786, sailing from Cadiz to Mexico, whither only volunteers were sent, or allowed to go. S. Francis, in his Rule, had expressly directed that "Whosoever by divine inspiration desires to go among the Saracens or other infidels, must ask leave of his minister provincial; but the provincials shall give permission to those only whom they see possessing the necessary qualifications for the work." The wisdom of this rule is beyond question. Unless well-grounded in faith, in the requisite knowledge, and in the moral virtues, besides being a man of prayer, the missionary might not only suffer spiritual damage himself, but he might work incalculable harm to his flock. Hence it was that the Superiors in Spain were rather cautious in granting petitions for missions among gentiles and heretics; yet they would not prevent a worthy candidate from devoting himself to the conversion of the infidels, lest they act contrary to the spirit of S. Francis and defeat one of the main purposes of their Order.* Nor was any one sent out to engage in so important an undertaking directly from the mother country, but, the volunteer was generally incorporated into one of the missionary colleges or seminaries, where he was trained for the difficult life in store for him. Thus Father Magin Catala joined the famous missionary college of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico. San Fernando had trained the glorious band of seraphic missionaries who, under the leadership of Father Junipero Serra, Christianized and civilized the natives of California.

* In this connection the official organ of the Franciscan Order lately contained the following paragraph: "Quapropter RR. PP. Provinciales generosi et faciles sint oportet in Missionariis Reverendissimo P. Generali praesentandis; secus facientes districtissimum iudicium a Salvatore mundi ob impeditam animarum conversionem subire pertimescant. Memores esse debemus, Ordinis nostri scopum haud restringi ad fidelium populorum bonum, sed *potissimum consistere in conversione infidelium*. Idoneis igitur Missionariis obstacula movere, quominus vocationem a Deo ipsis datam exequantur, maximum consendum est peccatum in Ordinem, in Ecclesiam, imo et in Deum, cum talis vocatio deberet potius foveri, omnibusque mediis juvari." (Acta Min. Feb. 1903)

The first charge imposed upon Father Catala was the chaplaincy of a royal ship on an expedition along the Pacific coast to Nootka or Vancouver Island. He held this disagreeable post for more than a year, and then returned to his monastery. Nor would Father Magin consent to act again in the same capacity as it was foreign to the vocation of a son of S. Francis destined for missions among the Indians. Besides, Spanish sailors and soldiers of that period were not a sympathetic class of Christians. Nor did the Superiors lend a priest for a position of that kind excepting under constraint. No religious was compelled by the Superiors to accept a chaplaincy.

In 1793 Father Catala was sent to the missions in California; he reached Monterey in July. In August, of the same year, he was given charge of Santa Clara, succeeding Father Thomas de la Pena, who had retired to Mexico on account of ill-health. Father Manuel Fernandez was appointed his assistant, as successor of Father Diego Noboa, who retired to his mother-college at the expiration of his ten years of service. This the missionaries might do, if they so desired, with the Superior's consent—having labored among the Indians for that length of time. Father Jose Viader replaced Father Fernandez in 1795, and from that date to the day of Father Catala's death these two men worked for the welfare of the Indians and settlers at Santa Clara during a period of thirty-seven years.

As a rule, one of the two Fathers stationed at a mission devoted himself to the spiritual interests of the Indians, while the other managed the temporal affairs of the establishment and assisted in spiritual exercises. Thus at Santa Clara Father Catala instructed the old and the young in Christian doctrine, conducted public worship and community prayers, administered the Sacraments, and saw to the moral and religious well-being of the people at both the Indian mission and in the town of San Jose.

When Father Catala first arrived in August, 1793, he found one thousand and sixty-two Indians of every age fed, clothed, housed, and instructed at the mission. This number two years later increased to one thousand five hundred and forty-one, which was the highest figure ever reached by the native population of Santa Clara. When the good Father passed away in 1830 as many as one thousand two hundred and twenty-six Indians still looked to the missionaries for food, clothing and instruction.

During his administration of thirty-seven years six thousand and eighty baptisms were entered in the baptismal register—an average of one hundred and sixty-four of various ages each year. The greater number of these baptisms had been administered by Father Catala. During the same period two thousand one hundred couples were joined in Christian wedlock, averaging one marriage for each week in the year. The death rate among the

Indians, here as elsewhere, caused much worry and work to the poor missionaries. From 1793 till the end of 1830 no fewer than five thousand four hundred and thirty-four deaths were recorded—an average of three each week. It is impossible to detail here what immense labor all these facts imply in the discharge of the duty of so conscientious a priest at a mission among fickle-minded natives. The histories of the missions furnish interesting descriptions of this work.

By order of the Superiors a record was likewise kept of the number of confessions and communions, beginning with the year 1808 and running to the close of the missionary period. From this we learn that at Santa Clara the two missionaries heard seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine Easter confessions in twenty-one years. This indicates that about three hundred and eighty Indians made their confessions at Eastertide. Quite different is the report for Easter communions among the natives; only twenty-three had been considered fit to receive the Holy Eucharist during Paschal time. The reason will be given later. The fault lay not with Father Magin nor his worthy companion; for, the good Father was a true apostle, and, therefore, made it a point to preach and to teach the divine truths whenever occasion presented itself.

After his arrival, eager to be of use to the poor natives, yet ignorant of their language, Father Catala employed an interpreter, when addressing the congregation on Sundays and holidays of obligation, or when instructing children and neophytes. His zeal, however, was not contented with this makeshift for an emergency. It could not answer the requirements of the people, nor the longings of a real pastor, much less the spirit of Mother Church. A heart-to-heart talk, such as is needed, at least, in converting a people so rude, dull, simple-minded, and wayward as the Indians of California proved to be, can only be held in the native-tongue. The Franciscan missionaries held fast to this as a fundamental principle, and observed it as a command from their Superiors, who time and again insisted that the Fathers should learn the language of the natives. It would take us too far out of the way should we relate here what resulted in the elevation of the native from this conviction and practice of the early missionaries. Those who take an interest in the matter may easily obtain entertaining data on the subject.

From a sense of duty, then, as well as expediency, Father Catala at once devoted himself to the study of the Indian language, the mastery of which was indispensable for intelligent and successful work. He made rapid progress and soon dispensed with an interpreter. He never tired of preaching the divine truths in and out of season, in all prudence and patience. It was usual with him to address his flock twice, sometimes three times, on Sundays and

holydays of obligation. Thus he would preach to the Indians of Santa Clara in Spanish on Sunday morning, go to the pueblo of San Jose, celebrate Mass and preach to the Spanish settlers, and then return to instruct, in their own tongue, the Indians who had assembled, for evening service.

The subject matter of his discourses was eminently practical, including essential points which a Christian must know and observe. The instructions were given in such a way that the dull Indian mind could grasp their import. More frequently would the good missionary speak on the duties of parents to their children, and on the reverence due to parents from their children; how to speak to God in the right manner, that is, how to pray; how to assist at Holy Mass; and how to make a good confession; but his favorite subjects were the Way of the Cross and the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. This shows that he comprehended the peculiarities of the native character, and adapted himself to their understanding and mode of thought; they found in the Way of the Cross and in the Rosary something tangible. By means of these two subjects, indeed, all the necessary truths could be impressed upon the minds of the Indians, whereas he might have talked about the love of God and other abstract points of religion by the hour and have effected little.

By means of pictures—such as these two devotions abundantly offer—the missionaries reached the minds and hearts of the natives, provided, alas! that the dusky hearers were not allowed to grow hungry. This, with the Indian, is a greater obstacle to the understanding of divine truth than it is with the white man; but, that is another story. It is merely touched upon here to give the reader a glimpse of the difficulties Father Catala, like all Indian missionaries, had to overcome in teaching the bare rudiments of Christianity, and that he may see how utterly foolish are the railings at the old missionary system by those who know even less of its workings than they do of the Indian character. It is well said that the only way to win an Indian's heart is through his stomach; hence, the missionaries had to provide food and clothing, before they could hope for any lasting results from religious instructions. This naturally brought about the methods employed in early days in California, making the missionary system imperative. The Franciscans were right in refusing to work under any other. Hence, the criticisms of Bancroft and his kind. Their malevolence, particularly that of Theodore Hittel, can be explained only on the ground of their blind animosity to Catholic missionaries. The planters of the cross would be condemned by these superficial writers no matter what system they followed.

Father Catala's style of preaching, too, was quite in keeping with the mind of his hearers. It recalls the impassioned eloquence

of Father Junipero Serra, the Ven. Antonio Margil, S. Leonard of Port Maurice, and that of some Italian missionaries. At the close of an instruction, for instance, he would raise the crucifix aloft, and by its means, in a burst of fervor, seek to impress upon the hearts of all the truth of what he had said. Sometimes he would seize a human skull and address it in this telling fashion: "Tell me, where is the beauty with which thou didst beguile the unwary? Where is now thy lovely hair of which thou wert so proud, and upon which thou didst waste so much precious time? Where are the earrings? Where the fine dresses that covered the pampered body that thou didst once surmount? Is this all that is left of the pomps and vanities that were thy delight?" And the people, gazing at the emaciated figure of the priest, whose mortified and penitential life they knew, could not help weeping for their sins of vanity and sensuality; then and there they resolved to mend their ways. A survivor of Father Catala, who had witnessed the effects of his words, declared before the commission that "he who was not moved must have had a heart of stone."

Nor did the good missionary use a multiplicity of words since he was well aware that the Indian mind could not drink in much at a time. Besides, S. Francis, whom he sought to imitate, had enjoined upon his disciples, that in the sermons they preached, their words "should be simple and well-considered beforehand for the edification of the people, and that they should speak of virtues and vices, rewards and punishments in short words, because the Lord Himself while on earth used brevity of speech." True to his vocation, the son endeavored to follow in the footsteps of the father.

Naturally, Father Catala was not satisfied to instruct his people on Sundays and holydays only; he gave catechetical instructions every morning and afternoon to old and young in their turns, following, in the main, the Franciscan mission regulations common to all. At times the number under probation or instruction was so great that he found it impossible to teach them all in person. In such cases he separated the old and young into grades, or bands; a well-informed Indian was placed in charge of each class. Thus, instruction in the most essential points of doctrine was imparted to the members of each band. Every afternoon in Lent Father Magin taught the children of the white settlers, separately, with a view to preparing them for Holy Communion, to which but few of the natives could be admitted, despite the best efforts of the priests. To make the instruction less tedious, and even pleasant, Father Catala employed some ditties of his own composition, it seems; he had the children repeat them frequently. One of these runs as follows:

"When thou art committing sin,
 "Thou floggest Christ to the core
 "Who begs and cries at thy feet:
 "My child, scourge me no more."

This is another proof that the saintly missionary understood the heart of a child, particularly the heart of the Indian child, and that of the man as well; for, the adult Indian is but an overgrown child. There is nothing more helpful to impress the truths of salvation than songs and hymns. That the Santa Clara missionary recognized this fact is an evidence of his own childlike and saintly character. This method of teaching the truths of religion by means of simple hymns is common to all genuine missionaries. Thus we know that S. Frances Xavier set the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, etc., to music. S. Francis Solano drew sweet music from his violin—though it was a sorry old tning with but three strings—in order to accompany the hymns he taught the Indians. And the saintly Bishop Frederic Baraga, of Michigan, composed about one hundred hymns, in the Chippewa and Ottawa languages, which embodied all the truths of our holy faith. As Father Catala was of the same type of missionary we should be surprised had he not followed the same practice.

	Some Recent Books	
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Walter Meynell has written what he modestly terms "an unconventional biography of BENJAMIN DISRAELI, and D. Appleton & Co. of New York have published it, in a handsome volume with copious illustrations. For work so well done author and publisher deserve thanks.

One of England's greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century, Disraeli, won his wonderful victory, the premiership of Great Britain, over mighty forces that race prejudice and religious bigotry had marshalled against him, by sheer dint of intellectual power. Around his name so long identified with the imperial affairs of England, as well as with her foreign and domestic policy, a considerable portion of nineteenth century history has been written. The present volume, unconventional as its author names it, has qualities and characteristics that render it somewhat unique. Favoring largely of an autobiography, for the subject tells his own story, Mr. Meynell's work of comment, of anecdote recital, of simple arrangement of much material, has been done gracefully, tactfully, with a moderate show-in of color.

Disraeli's letters, many of which had not previously been published, are supplemented by the table talk. In these alone we may find the true reflection of the man, an image sufficiently accurate to enable us to judge the living personality.

FROM GREIG TO BRAHMS, by Daniel Gregory Mason, is a pleasing character study of some modern musical composers. The writer has dedicated his work in affectionate tribute to his uncle, Dr. William Mason, who is well known in the musical world. The initial chapter, "The Appreciation of Music," and the closing chapter, "The Meaning of Music," charmingly express the devotion of one faithful to the Art.

The Outlook Company, New York, have reproduced, in excellent illustration, the portraits of the subjects of each sketch. Prettily clothed in green and gold this memento of musical genius is uniquely appropriate as a souvenir of the holidays.

Benziger Brothers, New York, include in their latest publications of a religious nature the following interesting works: THE LIFE OF JEANNE ANLIDE THOURET, foundress of the Sisters of Charity, adapted from the Italian by Blanche Anderson; LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES, a book for CATHOLIC GIRLS, by Margaret Fletcher; WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES—AN ANSWER TO EARNEST INQUIRERS, by Reverend Edwin Drury; THE VIRTUES OF MARY, by L. Lanzoni; IDEALS IN PRACTICE, including an account of women's work in Poland, translated from the French by Countess Zamoyska. THE LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF POPE LEO THE THIRTEENTH, by Patrick Justin O'Byrne, is a handsomely illustrated volume. The author aims to present "a life picture of the Pontiff in his ministrations, and of the man and his qualities, in his relation to the affairs of the world—in which he exercised a more extensive and beneficent influence than any of his predecessors since the sixteenth century."

Although not an exhaustive chronicle of the lifework of the illustrious Pontiff, the information to be obtained therein is of value to Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

Volume VIII., THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, including the more important events in the history of the colonization of the Philippines during the years 1591 and 1592, has just been issued by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The official documents presented in this volume bear the impress of continuous fatherly solicitude and care of Philip the Second, King of Spain, in his magnanimous provision for the amelioration of the native tribes.

Noteworthy in its effectual remedy against the abuses of greedy adventurers is the decree of Pope Gregory the Fourteenth who orders, under pain of excommunication that "all, and singular, the persons dwelling in those islands—of no matter what state, degree, condition, rank, and dignity—on the publication of these presents to set wholly free, without any craft or deceit, whatever Indian slaves or serfs they may have; nor for the future shall they in any manner, contrary to the edict or command of the said King Philip, take or keep captives or slaves."

The ordinances regulating trade with China and the means adopted to encourage home industry, as well as the measures taken for the development of the resources of the country and exploration of the islands are of unique interest.

In behalf of a much neglected practice—that of spiritual reading in families—we announce, with pleasure, a recent publication of B. Herder, Saint Louis, acting as agent for Sands & Co., London, entitled READINGS ON THE GOSPELS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS, by M. S. Dalton.

To this excellent compilation the present Archbishop of Westminster (who was then Bishop of Southwark) contributed an commendatory preface. Joining His Grace in welcome to this worthy volume which is well printed and bound and sold at a low price, we bespeak our readers, interest not only in the READINGS named, but in the practice of systematic spiritual reading as a habit of an orderly Christian life.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, have added to their "Religion of Science Library" two very interesting volumes, number 54, entitled SAINT ANSELM: HIS PROSLOGIUM MONOLOGIUM, AND CUR DEUS HOMO; and number 55, THE CANON OF REASON AND VIRTUE, being Dr. Paul Carus' admirable translation, from the Chinese, of Lao-Tze's "Tao Teh King."

To the philosophical scholar the famous works of S. Anselm on the existence of God, on the Incarnation, on Redemption are well known. A re-print of the translation made almost fifty years ago, is not only a just recognition of work well done by Sidney Norton Deane, but it opens to the general reader not familiar with Latin, or to whom the writings of the great Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury are not accessible, an opportunity of delving in a very rich mine.

Lao-Tze, the old philosopher who preceded Confucius, is perhaps, the highest exponent of Chinese philosophy. Written six hundred years before the birth of our Lord, the Chinese sage set

forth, as the fruit of his deep meditations, a great variety of truths, many of which savor, in a peculiar manner, of the gospel sweetness and purity.

Teachers and educated parents will find in Irving King's *PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILD DEVELOPMENT*, published by the University of Chicago Press, a thought-provoking series of essays, which, however should be read, with the warning thought ever accompanying, that the author ignores or minimizes the influence of religion in the building up of child life. His view point is restrictedly natural.

David Goldstein, one of the editors of *The Wage Worker*, Boston, and a young man of honest and earnest purpose, has compiled a volume of nearly four hundred pages, entitled *SOCIALISM: THE NATION OF FATHERLESS CHILDREN*, published by the Union News League of Boston.

The author's object is one of reparation and warning. Having learned from association with its members, and from study of its authorized books, that international socialism properly understood, is not only inimical to capital, but seeks the destruction of the family, the abolition of marriage, the overthrow of government and the repudiation of all moral law, Mr. Goldstein has written an eloquent *expose* of this arch-enemy of law and order, religion and virtue. His volume is replete with facts as well as arguments. He has presented undeniable proof of his charge, and therefore, he has made a good book.

To the many young men (and old men) who have been seduced by the specious teaching of Marx and his followers, who have been poisoned by the baneful doctrine of anarchism and its kindred follies, Mr. Goldstein's useful and excellent work should prove a light to paths of right, and an antidote unto mental health,

The friends of Catholic literature are pleased that the Reverend Doctor Shahan, Professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington, has given to them, in the permanent form of a well-made volume, some of his excellent essays and discourses hitherto unpublished, or accessible only in the scattered pages of various magazines. Recognizing, as the learned author justly does, a certain connection and continuity which give not only harmony and easy sequence, but a reasonable measure of blending as a whole, in the different portions of his book, all originally independent contributions, he has appropriately named the work *THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY*. This is likewise the title of the first chapter, a scholarly study of the causes which conduced to the spread of the Gospel.

In order chronological and of dignity there follow sketches of S. Paul, of Pope S. Clement, of the Christian Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne. The problem of free labor and slavery in Rome is discussed; the origin of the feast of Christmas is shown; the position of women in pagan antiquity and in the early Christian communities is made clear in striking contrast; and the relationship between the Church and the Empire in the East and the West, is luminously set forth. Other subjects are introduced, notably De Rossi the Columbus of the Catacombs who is splendidly panegyricized.

Throughout the volume the reader finds constant and sustained evidence of the author's erudition, the wealth of which is generously offered and with a style as graceful as his diction is elegant. To read such a work is a pleasure; to commend it is a duty. Complimenting the learned professor, and trusting that he will favor the Catholic public, with other proofs of his power and skill in the domain of Church history and cognate subjects, we also hope that *THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY* will have a very large sale. Benziger Brothers, New York, who are the publishers, have performed their part of the work in a praiseworthy manner.

Through the efforts of Mr. Ben Greet and his efficient dramatic company, the morality play *EVERYMAN* has become familiar to thousands in England and the United States who have witnessed its performance. Our journals and magazines have also made *EVERYMAN* the subject of articles descriptive and illustrative, so that it may readily be assumed that our readers understand both the motive and the characters of this truly Catholic drama.

That the publication of its most interesting text has not been confined to the *librettos* distributed at the various theatres in which *EVERYMAN* was performed we are pleased to note in the case of Fox, Duffield & Co. of New York who have brought it out in a handsomely printed and becomingly bound volume, illustrated with copies of the quaint and original drawings of the *dramatis personae*.

While commending the enterprise of the publishers we call attention to a paragraph which they have set forth in their announcements:

"Father Matthew Power, writing to the *Times*, of London, says the New York *Sun*, makes an interesting point regarding the text of 'Everyman.' He contends that the received version—of which the recent issue by Fox Duffield and Company is the most accessible edition—has been 'vitiated by a too close relationship with a Calvinized version published at Amsterdam in 1647. In this,' he declares, 'the Dutch editor reluctantly allows the Father Confessor to remain, but expunges the Blessed Virgin altogether. . . . Most damaging to the force and symmetry of this masterpiece,' he continues, 'is

the introduction of a figure modelled on the lines of the Scientia of the title pages of the renaissance printers, and called Knowledge. No such personage, as far as we can ascertain, was known to Peter of Diest, the original author, as is supposed, of this moral play.' The word that he used was, Father Power thinks, 'Bekenntenis,' and this cannot be rendered 'knowledge.' It means (see the Dutch dictionary of Calisch) acknowledgment of guilt."

Hence, the figure who presents Everyman with the tokens and instruments of penance is simply the spirit of compunction or true contrition which is a necessary part of the Sacrament of Penance, without which, at least in its imperfect form, confession made to a priest cannot be followed by absolution

In THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE published by John Lane, London and New York, we have a very clever piece of satire, an arraignment of some of the "literary fakirs" of our day, the criminals having been selected from the body of authors, editors and publishers who have been inflicting, in the name of "literature," various abominations on the reading public. We could wish that others had also been indicted, and that numerous executions had taken place, though we agree with Herford that the only trouble about carrying out such a sentence would be the impossibility of chopping off the literary head of a man "who hasn't one." We protest, however, against the indictment of Father Tabb. To our readers we say: Read this book, and put it into the hands of sentimental and maudlin young ladies (and old), if there be any hope of curing them.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, has published, in two dainty volumes, AMERICAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS compiled by Charles M. Skinner. In more than one hundred wonderful tales, delightfully varied with traditional Indian lore, ghosts and fairies gaily flit on hill and valley, while grotesque goblins peer from midnight darkness upon storied waters and rock-bound shore. Fascinating in mystery, these brilliant legends are linked with spots famed in our country's history. The volumes contain some dainty illustrations.

The London Catholic Truth Society has sent to us the following pamphlets: SHORT ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD, by Abbot Smith, O. S. B.; THOUGHTS IN PROSE AND VERSE; THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE; THE TITLE "CATHOLIC" AND THE ROMAN CHURCH; WHAT DOES SCIENCE SAY? and sketches of Saints Hilda, Welburga and Editha, of Leo the Thirteenth and of Cardinal Vaughan, all of which we earnestly recommend for the goodness of their contents and because of the cheapness of their cost. Forty cents will pay for the set.

The memorial address, given on the twenty-third of January 1903 in honor of Phillips Brooks, recently published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, still grows in favor. This interpretation of the character of the great New England preacher, by the Reverend William Lawrence, his successor in the episcopate, is an earnest tribute to the man whose uplifting influence was perceptible in the virtuous lives of his bereaved flock.

SCENES AND SKETCHES IN AN IRISH PARISH—situated in the County Doon—as portrayed by "A Country Curate," awaken tender sympathy in the hearts of all observers. Illustrating, as they do, the intensely religious spirit in which the Irish people have smiled through centuries of heart break, the living pictures presented but emphasize the sad fact that there still exists a necessity for one "exile from Erin."

This interesting little volume is published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, American Agents, Benziger Brothers, New York.

Under title of MORAL BRIEFS the Reverend John H. Stapleton discourses upon the "Law of God and its Breach," in which he considers separately the seven capital sins and their contraries. "Justice and Rights," "The Ethics of War," and other important subjects of vital meaning to the Christian citizen, are familiarly treated. This collection of sermons is admirably adapted for the use of the laity.

The *Catholic Transcript*, Hartford, Conn., in whose columns the BRIEFS appeared in weekly installments, has published the book.

In the publications of B. Herder, Saint Louis, of special value religiously considered, are two interesting booklets entitled THE DIVINE OFFICE and THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, edited by Reverend Ildephonsus Cummins, O. S. B.; A PRECURSOR OF SAINT PHILIP—Buonsignore Cacciaguerra—whose wonderful apostolate and admirable virtues are agreeably presented by Lady Annabel Kerr, recommends itself to all who would further advance in spirituality.

READING AND THE MIND (now in the sixth edition), by Reverend J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., has been revised and enlarged to meet the demands of appreciative admirers of this suggestive guide to the best in literature. Father O'Connor's work has a reputation of many years' standing for its effectiveness in the formation of an elevated literary taste.

The book is handsomely printed by John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, so oft re-told, under the magic treatment of Andrew Lang takes on a new interest. With him we enthusiastically take up the search for the FLEECE—and enjoy the voyage home.

THE WANDERINGS OF JOE AND LITTLE EM will delight the hearts of the young people looking for a Christmas story. Albert Bigelow Paine bases this interesting tale upon an episode in the career of Clara Kenville. The pictures throughout the book, by J. Conacher, with a beautiful cover design, are attractively executed. Both books are published by The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

PHOENIXIANA OR, SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES, by John Phoenix, is attractively presented by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

John Kendrick Bangs, who writes an interesting introduction to the book, relates his experience—a twenty-four hours' suspension from school, which was by no means considered an honorable recreation in his youth—on account of his giggling in class over some anecdotes contained in the book.

John Phoenix at Benicia, in 1855, will be immensely enjoyed by those familiar with the history of one of California's most celebrated cities. Beautifully situated on the banks of an ever-flowing river, Benicia, since 1855, has serenely looked on while Progress noisily wends her way.

The sayings of John Phoenix are unique in their oddity. E. W. Kemble has caught the flash of humor from the eye of John Phoenix—Squibb—and deftly stamped it on his never-to-be-forgotten illustrations.

In George A. GORDON'S ULTIMATE CONCEPTIONS OF FAITH, a volume issued in excellent style of workmanship, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, his readers all find a frank and interesting exposition of the development and vagaries of Congregational teaching in New England, and of its companion system Unitarianism, which numbers adherents in all parts of our country.

The International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., has issued a valuable pamphlet by D. Moncrieff O'Connor, entitled FOREIGN FREEMASONRY—ITS POSITION VIS-A-VIS OF CHRISTIANITY AND OF CATHOLICITY. Readers of this work will learn why Catholics may not join the Masonic lodges. Sold for five cents. Mr. O'Connor's little book should be in general circulation.

Longmans, Green & Company have brought out in a dress bordering upon the agreeably sumptuous, *THE CRIMSON FAIRY BOOK*. Numerous full-page plates, eight of which are beautifully colored, and a number of text-illustrations, reflect the action of these stirring tales. Summoned by the magic stroke of the wand wielded by Andrew Lang, children from the frozen snows of the Polar regions to the sun-kissed lands of Italy, Spain and Greece, re-act their parts for the edification of English childhood. The editor of this modified reciprocity of wilfulness on the part of wicked stepmothers and naughty children, to the end of instructing the young, has performed a feat more notable than that of the original inventor. The children will call down blessings on Andrew Lang.

John Lane, London and New York, has published in a fine octavo, containing numerous illustrations of persons and things, in photogravure and half tone, Allen Fea's compilation of five contemporary narratives of the escape of Charles the Second of England, after the fatal battle of Worcester. Appropriately entitled *AFTER WORCESTER FIGHT*, this volume teems with interesting details that cannot be found in general histories of those troubled days when Cavalier and Roundhead struggled for the mastery of England. To the lover of history, as it is tinged with romance, and as it opens to its readers vistas of the plain people and of the love and loyalty which were lavished by them, as well as by knight and noble, on the unfortunate Stuarts, this sumptuous volume will strongly appeal.

C. V. Waite & Co., 479 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, have published an excellent manual of *HOMOPHONIC CONVERSATION* in English, German, French and Italian, as a natural aid to the memory in learning those languages. Within its scope this little book is the best of its kind known to us; indeed it is so distinct a departure from general publications in its field that we deem it worthy of special recommendation.

The California Promotion Committee, San Francisco, has published in book form, as a souvenir of the visit of President Roosevelt to California, the *ADDRESSES AND REMARKS* made by him at various points at which he was entertained. Full-page pictures graphically illustrate the course of the President's tour throughout the State. The expressions of enthusiastic admiration for the golden glories of California uttered by President Roosevelt and his manly plea for earnest endeavor and incorruptible citizenship recommend the book to every Californian.

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Before the close of this month we shall have entered on the season of Lent. The Calendar will serve as a reminder of the special feasts in honor of our Blessed Lord, to be celebrated during that holy time. Every faithful Catholic will endeavor to prepare for the penitential days in a becoming spirit so that they may be passed in the enjoyment of the graces then so abundantly offered by the mercy of God to the penitent children of the Church.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the distinguished Dominican, Archbishop Nozaleda, who resigned the see of Manila a few years ago, has been nominated to the important archbishopric of Valencia, Spain, in succession to the late Cardinal Herrero of Espinosa. Of this eminent bishop the American newspapers recently published absurd reports, in a pitiable endeavor to hold him up to ridicule. The story of his legacy of ten thousand dollars to be used against the United States, for the honor of Spain, is only one of the many slanders that have been uttered against the Spanish people.

On the night of January 2, S. Catherine's Academy, Kentucky, was totally destroyed by fire. Fortunately, no lives were lost. Because of the calamity that has thus overtaken the Dominican Sisters who had labored for almost ninety years in Kentucky, the original home of the Order in the United States, their friends in all parts of the country will feel the deepest sympathy for that sorely tried Community. S. Catherine's may be regarded as the mother house, the veritable cradle of our conventual Dominican Tertiaries.

It was, therefore, a venerable spot, around which tender and sacred memories have wound themselves during all the years of its busy, energetic and fruitful life. We trust that the tidings of the sweeping away, in one mighty conflagration, of the buildings and equipments which toil and devotion and self-sacrifice, known only to God, had acquired, will come to every friend of the Order in the United States, as a personal appeal, and that no one will refuse generous co-operation so that the Sisters may be able to rebuild. DOMINICANA offers to them heartfelt sympathy, and will gladly forward to them any contributions that may be sent in our care.

From a recent number of the Paris journal, *Le Gaulois*, we take an account of an incident that charmingly illustrates the simplicity of our beloved Pontiff, Pius the Tenth. Receiving in audience Monsignor Scalabrini, Bishop of Piacenza, one of the most distinguished members of the Italian hierarchy, His Holiness had occasion to look at his watch, an old nickel timepiece, worth, perhaps, two dollars. Counting on the friendship which had long existed between them, when the Pope had been the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, the Bishop said: "Holy Father, allow me to give you my watch in exchange for yours. We shall both be gainers."

Suiting the action to the word, Monsignor Scalabrini drew from his pocket a fine gold watch, and respectfully offered it to the Pope, who at once answered: "Never shall I part with this, my old nickel watch, which I hold as more valuable than all others. A gift from my dear

mother, whose death hour it recorded, it is to me of inestimable value. Nothing could induce me to give it away."

As His Holiness spoke his eyes were filled with tears.

Among the exiled French religious is a congregation of Sisters which was founded near Rouen, in the seventeenth century, by a wealthy woman, under the rules of the Dominican Order, to pray perpetually for the sins of France. Since its foundation, even during the dark days of the French Revolution, it maintained until the present the service of perpetual prayer, its customs being only interrupted by the acts of the soldiers of the Republic.

When driven out the sisters were practically without ready money, although their convent and its grounds and farms were valuable to them. Through the kindness of some charitable friends in Rouen, they were enabled to take passage for the United States, and determined to come to Baltimore and settle. Of course their cloistered rule had to be broken, and they were compelled to submit to the general conditions about them, and being unable to speak English and totally unused to the ways of the world, their progress from France to Baltimore was surrounded with unusual difficulties.

On the arrival of the sisters, there were eighteen, at Baltimore, they went to the little Dominican convent, on Druid Hill Avenue, near Mosher Street, a foundation of the Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary. This convent was capable of keeping only a few of the sisters comfortably, but the Sisters of Mercy, hearing of their hardships, placed the large academy buildings at Mount Washington and the several houses of the Order in Baltimore at their disposal until they could secure a convent of their own, and for several months the Sisters of

Mercy succored the strangers, out of their own scanty store.

The French sisters have since secured an estate formerly belonging to Father Abbot Krug, who is now resident in Rome, as the head of the Benedictines of the world. The property the sisters have purchased contains twenty-seven acres, and has a large mansion, which stands upon a slight eminence and overlooks the surrounding country. This is large enough to accommodate the present community with ease, and to enable the sisters to provide for additional members.

The generous reception of these persecuted daughters of S. Dominic, by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, is another proof of this distinguished prelate's love for our Order.

A few months ago the Ignatian Council of San Francisco, one of the most energetic branches of the Young Men's Institute, issued an appeal in behalf of increased membership in their worthy organization. They gave some statistics estimated in July 1903. We reprint them:

Present population of San Francisco, based upon municipal statistics, 410,000; estimated Catholic population of San Francisco from reliable sources, 140,000; Practical Catholic men of San Francisco eligible for membership in local Catholic Societies, 35,000; Approximate membership of all local societies of Catholic men is said not to exceed 6,000, and of these, many belong to two or more societies. Thus the number of Catholic men of San Francisco who have membership in some Catholic society does not exceed 5,000; the difference shows us the number of Catholic men of San Francisco who are not members of any local Catholic Society whatever, and this is a conservative estimate—30,000.

We should like to comment on these figures, but we restrict ourselves to one word; the expression of our hope that "there will be a change for the better."

The settlement of the Friars' land question in the Philippines affords *The Independent* an opportunity (December 24, 1903) to manifest its lack of exact information on things Catholic. We are gravely told that S. Benedict died at Bologna in 1221. S. Dominic died there in that year. The Patriarch of the Western monks had gone to his reward six hundred years previously. Into S. Benedict's mouth the words of the dying S. Francis are put. After these *explicit* statements of facts (?) *The Independent* proceeds to show forth the iniquity (?) of monastic possessions, in so absurd and bigoted a manner that we can only suggest that the learned (?) editorial writer should procure a copy of Cobbett's History. He should also read Don Gasquet. Spellman's "History of Sacrilege" could also be consulted. He would then know that only after the suppression of the monasteries of England were almshouses and workshops introduced in "merrie England."

The destruction of the Franciscan missions in California brought misery and woe to the Indians. What the result of the enforced selling of the Friars' lands in the Philippines will occasion history will duly tell.

A fling at the despoiled Congregations of France *The Independent* follows with an impertinent inquiry as to the disposal of the money which will be paid to the Friars for their lands. We allude to this merely to illustrate how impossible it is to find truth in the columns of the non-Catholic press when affairs of doctrine or church history are discussed, and to emphasize the necessity under which Catholics are of becoming familiar, to some extent, with the truth as taught by the Church and as exemplified in her splendid record.

If a copy of *The North American Review* for January, containing an excellent article by a sensible, an intelligent and experienced woman, entitled "Woman's Assumption of Sex Superiority," could be placed in the hands

of our young women whose minds are, as yet, uncontaminated by the abominations prevalent among the "woman's rights" termigants, we think that good missionary work would be done.

Other valuable contributions to the same number are "The President's Message and the Isthmian Canal," by Francisco Escobar, a Colombian, who fires rapidly and uses heavy ammunition; "Poetry and Poets of America," the first of a series which gives good promise; and "Practical Phases of Caribbean Domination."

The remaining papers are of the usual variety and timeliness characteristic of the *Review*.



Eugenia Brooks Frothingham, in an estimate of "An Irish Poet and His Work," in the January number of *The Critic* sympathetically appreciates the noble mission of one of Ireland's present day leaders of lyric poetry. The coming to America of William Butler Yeats, the gifted Irish poet is hailed with joy by all who understand the significance of the movement which he represents—the enthusiastic presentation of the past glories of the Irish nation, unique in its sorrowful isolation.

The voice of the Irish poet, "Musical from the misty dawn of time," still sings in fervent strains, the mystic beauties of Ireland's historic past.

In the revival of the study of Ireland's language and history, her traditions, her legends, her political disappointments, will be found the justification of her seeming inactivity, her steady resistance during seven hundred years to the despoilers of her sanctuaries; in a word, the student of Irish history will find much that will appeal to his intelligent discrimination in his mental adjustment of Ireland's peculiar difficulties—the reason of her long suffering—the justice of her aspirations, the legitimacy of her claim to her rightful place among the nations of the earth.

Of the vitalizing influence of this lit-

erary movement there can be no doubt; its spiritual significance, as depicted by the poet-patriot, will find a cordial response in the hearts of all who have not succumbed to the sordid materialism of this practical age.

From the *New York Sun* of January 2, we learn that 9000 men representing various branches of the Holy Name Society in New York, were present at the Mass on New Year's day, which was celebrated, as is the annual custom, for the members in S. Patrick's Cathedral. Archbishop Farley presided, and one of his vicars-general delivered the sermon. Assuredly such a demonstration was a splendid act of faith and of love for the Holy Name.

At the request of the Superior of the Christian Brothers in this country we take pleasure in publishing the following:

For the benefit of boys and young men who desire to become acquainted with the life of S. John Baptist de La Salle—the newest teacher-saint—the Christian Brothers have prepared an illustrated life of their holy founder, in booklet form, which they propose to distribute *gratis* to the reverend clergy, to Catholic parents and to the young men of the various parishes.

Dedicated to the Catholic young men of America, it embraces in a series of twenty-eight one-page chapters the following and other topics:

"Message of Pope Leo the Thirteenth to the Christian Brothers," "Religious Heroes and Heroines," "Sublimity of the Vocation of the Religious Educator," "A Glorious Vocation for Young Men," "The Model Christian Educator," "S. de La Salle as a Priest," "The Christian Brothers Founded," "The First Normal School," "S. de La Salle's Educational Reforms," "S. La Salle's Schools for Workingmen," "S. La

Salle's School for Irish Exiles," "Fertility of S. La Salle's Educational Genius," "S. de La Salle and Other Educational Reformers," "Debt of Modern Education to S. de La Salle," "S. de La Salle's Heroic Virtue," "Trials, Death and Canonization of S. de La Salle," "An Invitation to Our Young Men," "A Word to the Reverend Clergy," "Age and Requirements for Admission to the Brothers' Society."

The booklet, which closes with tributes from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Keane, will be sent free upon application to the Rev. Brother Secretary, Ammendale, Md."

From one of the San Francisco journals we take the following:

What Four Nations Pay Annually for Drink.

In Death—In Insanity—In Crime—In Money.

From the Latest Official Reports on the Consumption, Effect and Cost of Alcohol, Exclusive of Beer and Wine:

UNITED STATES.

Alcohol consumed 150,000,000 gallons; cost in money, \$400,000,000; deaths from drink directly, 7,500; insanity caused by drink, 62,000; criminals made by drink, 52,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Alcohol consumed, 155,000,000 gallons; cost in money, \$395,000,000; deaths from drink directly, 1,592; insanity caused by drink, 31,000; criminals made by drink, 35,000.

FRANCE.

Alcohol consumed, 160,000,000 gallons; cost in money, \$460,000,000; deaths from drink directly, 872; insanity caused by drink, 45,000; criminals made by drink, 22,000.

GERMANY.

Alcohol consumed, 186,000,000 gallons; cost in money, \$410,000,000; deaths from drink directly, 3,240; insanity caused by drink, 30,000; criminals made by drink, 18,000.

CONSUMPTION OF BEER AND WINE.

United States—Beer, 630,000,000 gallons; wine, 21,000,000 gallons.

Great Britain—Beer, 1,020,000,000 gallons; wine, 14,000,000 gallons.

France—Beer, 410,000,000 gallons; wine, 750,000,000 gallons.

Germany—Beer, 880,000,000 gallons; wine, 120,000,000 gallons.

Reforms and Remedies That Have Failed.

Legislation—All nations have laws against intoxication. Some States in the United States prohibit the sale of liquor, and many hundreds of towns and cities are "no license."

The Gold Cure—Thousands have been backsliders after a temporary cure from injections of bichloride of gold, many taking the treatment as much as ten times.

Christian Science—The absent treatment for chronic drunkenness has not a single well-authenticated cure.

Secret Remedies—All these contain narcotics—opium, chloral, morphine or laudanum—and, while they have been partially successful, are not to be depended upon.

Hypnotism—Hypnotism and mental suggestion have only a small percentage of cures.

Studying these painfully suggestive figures, and contemplating the havoc and ruin which they proclaim, while we recall the humiliating fact that not a tithe of the vast sum named is spent for the improvement of their minds by the people so lavish with money for rum, we feel justified in asking our readers to pause, to reflect, to examine their accounts along those lines.

Our second word is that only in the Catholic Church and by means of her Sacraments and by the practice of prayer, coupled with the avoidance of the occasion of sin, can weak and tempted humanity find strength to resist the attacks of that passion not unfairly named—the demon of rum.

The January number of *The Catholic Researches*, Philadelphia, opens the twenty-fifth volume of that estimable quarterly. The indefatigable editor and publisher, Martin I. J.

Griffin, while fully recognizing the fact that "posterity has done nothing for us," is equally alive to the fact that posterity may mitigate the opprobrious circumstances that surround the memory of its forefathers. With this end in view Mr. Griffin presents in the January number some historical data upon the following important subjects: "Chaplains of the French Revolution in the American Revolution," "A Vindication of William Penn From the Late Aspersions Spread Abroad on Purpose to Defame Him," and "Pope Pius the Ninth and the Southern Confederacy."

Interesting as an illustration of the ignorance that governed the prejudices of non-Catholics of the revolutionary period are the fictions contained in the book entitled "The Master Key to Popery," published by A. Southwick in 1774. Still more interesting are the sentiments expressed by the son of Mr. Southwick who, writing fifty years later, from experimental knowledge of the workings of "Popery," says upon the subject of "Bigotry:"

"If superstition consecrate ignorance and folly, bigotry gives birth to persecution and bloodshed; the one covers the earth with darkness—the other fills it with contention and misery."

To say nothing of the persecution sustained by the Quakers, which in some cases, was horrible, the contrast between our former opinions of the Roman Catholics and those which now prevail, forms a curious tem in our history. I understood, when a child, that our countrymen had been taught, from the War of 1756, to look upon a Freachman as a natural enemy; and a Roman Catholic of any country as a monster rather than a man. Our pulpits teemed with anathemas against the Beast, as the Pope was called; and our presses groaned with the denunciation of all who acknowledged his spiritual authority.

I well recollect seeing the Pope burned in effigy on the 5th of November, the last time that that ceremony was ever performed in my native

town of Newport; although I was not then old enough to comprehend the meaning of that solemn farce; and about the same time my good father, who was a printer, published a book entitled *The Master Key to Popery*, in which the most wonderful stories were told of the trials, racks, tortures, gibbets and other hellish inventions of the Papists to commit the Protestants, or destroy them root and branch, and besides all these gloomy portraits the Popish Priests were represented as the vilest wretches, guilty of all sorts of crimes, and fit only for subjects of pandemonium, instead of ministers of the altar of Christ.

Such were the opinions our ancestors held of Frenchmen and Roman Catholics, and these opinions were in full force until the era of the Revolution. Then it was that a new light burst upon us. The Catholic King of France took part with the Protestant rebels of America. He sent his Catholic armies to fight our battles; and his Catholic subjects at home were taught to reverence our cause. We found that Frenchmen were not our natural enemies; for they came to befriend us in our struggle for freedom. We found that Roman Catholics were not monsters; for those very Frenchmen who came to fight our battles were Roman Catholics. The Rochambeaus, the Launsons, the La Fayettees, and the De Grasses of France mingled at our festive board with the Washingtons, the Franklins, the Jeffersons and the Hamiltons of America. The soldiers of the Catholic King, and those of the rebellious Protestant Provinces went hand in hand together to the field of battle, and often and often joined together in worshipping their common Creator.

I saw the whole French army under Rochambeau go to a grand Mass in a body; and never did I behold a more sublime spectacle!

Then it was that our prejudices against Frenchmen and Roman Catholics were obliterated and renounced at the altar of liberty.

There is, indeed, one fact, that deserves to be recorded to the eternal honor of that Catholic army: It marched through the United States; it encamped in almost every State; and yet those monstrous Catholics were never known to commit a solitary depredation on the persons or property of our citizens, either male or female; they robbed no farm-

yards; they trod down no cornfields; they trespassed upon no orchards or gardens; but everywhere they marched was the track of morality and their banner the emblem of that justice for which they fought in the field and which they practiced in the camp.

This grand era of mutual danger in the field and mutual toleration in the camp and church, of a Catholic and a Protestant army, ought never to be forgotten either in this country or in France. It should ever be realized by our orators on the annual jubilee of our freedom; it ought to be impressed upon the minds of the people, as a proof that the more mankind know of each other, the less they will be disposed to worry and persecute each other for differences of opinion.

We see here that while our fathers were ignorant of Frenchmen and Roman Catholics, and received their views of both from books originating in the fiery collusions of the reformers with their quondam brethren, they looked upon the former as natural enemies, upon the latter as a sort of demons; but a knowledge of each other dissipated the delusion, and established not merely good fellowship, but concert of action in a glorious cause.

Before I conclude, let me ask, is not the venerable Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, a Roman Catholic, and did any man risk more than this hoary patriarch by signing that imperishable document? * * * It is certain that all good and wise men are the friends of civil and political liberty; and sure I am that all men who truly reverence God, are the friends of unlimited religious toleration, for to God alone belongs the power of chastising infidelity; and the man, therefore, who reverences Him will not attempt to resent His authority.



In setting before our readers this third extract from the first Encyclical of our Holy Father, we again exhort them to a prayerful study of his inspiring words: "All this, venerable brothers, we believe and expect with unshakable faith. But this does not prevent us also, according to the measure given to each, from exerting ourself to hasten the

work of God—and not merely by praying assiduously: “Arise, O Lord, let no man be strengthened” (Psalm ix., 19)—but, more important still, by affirming both by word and deed and in the light of day, God’s supreme dominion over man and all things, so that His right to command and His authority may be fully realized and respected. This is imposed upon us not only as a natural duty, but by the common interest of mankind. For, venerable brothers, who can help being appalled and afflicted when he beholds in the midst of a progress in civilization justly extolled, the greater part of mankind fighting among themselves so savagely as to make it seem as though strife were universal? The desire for peace is certainly harbored in every breast, and there is no one who does not ardently invoke it. But to want peace without God is an absurdity, seeing that when God is absent, thence, too, justice flies, and when justice is taken away it is vain to cherish the hope of peace. “Peace is the work of justice” (Is. xxxii., 17). There are many, we are well aware, who, in their yearning for peace, that is, for the tranquillity of order, band themselves into societies and parties, which they style parties of order. Hope and labor lost! For there is but one party of order capable of restoring peace in the midst of all this turmoil, and that is the party of God. It is this party, therefore, that we must advance, and to it attract as many as possible, if we are really urged by the love of peace.

“But, venerable brothers, we shall never, however much we exert ourselves, succeed in calling men back to the majesty and empire of God, except by means of Jesus Christ. ‘No one,’ the Apostle admonishes us, ‘can lay other foundation than that which has been laid, which is Jesus Christ’ (I. Cor. iii., 11). It is

Christ alone, ‘whom the Father sanctified and sent into this world’ (John x., 36)—‘the splendor of the Father and the image of His substance.’ (Hebr. i., 3)—true God and true man: without whom nobody can know God for salvation—‘neither doth any one know the Father but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal him’ (Matt. xi., 27). Hence it follows that to restore all things in Christ and to lead us back to submission to God is one and the same aim. To this, then, it behooves us to devote our care—to lead back mankind under the dominion of Christ; this done, we shall have brought it back to God. When we say to God, we do not mean to that inert being heedless of all things human, which the dreams of materialists has imagined, but to the true and living God, one in nature, triple in person, Creator of the world, most wise Ordainer of all things, Lawgiver most just, who punishes the wicked and has reward in store for virtue.

“Now the way to reach Christ is not hard to find: it is the Church. Rightly does Chrysostom inculcate: ‘The Church is thy hope, the Church is thy salvation, the Church is thy refuge’ (Hom. de capto Eutropio, n. 6.) It was for this that Christ founded it, at the price of His blood, and made it the depository of His doctrine and His laws, bestowing upon it at the same time an inexhaustible treasury of graces for the sanctification and salvation of men.



The golden jubilee number of the *San Francisco Monitor* was issued on January 20. An epitomized history of the Church in California during the past fifty years, we greet this highly creditable publication, beautiful in illustration and interesting in text, with cordial welcome and praise. Our congratulations to editor and staff.

Calendar for February.

1—S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr. Confidence in God.

2—Candlemas Day or Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Feast of Devotion. Two Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers (may be gained once during the octave); (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

3—S. Peter Nolasco (from Jan. 31). Founder, with S. Raymond of Penafort and with King James of Aragon, of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the Redemption of Captives. Blessing of throats in honor of S. Blase. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

4—S. Andrew Corsini, Carmelite and Bishop. Forbearance.

5—S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr. Gentleness.

6—S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr. Patience. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

7—First Sunday of the month—Sexagesima Sunday. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in a church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

8—S. John of Matha, Priest and Founder of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives.

9—Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord.

10—S. Scholastica, Virgin; Sister of S. Benedict. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

11—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.

12—Translation of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. Penance. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

13—S. Catherine de Ricci, O. P., Virgin. Mildness. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

14—Second Sunday of the month—Quinquagesima Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C, C; procession; prayers.

15—B. Jordan of Saxony. Second General of the Order of Preachers.

16—B. Gregory the Tenth, Pope. Christian Courage.

17—Ash Wednesday. Lent begins. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

18—B. Laurence of Rippafratta, O. P., Priest. Poverty.

19—B. Alvarez, O. P., Priest. Silence.

20—Our Lord's Prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. First Sorrowful Mystery. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.

21—Third Sunday of the month—First Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

22—Chair of S. Peter at Antioch.

23—S. Peter Damien, Bishop. Hospitality.

24—Ember-day. S. Romuald, Abbot. Obedience. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

25—S. Matthias, Apostle. Devotion to duty.

26—Ember-day. The Spear and Nails of Our Lord's Passion.

27—S. Brigid, Virgin. Patroness of Ireland. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

28—Last Sunday of the month—Second Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

29—B. Villana de Bottis, O. P., Widow. Meditation.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for the month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Brigid of Ireland, Abbess; S. Severinus, Abbot; S. Peter Damien, Bishop; S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr; S. Andrew Corsini, Bishop. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Matthias, Apostle; S. Valentine, Martyr; S. Blase, Bishop and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Finstan, Abbot; S. Scholastica, Virgin; S. Joseph of Seonissa, Confessor; S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr; S. Alice, Abbess.



THE LATE REVEREND JAMES LOUIS O'NEIL, O. P.

DOMINICANA

VOL. V.

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No. 3

The Late Rev. James Louis O'Neil, O. P.

The announcement of the demise of the Reverend James Louis O'Neil, founder and revered editor of DOMINICANA, was received with profound sorrow by thousands of loving hearts throughout the United States. His sudden death came as a great shock, particularly to his friends in San Francisco, as the days immediately preceding his death had given promise of renewed strength. The strain upon the heart had been too great, however, and after a sinking spell, fortified by the last Sacraments, his brave soul passed into the hands of its Maker.

Although Father O'Neil's constitution had been weakened from the violent shock which he received in a street railway accident in May last, by which his right arm was badly fractured, he personally directed, during a long and tedious convalescence, the management of the magazine, dictating editorial and correspondence, besides attending to other details of a business character up to the moment of his death.

With true editorial instinct and wonderful editorial foresight, Father O'Neil had prepared notes and reviews for coming numbers of DOMINICANA. In illustration of his characteristic timeliness and true courtesy to the members of the editorial fraternity, we may instance the final stroke of his editorial pen—a word of congratulation to the editor of the *San Francisco Monitor* and his staff. And, that this word of recognition of their jubilee number might appear in February DOMINICANA, Father O'Neil, in spite of weakness, penned a brief expression of praise. Appealing in pathos is the coincidence that the March number, which contained Father O'Neil's cheery greeting to the friends of Catholic literature, four years ago, under the auspicious patronage of Saint Joseph, should, in S. Joseph's month, of the present year, contain the announcement of his passing to his eternal reward.

While bowing to the decrees of Almighty God in the mysterious Providence that has deprived us of the ministrations of our loved friend—so intensely revered for his priestly dignity and noble character—taken from us in the prime of splendid manhood, in the full glory of intellectual activity, filled as he was with bright hopes and comprehensive purposes, let us pause for a moment to contemplate the open pages of his life; let us profit by the teachings of his virtues.

Father James Louis O'Neil was born in Brooklyn, New York, on the seventh of August, 1858. His death on January 28, 1904, closes a career phenomenal in its brilliancy. Tenderly nurtured by loving parents, the boy, peculiarly susceptible to religious impressions, steadily evinced strong religious purposes. His early education was entrusted to the Franciscan Fathers, under whose tutelage he made extraordinary progress, daily developing amiable traits of character. When but seventeen years of age, he entered the Order of Preachers, attracted by the astonishing record of its medieval Apostolate and the grand possibilities of its preaching ministry. The spirit of its noble founder, the great Saint Dominic, animated the young student in his labors to acquire eminence in those branches of sacred science that conduce to discipline of mind and heart. Endowed with unwavering trust in God, humble in his possession of nature's lavish gifts, earnest in his devotion to the interests of the Order in which he had early made his solemn profession of obedience, the young Dominican was ordained priest in 1884.

It was in his exercise of the exalted functions of the priesthood, in his apostolic preaching of the word of God, that Father O'Neil, throughout an arduous missionary career, gained numberless souls. His wonderful gift of sacred eloquence, individuated by his intense love of truth, won, held and filled thousands of hearts with hope, joy and tender charity. Sorrow fled at his approach; courage awoke at the magical music of his voice; patient resignation followed upon his counsels. In the vicissitudes of life's joys and sorrows he discerned the permissive designs of God. He convinced all that "the works of the Lord are good; and He will give every needful thing in due season, so that a man cannot say this is worse than that; for in time they shall all be well approved. And, therefore, praise ye the Lord; with the whole heart and mouth bless the Name of the Lord."

Possessing the poetic element in superabundance, aglow with an unique spirituality, in his broad survey of mankind he never lost sight of individual human needs; these especially appealed to his tender sympathy and commanded his active charity. He sought by the refinement of the home, by the dissemination of a noble literature exemplifying true Christian culture, to develop the highest and noblest in man, to inspire a love of religion and virtue. And for this end he ever raised his voice, untiringly wielded his pen, strained every faculty that he might realize some practical results. Recognizing the potency of the press, Father O'Neil determined to utilize it for the development of the vast resources of Catholic tradition, Catholic doctrine and Catholic literature in a special adaptation of their richness to the requirements of the Catholic home.

While in Rome, in 1890, Father O'Neil was granted a special audience by the Holy Father—the late Leo the Thirteenth—to whom he

made known his desire to found a magazine in honor of our Lady of the Rosary. "The Pope of the Rosary," the devout client of Mary, Leo the Thirteenth, heartily commended the proposed work, encouraged Father O'Neil, and solemnly blessed him and his undertaking. Upon his return to New York, Father O'Neil, with the cordial approval of the late Archbishop Corrigan and the hearty support of the Very Reverend F. A. Spencer, O. P., Provincial of the Dominicans, commenced his journalistic work. The initial number of the *Rosary Magazine* appeared in our Lady's month—May, 1891. Its existence and history signally illustrates the blessings of Heaven upon the labors of its unselfish founder, in his loving devotion to the Queen of the Rosary. That Mary might be better known, better loved, that her Divine Son might receive through her hands, the petitions of contrite hearts, that tender love of His Most Sacred Name might be extensively propagated were the ardent desires of Father O'Neil in his establishment of the magazine; its history subsequent to its foundation leaves no doubt as to its influence for good—a gratifying realization of its founder's hope that it would prove an incentive to virtue.

Within the short space of twelve months the enterprise had prospered and grown marvelously. Viewed merely in its material valuation the plant represented more than twenty thousand dollars; this was accumulated by the strenuous exertions and personal influence of Father O'Neil in his triple capacity of editor, publisher and business manager. Veteran publishers, knowing well the details of establishing a magazine, openly applauded so unprecedented a success. On the more important phase of the existence of the magazine—its literary worth—Father O'Neil received most gratifying encouragement. A critical reading public had been interested and had cordially accorded to the *Rosary Magazine* a deservedly eminent place. Nor had its chief mission failed. It had won its way to the Catholic heart and had found welcome in the Catholic home. Beautifully instructive in Dominican devotions, it also fascinated by the exalted character of its literature—agreeably arranged both for the young and the old.

Despite the period of financial depression that lasted from 1894 till 1898, when people were constrained to retrench all luxuries and fight for their daily bread, the *Rosary Magazine*, through the herculean efforts of Father O'Neil, was saved from extinction; it still lived to whisper of higher things, still pointed out the road that leads to God.

By public lectures throughout the States, general canvassing for subscriptions, correspondence that absorbed many hours each day, Father O'Neil valiantly strove for and successfully maintained the financial honor, literary prestige and salutary influence of the magazine, which he had so creditably identified with the apostolate of the press, until Decem-

ber 1897. Physically and mentally overtaxed, he was obliged, in that year, to retire, temporarily, from the editorial chair.

Partially restored to health, after more than a year's sojourn in Europe, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Father O'Neil accepted a warm invitation to come to California. Having paid a visit to the Pacific Coast in 1895, and having been favorably impressed by the varied mildness of its climate, but more especially by the responsive generosity of its people, he hoped, upon the re-establishment of his health, to spend many happy years among them.

In October, 1899, Father O'Neil came among us, receiving a most loving welcome. In fact, we have regarded him as exclusively our own. His fame as a lecturer, scholar, and benevolent priest of God, had preceded him, but, upon closer acquaintance, the revelation of his genuine goodness, tender sympathy, and the manly spirit of his gracious character, endeared him to all. Verily, he was "a man without guile"—devoid of malice; patient in disappointment; gentle and forgiving—churlish never; troubled only by the absence of harmony and concord; happiest when his efforts had evoked joy or dispelled sorrow.

The character of his life-work bears the stamp of noble self-sacrifice; he sowed that others might reap. Of the fruition of his labors no approximate estimate may be formed. In the numbers of bound volumes which he has left us, displaying as they do, an extraordinary mental activity, recording an indefatigable industry, potent as is their impress of true nobility, they do not comprise the extent of his influence, they do not comprehend the good he has accomplished, even in a literary way.

His extensive personal correspondence, social converse, friendly advice, priestly conference, business transactions, all subverted a holy purpose—that of helping his fellow man over the rugged paths in life; and this he did with a singularly winning cheeriness, encouraging all by his happy, genial smile. Heaven had bestowed upon him the special gift of hope.

Intense in his faith, his sermons, lectures and prayers breathed the ineffable tenderness of his love of God, and enraptured all who listened to the living music of his voice.

Pre-eminent in literature, active in imparting its benefits to others, a diligent student of books, a sympathetic observer of men; of extensive travel, a linguist, a cultured gentleman, he freely dispensed the treasures he had accumulated to his needy neighbor. He loved his books, he was not happy without them. He worked, as he prayed—without ceasing.

In his journalistic career he enjoyed the confidence and society of men of letters; he was particularly sympathetic with representative members of the press and counted many of them among his familiar acquaintances. Courteous, refined, affable, master of language, ever consistent, his views invariably commanded respect.

His generosity was princely—it sprang from the nobility of his heart. He would stint himself to provide an honorarium for a struggling contributor. He gave promptly. Eliza Allen Starr loved to designate him as “the Prince of editors!” Princely, indeed, in the royal sense of munificent charity.

In his local activities during the past four years, Father O’Neil rendered distinguished services to his Community. Assigned to special work in the organization of Societies for the advancement of reverence for the Holy Name of Jesus, he inaugurated an active campaign against the prevailing evil of the day—the profanation of God’s Holy Name. His zeal with the hearty concurrence of the clergy, led to the establishment of Confraternities of the Holy Name in many parishes of the Archdiocese. Every opportunity was seized to combat irreverence, and his voice was ever raised in protest against the habit of blasphemy so shockingly prevalent among men; all possible means were employed to prevent its evil effects upon the minds of the young.

Open professions of Faith in the Holy Name—for by no other Name can we be saved—an earnest crusade against infidelity, gentle rebuke, patient persuasion, supplemented by the power of example, were the forceful measures which Father O’Neil used for the attainment of this great end.

Notable in the history of religious demonstrations, in San Francisco, was the special inauguration of the twentieth century by the members of the Holy Name Society of Saint Dominic’s Church, under the direction of Father O’Neil. As their spiritual director, he led the men—hundreds of the congregation joining in the procession—in a public profession of faith in the Holy Name in order to avail of the special advantage of the jubilee privileges.

Inspiring, indeed, was this act of acknowledgment of the Divinity of Christ, and especially efficacious as an offering of homage in reparation for all insults offered to the Holy Name of Jesus.

The confidence which existed between Father O’Neil and the members of the Holy Name Society was unbounded. Personally he was interested in each member; unanimously they expressed their esteem for their loved director. Delicately susceptible of any kindness shown to himself, Father O’Neil, on the occasion of the presentation of a purse by the Society on the sixteenth of last August, was wholly overcome by the manifest genuineness of the love that inspired the gift. The feeling words uttered by Mr. M. C. Hassett, who made the presentation, convey a special tribute to Father O’Neil’s unselfish zeal:

“Reverend Father:—No words of mine can adequately describe the quality of sympathy felt for you, not only by the people of Saint Dominic’s parish, but by all who have had the good fortune of knowing you, on

account of the suffering you have experienced since the painful injuries you received, which have separated you from us so long.

"We know but too well how your life of self-denial and duty as a priest has deprived you of the ordinary means other men have at hand to aid them in their recovery in times of trouble and distress.

"This committee, Reverend Sir, representing a few of your friends, have called here to-day to offer to you our congratulations and to offer our thanks to God that a life so eloquent of Christian effort and zeal in the past and so fraught with hope and promise for the future, has been spared to them and Holy Church. We trust, therefore, that you will accept this small offering as a token of the love and esteem in which we hold you with the wish that ere long you may be restored in health and vigor to your flock."

But a few short months have elapsed and the people of Saint Dominic's are called upon to mourn the loss of their loved friend. While they gathered about his bier, offering in the homage of affection the tribute of their tears, they surely found solace in the reflection that the life so "fraught with hope" has been renewed in the radiance of eternity; that the brightness of his smile will pierce the gloom of mourning; that the holiness of his vision now rests on heights sublime. The echo of his voice bears joy and consolation as he bids us view the "Holy City, the new Jerusalem." "And I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming out of Heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard the great voice from the Throne saying: Behold the Tabernacle of God with men; and He will dwell with them. And they shall be his people; and God Himself with them shall be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things have passed away."

In the glory of the Beatific Vision he will remember his friends on earth—begging cheer on their path of duty, ever pointing up to God. Those who have been privileged to witness his edifying patience under the trying circumstances of his last illness, his joyous resignation at the supreme moment of death, his loving trust in the infinite mercy of God, offer their heartfelt sympathy to his venerable father, who survives him, whom he so fondly loved, to his beloved brother, to the dear ones that were honored with his friendship, that united in the spirit of his ineffable charity, we may follow his brave example—even unto the going out from home and kindred into the land which God had shown him.

True son of Saint Dominic, noble preacher of truth, valiant champion of Mary's honor, friend of the desolate, plead for us before the throne of the Most High, for thou wast "beloved of God and thy memory is in benediction."

A Message for March.

A heaven-sent message, peculiarly solemn in its touching appeal to the hearts of the readers of DOMINICANA, is conveyed in the thoughts expressed by dear Father O'Neil illustrative of his personal love of Saint Joseph and his earnest efforts to promote devotion to him. In Father O'Neil's presentation of that phase of Saint Joseph's life that was entwined with the lives of the Divine Child and His blessed Mother, he emphasizes the importance of devout meditation upon the mysteries of our religion while reciting the Rosary in our Lady's honor.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph are inseparable in the great plan of salvation. In the joys, sorrows and triumphs of Christ as exemplified in the mysteries of the Rosary he holds a unique place. Faithful in life to the sacred trust imposed by his obligations as a member of the Order founded by the great Saint Dominic, Father O'Neil faithfully preached, faithfully practiced, tenderly taught reverence to Christ and His Blessed Mother through the sublime mysteries of the Rosary. With the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph upon his lips, in the full realization of his heavenly summons, confident of their love and mercy, Father O'Neil resigned his pure soul to the will of its Maker.

Let us, therefore, listen to his message while there is yet time, that we, too, may enjoy with him the friendship of our Lady's spouse—the foster father of Jesus—in the bright radiance of eternity.

In harmony with his office and mission, that of guarding the infancy and childhood of Our Blessed Redeemer, S. Joseph's relationship to the Rosary is confined to the first part, to the joyful mysteries—the scenes of Bethlehem and Nazareth, after the silence and separation of Egypt, and lastly, of the temple when the Beautiful Boy astonished the doctors of the law, whose wonder grew not less as He passed out and went down with Mary and Joseph, being subject to them. Upon the life of the gentle Joseph naught fell of the sorrows (save only the Circumcision with the prophecy of Simeon, and the Flight) with which, in such generous measure, his Foster Son redeemed our race. Nevertheless into all the trials and pains which the Holy Family encountered, before Our Lord began His public life, S. Joseph entered, lovingly, reverently, bearing such share of the burden as might best spare the beloved objects of his tender care. But once the ministry of Jesus was commenced, as the Master in Israel, we hear naught of S. Joseph. Even before the marriage feast of Cana, he had fallen asleep; he had gone to announce to expectant Limbo that redemption was at hand.

Thus we are restricted, in our contemplation of this singularly favored saint, to scenes sweet, precious and sacred of Mary and Jesus,

of Mother and Child, in days before which hangs the veil of silence drawn by the spirit of God, over which rests a calm of holy peace, from whose secure shelter Our Lord did not depart, for the conflict and the victory, until the hour had struck in which the law permitted Him to teach, in which He went forth to do His Heavenly Father's will. As standing between the old covenant and the new, as closing the line of Patriarchs, and heading the grand phalanx of the sanctified who would walk after Christ, we behold S. Joseph, the shadow of the Eternal Father, the guardian of Jesus in His infant years, the docile instrument of the Holy Ghost, for the accomplishment of wonders and marvels during the unspeakable period of the hidden life.

It is a happy plan that so attaches the memory of S. Joseph, in his festival of March nineteenth, to the splendid commemoration of divine power and wisdom and love, in the Incarnation, celebrated in the Feast of the Annunciation. The month of the Son of God become man is the month also, by Catholic piety, of His Foster Father. With faithful devotion, as by a natural law in the spiritual order, our hearts lovingly turn to S. Joseph, for it is a necessary outgrowth of our faith in the Incarnation. This stupendous mystery on which are built humanity's hope and salvation, is the root, the explanation, and, if necessary, the vindication of our love for our Blessed Mother. It is also the root, the explanation, and, if necessary, the vindication of our love for S. Joseph.

However, in this, the first joyful mystery of the Rosary, S. Joseph takes no prominent part, and yet, as S. Jerome tells us, his place was one, in a manner necessary, assuredly of divine appointment, and for grave and precious reasons—the safe-guarding of the honor of Mary, among men, the concealing from the evil spirit of the mystery that had been wrought, and the designating of the lowly carpenter of Nazareth as invested with such relationship towards the adorable Trinity, as never before had come to mortal, nor shall they to another.

In the Visitation it is not certain that S. Joseph was the companion of the Blessed Virgin, for not only is S. Luke, who records the beautiful event, silent as to the holy patriarch, but solid reasons are given by eminent theologians showing the probability of his stay in Nazareth, while the Blessed Virgin found protection and an escort in some worthy matron, whose assistance he had secured. The argument that S. Joseph must have accompanied our Lady during the long, laborious and somewhat perilous journey over the hill country from Nazareth to the home of Zachary and Elizabeth in "a city of Juda," * is not convincing. The honor of Mary did not require this attention, nor could S. Joseph have well remained for three months absent from his work and duties. Assistance, companionship and protection he becomingly provided, and

* According to Blessed Albert the Great and S. Bonaventure, this city was Jerusalem; other authorities name the town of Hebron.

these sufficed. Had he made that memorable trip and heard the solemn words of Elizabeth, no doubt could have troubled his mind after the return to Nazareth. †

In this view, we may not contemplate S. Joseph sharing in the gladness of that divinely arranged meeting between the mother of the Baptist and the Mother of Jesus, when not only was Zachary's tongue loosened to praise the Lord, not only did Elizabeth proclaim the divine maternity of Mary, not only was John sanctified in the womb, but Jesus effected this miracle through His Beloved Mother, and she herself proclaimed that all generations should thenceforth call her Blessed. Yet in the fulfilment of this prophecy no voices are more lovingly raised than those of the children of Carmel and of the Rosary, nor may more devout clients of S. Joseph be found than those who thus honor his glorious spouse.

The Nativity of our Blessed Lord in Bethlehem, the third joyful mystery, presents S. Joseph to our devout meditation in so touching and tender an attitude that we at once realize his place and power as head of the Holy Family. Verily, the Lord "made him master of His house and ruler of all His possessions," * beginning here, in visible form, that sacred commission of which Pharaoh's to the other Joseph was only a figure. The Egyptian king raised Jacob's son to dignity second only to his own, in all the lands that owned his sway; but the King of Heaven has elevated our Joseph to heights sublime by giving to him the care of His greatest treasures, His Divine Son and the Immaculate Virgin Mary—a thought and truth which at once brings us into the region of divine wonders as we enter Bethlehem's holy cave to venerate Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

An intimate, integral part of this beautiful mystery is S. Joseph. Dogma and devotion, fostered by Christian art, picture the Holy Three, the Earthly Trinity, as Catholic theology permits us, in reverent spirit, to name them. And thus, by a certain spontaneity, Catholic piety links their blessed names, nor yet loses sight of the immense space that intervenes between Creator and creature. That we say lovingly and from our hearts and often through the day, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph I give You my heart and my soul! Jesus, Mary and Joseph be with me in my last agony!" is a tribute to the unerring instinct of Catholic faith enkindling piety into a flame of tender devotion, the divine fires of which are burning in the Incarnation, in the coming of Jesus, born of Mary

† In the "Divine Life of the Most Holy Virgin Mary," written by the Venerable Mary of Agreda, we are told that S. Joseph accompanied our Lady to Zachary's home, remained a few days, then retired to Nazareth, and in due time returned to escort his Holy spouse to their home. (Chapter IX.) The saintly author of this remarkable book assures us that she received from our Lady the account narrated in its pages. The difficulties alleged by theology, as given in our text, are not irreconcilable with the statement of the Venerable Mary of Agreda. However, as this is not the place for a discussion of this question, the reader may choose as he will.

* Psalm civ., 21.

and fostered by Joseph—a plan designed by the wisdom of Almighty God.

And as no Christmas crib is complete without the image of Joseph, venerable and tender, so no Catholic heart has made fitting habitation for Jesus and Mary that welcomes not her holy spouse.

His place in the Presentation of the Divine Child in the temple is no less clear. "They carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord," is the manner in which S. Luke * tells us that Mary and Joseph began the work prescribed by the law; and further, the Evangelist records that "His parents were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him," † by holy Simeon. Joseph shared in the sorrow of Mary when the inspired priest foretold the sword that would yet pierce her heart. It was in God's design that he should share in all the joys and griefs affecting Jesus and Mary during the holy childhood. And thus it is becoming that we invoke him, asking that he will teach us the meaning of the blessed mysteries in which he participated and for the profitable learning of this lesson, that we may be, as was the Divine Child, subject to him and Mary in devout obedience, in the following of God's leading as revealed by them.

And this brings us to the closing Mystery of the Rosary's first part—the Finding of Our Lord among the Doctors in the temple. After this brief appearance of the Holy Patriarch, in the sorrow of the loss of Jesus, in the grieving while the weary search went on, and in the burst of joy wherewith they greeted Him whom their souls loved, we watch the gentle Joseph going down to Nazareth, where the hidden life settles about him in an unbroken calm, from which no sound comes to us, nor is it permitted even to enjoy a passing glimpse of his blessed ways as he rounded out His lowly but sublime career. Mary and her Beloved Son we shall behold amid sorrows and in glory, as we make the round of our Rosary decades, but Joseph we shall see no more.

His work was not for the days of the Passion, nor was it intended that he should mingle in the ministry of Jesus after the public life had begun. His place, in our contemplations, must be near the Infancy, and in the silence and solitude of the "Hidden Life," with that one break in the long stretch of thirty years (between the Flight and the Marriage of Cana), when the Holy Ghost was pleased to manifest the marvels of wisdom in Jesus growing in grace before men, as he appeared, a boy of twelve, among the doctors.

Pre-eminently the patron of the humble and the lowly, of those whom the world knows not, whose lives are in hidden and laborious ways, S. Joseph stands as the model of the Christian parent, and the protector of little children, for the love of Jesus once a child. His example and patronage hold lessons of life and power of grace for all who desire his com-

* II., 22.

† II., 33.

fort and aid, and who are willing to walk after him. In the joyful mysteries of the Rosary he may be easily studied. Even in that mystery in which he figures not—the second—he is our guide. He does God's will. Silently he labors and prepares for the maintenance of his holy spouse, and patiently waits her coming in the time appointed by God. To do likewise in our state is to do according to God's highest law.

For the children of Mary and for the lovers of the Beads this month of S. Joseph should be a time of special petition. Gathering in spirit, in the home of the Incarnation, entering with holy confidence into the companionship of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, their devout clients of the Rosary should find in the study of these mysteries, wherein S. Joseph holds so important a place, streams of light, abundance of grace, strength for every need. Having before our eyes the example of the Earthly Trinity we can better understand the splendid design of God. Realizing the magnificence of the Father's love in sending His Divine Son for our salvation, witnessing the unspeakable humility wherewith Our Lord accepts the charge, conscious of the mighty share of the Holy Ghost in this marvelous manifestation of goodness and mercy and power, we can more readily learn the lesson of ardently loving Him who hath so loved us, of humbly following Him who hath annihilated Himself for us, of loyally corresponding with the inspirations of the Divine Spirit, the Sanctifier of our souls.

In this work of grace here and of glory hereafter we can have the powerful co-operation of Mary and Joseph, who will benignly listen to our pleadings, who will enlighten our minds and move our hearts, so that we may gradually and surely come to participate in their love of Jesus Christ. And this is the crown of their desires on earth, while its endurance in heaven will be a portion of their unending triumph.

GOOD NIGHT.

ALIDA M. BIBBY.

It is twilight, drooping flowers
Close their eyes,
Waiting till the coming morrow
Bids them rise.

Glistening dew-drops gently falling
On the grass,
Seem to mirror Angel faces
As they pass.

Hastening to light star torches
In Heaven's dome,
Golden beacon-fires that beckon
Wanderers home.

Winds fast sinking into silence
Sigh "Good Night,"
And the drowsy echoes murmur
A "Good Night."

"El Padre Santo" of Santa Clara.

ESPERANZA.

II.

Although Father Catala taught his people zealously throughout the year, he re-doubled his efforts during the period of fasting before Easter-tide, because all the adults were expected to present themselves for confession at that season. To make the Indians realize as far as possible, the wickedness of sin, and how intensely Jesus, their Saviour, must have loved human creatures, the good priest vividly described the details of Christ's Passion by means of the Way of the Cross. This was the general practice of Franciscan missionaries, as no other could be more effective with those rude creatures. As we pass through the various missions of New Mexico, Texas, and California, we are struck by the numerous and graphic reminders of the Passion of our Lord still found in the churches and sacristies. The figures are mostly uncouth products of untrained hands; but they suit the taste of the natives, who portray all that Christ suffered in as realistic a manner as they can imagine. Hence, the Mexican style, of crucifixes, especially, excite a shudder in the pious beholder. A favorite representation of our Lord with Indians and Mexicans is a figure clad in a real gown of scarlet cloth, girt with a white cord, knotted Franciscan fashion, crowned with real thorns, the face covered with blood. The "Entiero," or a life-sized figure of Christ, lying in the tomb, is a favorite subject frequently met with in these missions. There is nothing abstract here, and, therefore, the simple mind may comprehend the story of the Redemption far better than by means of ever so graphic a word-painting.

The famous missionary of Santa Clara likewise took advantage of this trait in his Indians, and quite properly accustomed his flock to go the Way of the Cross. During Lent, weather permitting, he himself would lead the procession, a mile and a-half towards San Jose, walking barefooted, and carrying a large crucifix. In this manner he sought to excite all to a sense of their ingratitude to the Saviour, and to a true sorrow for their wickedness, in order that they might be properly disposed to receive the Sacrament of Penance. He exercised great patience while assisting these rude and dull creatures, questioned and exhorted them until he deemed them worthy to receive absolution. Frequently his tenderness would move them to tears in spite of the stolidity so habitual to the Indian nature. Hence it was, that, although Father Jose Viader was well liked, the majority of the mission people preferred Father Catala.

It must have grieved the good Father to find his wards so slow in

grasping the sublime mystery of God made man hidden beneath the species of bread in the Holy Eucharist; but so it was, and so it is still. This peculiarity has been noticed in the natives everywhere in the missions from Florida through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to California; but nowhere is this so marked as among the natives of California. It was one of the trials of the missionary burning with love for the "Sacramental God," as Spaniards call the Holy Eucharist, that only very few understood this doctrine sufficiently so that they could be permitted to approach Holy Communion. Thus it came to pass that, though the Fathers required all the Indians to make their confessions at Easter time at least, Father Catala himself could report only five per cent. of the adult natives as having received the Holy Eucharist when prescribed. The reports of the most experienced missionaries, like Father Peyri at San Luis Rey, show the same conditions at their respective missions. At some of these establishments, like San Antonio and Capistrano, for a time, the Fathers reported about one-half of the adults receiving Holy Communion, but these are the exceptions. As the missionaries grew more familiar with the native character, the less were they inclined to depart from the custom of the more experienced. Nor were these old Fathers Jansenistically inclined, least of all the saintly man of Santa Clara; but, experience had proved that comparatively few of the Indians understood this Divine Mystery well enough to have an intelligent desire for Holy Communion, despite the best efforts of the most zealous priests, such as Father Catala certainly proved himself. There are exceptions; and there are those who are less dull and carnal, not devoid of discernment upon whom even frequent Communion may be safely urged; but they are not the rule by any means.

It must be remembered that, once baptized, the Indians made their home with the Religious at the mission. They were not permitted to return to camp-life among their heathen relatives or friends; for that meant the undoing of all that had been accomplished. The men were allowed to make a visit of two weeks at a time, with a view to induce some of their Indian friends to embrace Christianity and mission life; but, after that period, they were expected to be at their respective duties. Women and girls could not depart from the mission without exposing themselves to certain ruin, and therefore they had to be content with an occasional general outing and the numerous fiestas and amusements conducted under the eyes of the Fathers or their Indian assistants. Thus the mission formed a great family of which the missionary was the head.

Father Catala's conduct towards the one thousand five hundred little and big Indian children was uniformly kind and gentle, according to the testimony of the witnesses before the commission. He insisted, however, on discipline in his large family, nor did he hesitate to reprove and

punish when he deemed such action necessary. Sometimes the culprits thought the punishment rather severe. Thus Nazario Galindo, seventy-four years old, when questioned in 1884, stated: "The Father gave us hard punishment once in awhile. Once, when I was young, he ordered me to be whipped. The whip used for that purpose had knots in it. I said to him: 'Father, this hurts awfully.' 'Of course, it does,' he replied; 'but the pains of hell hurt still more.'"

The good priest was full of love, especially towards the little ones, who, in turn, were much attached to him. He seemed best pleased when he could distribute fruits and other gifts to the children while listening to their innocent prattle. When Indians, without his knowledge, would visit the mission, Father Catala did everything to make them feel at home. He gave them food, clothes, and loaded them with trinkets, besides supplying them with the necessities of life for themselves and relatives, in order to win them for the mission and Christianity; for, despite the charges of Theodore Hittel and other malicious enemies of the mission system, the natives were not forced to join the establishments or Christianity, but they were persuaded to do so by comparing the comforts enjoyed among their kindred at the missions with the everlasting want and squalor of their own mountain or desert camps.

Nor did Father Catala reserve his charity for the Indians alone, but this embraced the Spanish poor as well. Whoever suffered want would receive what was needed along with a salutary exhortation to bear the troubles of life with resignation, and not to neglect God and religious duties. Those that aimed at independence, or wished to start a farm or their own, were given the use of cattle for several years; also, seeds enough to cultivate their fields. Sometimes, one or the other would be rather forward and inclined to take undue advantage of the Father's kindness by laying in more stock than was necessary at the expense of the mission. To such a one Father Catala would gently remark: "Do not buy too much (on credit) at once; there are many others who are in need. This will suffice for your family."

One of the proofs of his provision for the comfort of others was the beautiful alameda or double row of willow trees which, for three miles, extended from the mission of Santa Clara to the town of San Jose. Seeing the inconvenience the people suffered in walking from the town to the mission under the hot sun, Father Catala set two hundred Indians at work, in the beginning of the year 1800, planting and watering these trees until they had sufficient strength to withstand the drouth of the seasons or the nibblings which cattle might chance to give them. Thereafter the worshippers were kindly sheltered from the burning sun and enjoyed refreshing shade along the entire distance between the two places.

In Memoriam.

The Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Words! What are words but weak and vain	And we, whom thou hast left, have right
To voice a grief that breaks the heart!	To weep thy loss, our dearest Friend,
And what is speech to equal pain That far outruns life's keenest smart!	For thou to us wert hope and light, And pride and joy unto the end!
Oh, words are naught! We pass them by;	When needed we thy kindly hand 'Twas ours, and to its strength we clung.
They fit not with a grief like ours;	For thou wert one to understand Each heart and soul by sorrow wrung!
But, O dear Friend, that thou shouldst die—	
When all our lives were bound to yours.	For all thou wert in life to us. May God, within the homeland blest,
O, noble heart; O, kingly soul; Thy habit was no whiter than	Now give to thee, in countless- fold—
The bright, untarnished, flawless scroll	His wealth of Love and perfect rest;
That through thy years of labors ran.	And we—when ends our journey drear:
Unselfish, true in word and deed, For others was thy living spent;	When life and work for us are o'er,—
Thy thought was for thy neighbor's need;	May we to thee in Heaven be near,—
Thy words of comfort heaven- sent!	In God's clear Light for ever- more!

Editorial.

The month of March, so rich in festivals of joyful import—such as is commemorated on the feast of the Angelic Doctor, Saint Thomas Aquinas, special devotion to Saint Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church; the Annunciation—fraught with joyous messages to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and through her to the entire world—is no less rich in commemoration of the sorrowful stages of our Lord's bitter passion and saving death.

In the observance of the ceremonies of Holy Week, which close the present month, the Christian soul may, by devout repentance, efficaciously share in the merits of Christ crucified. Let us look up to our Model, to the Light that has dispelled the gloom of Calvary. "When I shall be lifted up I shall draw all things to myself." "I am the Light that enlighteneth every man coming unto the world." Compassionating the Mother of Sorrows as she stands at the foot of the Cross, let us implore her powerful intercession for the souls purchased by the blood of her Divine Son; let us make ourselves worthy of her love and protection that she may lead us through the trials and sufferings of our painful pilgrimage to the delights and sweetness of joys eternal.

Doubtless ere the issue of DOMINICANA reaches the hands of our readers, the sad and appalling intelligence has gone before, that the late editor and founder, the Reverend James Louis O'Neil, O. P., passed away from this life to his reward on January twenty-eighth, the feast of the Translation of the Relics of Saint Thomas Aquinas, of the Order of Preachers.

Called at the dawn of the New Year, at a time when life's hopes were brightest, in life's early prime, gifted, capable, energetic—such as few men have been—his death is a distinct loss to the Church he served so well, to the Order of which he was a brilliant ornament, a faithful son, and a distinguished member.

Dedicating himself in early life to God's service, his most ardent ambition was to be above all things a holy priest. Prominent as a writer, renowned as an orator, Father O'Neil gained distinction for himself and won the confidence and admiration of those who came within the influence of his talented efforts. He accomplished untold good in the cause of truth, piety, virtue, and religion, in so high a degree that generations to come will bless him and praise his name. Following in the

footsteps of his illustrious model, Saint Dominic, he became famous for his preaching of the word of God.

Thousands to-day, who are loving servants of God, ascribe to him, through Divine Grace, the work of their conversion and perseverance in good. In viewing the results of his apostolic work and the marvelous fruits of his zealous labors, he never took to himself any glory, but was accustomed to say with S. Paul: "To God alone be honor and glory, since neither he that planteth is any thing, nor he that watereth; but God who giveth the increase."

His faith was strong, his piety deep, his devotion enduring; his child-like heart abounded in charity and humility. He earned the love of those who knew him, because of his uniform courtesy and gentleness of manner. Although possessed of one of the brightest intellects of our day, it could be consistently said of him that he was most modest and retiring; he covered all his virtues and abilities under a gentle considerateness and respectfully deferred to the opinions of others.

Recognizing the press as a powerful defense of truth, as well as a medium of knowledge in this age, he devoted his God-given talents to the development of projects that would serve the cause of God and Holy Mother Church in journalistic lines. Hence, his zeal in the establishment of the *Rosary Magazine* on the Atlantic Coast and DOMINICANA on the Pacific Coast. In these monumental evidences of his superior ability we have enduring proofs of his broad Dominican spirit, his unselfish devotion to the cause of God in his labors for his fellow man. He would bring all within the circle of active charity and never-ending love.

In the brief sketch of Father O'Neil's work which opens this number of DOMINICANA, our readers will find food for reflection—encouragement in assisting the good work he so bravely undertook and manfully strove to achieve. Father O'Neil's loss is irreparable. Deprived of his wise guidance and strong counsel, we have reason to feel diffidence in ourselves; but, inspired by his unfaltering trust in the Providential designs of God in the mission of DOMINICANA, we appeal to its tried and true friends for that support and co-operation that will enable us to perfectly realize the high ideals of its revered founder in his noble championship of Truth.

The distress occasioned by the calamity that has thrown fifty thousand persons out of employment in the stricken city of Baltimore, appeals to the generosity of all her sister cities. San Francisco, ever responsive to the cry of the needy, will certainly head the list of substantial contributions for immediate relief.

The solemn obsequies of the lamented Father O'Neil were commenced on Saturday, January thirtieth, in Saint Dominic's Church, San Francisco. During the two days in which the body of the deceased priest lay in state, thousands of sorrowing friends viewed with reverential awe the noble features that, during life, had ever brightened for them in a smile of welcome.

On Saturday morning the large sanctuary was filled by priests from various parts of the Archdiocese, with whom Father O'Neil had labored in missionary work. Their presence attested the loving regard in which he was held, and their profound sorrow at his sudden taking away.

Representatives of the various religious communities attended the Mass. The right of the central aisle was reserved for the Holy Name Society, who attended in a body.

High Mass of requiem was sung by the Very Reverend Thomas C. Clancy, Prior of Saint Dominic's. The Reverend Father Gregory Rourke, O. P., acted as deacon, and Reverend Father Sadoc Welsh, O. P., as sub-deacon. Cherubini's requiem Mass was exquisitely rendered by the regular choir.

In touching and earnest language, His Grace, Most Reverend Archbishop Montgomery, in his sermon suggested by the consoling words of Scripture expressive of faith in the resurrection, dwelt particularly on the Christian's ground of hope. "For, if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, God will bring with Him." In his allusion to the sublime calling of the Priesthood and its grave responsibilities, His Grace reminded all of the great duty of praying for the one whose life was spent in the service of others—one who had served in the fullness of manhood—taken away in the early hours of his labors. In conclusion the Archbishop exhorted the faithful to be always ready, ever watchful, ever hopeful. He begged continued prayer for the repose of the soul of Father O'Neil in the thrilling petition of Job: "Have mercy upon me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me."

On Sunday, the thirty-first of January, a high Mass of requiem was celebrated in Saint Dominic's, Benicia, whence the body of Father O'Neil had been conveyed the previous day for interment in the Dominican cemetery.

Reverend Father J. S. Jones, O. P., sang the Mass; Reverend Fathers O'Daniel and Driscoll assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. The Holy Name Society of Saint Dominic's, San Francisco, followed the hearse that bore the body of their revered director to its last earthly resting place. With bowed heads and hushed souls, in the solemn union of prayer, the friends of Father O'Neil stood in silent sorrow

about his grave as the tones of the grandly beautiful chant of supplication went up to Heaven from the hearts of his beloved brethren.

Faithful in life to the practices of the beautiful Dominican ritual, Father O'Neil merits the prayers of Saint Dominic's children in all climes. May their prayers deserve to mingle with celestial anthems until the Resurrection morn. On the Heart of our risen Saviour may he ever sweetly rest!

In the same spirit which animated us in the beginning, we present to our readers a fourth installment of our Holy Father's first Encyclical:

"You see, then, venerable brothers, the duty that has been imposed alike upon us and upon you of bringing back to the discipline of the Church human society, now estranged from the wisdom of Christ; the Church will subject it to Christ, and Christ to God. If we, through the goodness of God Himself, bring this task to a happy issue, we shall be rejoiced to see evil giving place to good, and hear, for our gladness, a loud voice from heaven saying: 'Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ' (Apoc. xii., 10.) But if our desire to obtain this is to be fulfilled, we must use every means and exert all our energy to bring about the utter disappearance of that enormous and detestable wickedness, so characteristic of man for God; this done, it remains to restore to their ancient place of honor the most holy laws and counsels of the Gospel; to proclaim abroad the truths taught by the Church, and her teachings on the sanctity of marriage, on the education and discipline of youth, on the possession and use of property, the duties that men owe to those who rule the State, and lastly to restore equilibrium between the different classes of society according to Christian precept and custom. Such is what we, in submitting ourselves to the manifestations of the Divine will, purpose to aim at during our pontificate, and we will use all our industry to attain it. It is for you, venerable brothers, to second our efforts by your holiness, knowledge and experience, and, above all, by your zeal for the glory of God, with no other aim than that Christ may be formed in all.

"As to the means to be employed in securing this great end, it seems superfluous to name them, for they are obvious of themselves. Let your first care be to form Christ in those who are destined, from the duty of their vocation, to form Him in others. We speak of the priests, venerable brothers. For all who bear the seal of the priesthood must know that they have the same mission to the people in the midst of whom they live as that which Paul in these tender words proclaimed that he himself received: 'My little children, of whom I am in labor again until Christ be formed in you' (Gal. iv., 19). But how will they be able to perform this duty if they be not first clothed with Christ themselves? and clothed with Christ in such a way as to be able to say with the Apostle: 'I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me' (Ibid, ii., 20). 'For me to live is Christ' (Philip. i., 21). Hence, although all are included in the exhortation 'to advance toward the perfect man, in the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ (Ephes. iv., 3), it is addressed before all others to those who exercise the sacerdotal ministry; thus these are called another Christ, not merely by the communication of power, but by reason of the

imitation of His works, and they should, therefore, bear stamped upon themselves the image of Christ."

"This being so, venerable brothers, of what nature and magnitude is the care that must be taken by you in forming the clergy to holiness! All other tasks must yield to this one. Wherefore the chief part of your diligence will be directed to governing and ordering your seminaries aright so that they may flourish equally in sound teaching and in the spotless morality. Regard your seminary as the delight of your hearts, and neglect on its behalf none of those provisions which the Council of Trent has, with admirable forethought, prescribed. And when the time comes for promotion of the youthful candidates to holy orders, ah! do not forget what Paul wrote to Timothy: 'Impose not hands lightly upon any man' (I. Tim. v., 22), bearing carefully in mind that as a general rule the faithful will be such as are those whom you call to the priesthood. Do not, then, pay heed to private interests of any kind, but have at heart only God and the Church and the eternal welfare of souls so that, as the Apostle admonishes, 'you may not be partakers of the sins of others.' Then, again, be not lacking in solicitude for young priests who have just left the seminary. From the bottom of our heart we urge you to bring them often close to your breast, which should burn with celestial fire, kindle them, inflame them so that they may aspire solely after God and the salvation of souls. Rest assured, venerable brothers, that we on our side will use the greatest diligence to prevent the members of the clergy from being drawn into the snares of a certain new and fallacious science, which savoreth not of Christ, but with masked and cunning arguments strives to open the door to the errors of rationalism and semi-rationalism, against which the Apostle warned Timothy to be on his guard, when he wrote: 'Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words, and opposition of knowledge falsely so called which some promising have erred in the faith' (I. Tim. vi., 20)."

In illustration of Father O'Neil's sympathetic endorsement of the views of members of the local editorial fraternity, whose literary campaign coincided with his own—that of purifying the sources of current literature—we quote George Hamlin Fitch, literary editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, whose recent comment on the yearly output of purposeless fiction, was set aside by Father O'Neil for an earlier number of DOMINICANA. Mr. Fitch's remarks emphasize the necessity of never-ceasing vigilance on the part of promoters of pure literature:

"Every year sees an increasing number of novels added to the huge mass of fiction that is regularly shot into oblivion after a single season of publicity. It would be a great thing for all who have to deal with new books if some restrictive act were passed to limit the output of fiction. As it is now, even reputable publishers appear to have fallen victims to the vaulting ambition of callow authors. Time was when the imprint of a publisher was a guarantee of literary merit, but this day is already past. Now any author with the necessary money to pay the expenses of a first edition may see himself in the dignity of print, and many American publishers lend themselves to this fraud upon the reader. Instead of enlarg-

ing the field of fiction, it should be circumscribed. But the publishers, eager to secure a novel that will be a "good seller," are willing to take a gambling chance and count themselves well rewarded if they issue one successful novel out of a dozen failures. The result is a tremendous increase of the total number of novels published in a year and a marked deterioration in the quality. One curious feature is the issue of many of the old sensational, "yellow-covered" novels in fine dress. In the old days this melodramatic trash could be identified by its cover, but now one must read the story to find that it is masquerading in borrowed dress and that it does not even deserve a paper cover. Another fad is historical fiction, and each of the successful novelists in this field—Weyman, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope and others—have been imitated cleverly or weakly by a score of writers. The fruit of this imitation is a lot of hybrid fiction in which the historical knowledge of the writer is as superficial as his grasp of the subject is weak and nerveless. To read such trash is a waste of time, yet hundreds do read it because they are attracted by catchy titles and they have no knowledge of the spurious character of this fiction."

DOMINICANA earnestly asks the prayers of its readers for the souls of Reverend William P. Kirby, Reverend William Quill and its revered editor, Father J. L. O'Neil, who within the past few weeks have passed to their eternal reward. Happily associated with one another in active parish work during a long period, an affectionate sympathy was established, which developed into a sacred friendship, strengthened in the bond of religion. May the example of their Christian faith, the cheer of their Christian hope, the unvarying fortitude of their great charity, console the bereaved hearts of those whom God has chastened in the taking away of His faithful servants. From the shadow of the Cross, in the sweetness of resignation, may a faithful people receive comfort in unite^d prayer for their eternal peace.

"Eternal rest grant unto them, Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

From our sprightly neighbor *Town Talk* we take a paragraph, on which the comment of all serious minded people, irrespective of denomination, must be: how sad and degrading are the consequences begotten of heresy and schism, and what a parody is religion under the direction of self-appointed parsons whose true place is with the mountebank. But hear *Town Talk*:

THE TRADING STAMP IN CHURCH.

"Still another scheme for inducing church attendance has been inaugurated. At Tonowanda, New York, the pastor has hit upon a plan of giving trading stamps to his congregation, and now the good ladies thereabouts may be seen on Sunday mornings hustling their families into holi-

day garments and marshaling them to the house of God in order that they may procure coupons enough to secure plush albums, Morris chairs, and the latest novels. No longer will the juvenile trade be carried on, of two Sunday-school cards for a peppermint lozenge, or five for a white alley, for the thrifty mothers in Israel will see to it that their flocks deposit the proceeds of the day's attendance in the family treasury, and the homes will be furnished and the family clothed by the easy process of listening to the sermon. One can see in the mind's eye the proud housewife displaying to paterfamilias the Easter bonnet which cost nothing, and it will be an additional feather in Mary Jane's matrimonial cap that she has earned her plenishing by her attendance at church. One may not call the man irreverent who refers to his church cow or his preacher pig, when the livestock is the proceeds of his church trading-stamp collection, and we may even come to look with complacency on the rivalries of congregations still further augmented by the trading-stamp competition. There is such a variety now that there is almost a stamp for each denomination, and if the Tonowanda idea takes root we may find the Red Trading Stamp Church, the Golden Stamp, the Green Stamp, used to designate houses of worship, instead of calling them Baptist, Presbyterian or Methodist. Will the Stamp concerns offer special inducements to the larger denominations, or shall we see congregations wax and wane according to whether the gifts of the stamp houses are of greater or less value? After a family has accumulated as much property as it craves from one variety of stamp, will there be a defection to some other church, and will missionary labor, settlement work, and all the other devices for inducing attendance on religious worship narrow down to a rivalry amongst commercial houses in the matter of stamp distribution? When the Christmas tree, the summer picnic, the chicken dinner, the candy pull, the church social, the bazaar in its variety, the political preacher, the actor preacher, the bicycle preacher, the operatic choir, and all the other sensations and inducements have been found wanting, perhaps it will occur to some one to try making a church a house of prayer and a place of worship alone. It might be discovered then, that after all the proper mission of a church is not to stimulate rivalry with vaudeville theatres and commercial establishments."

We are unable to name the author of the following verses, which first appeared anonymously, but we feel that we serve the cause of temperance, of virtue, of humanity, by reprinting them, and, therefore, with hope that its lesson will be effective, we desire to repeat

The Story of Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood,

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:

"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.

I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth,

And the proudest and grandest souls on earth

Fell under my touch as though struck by blight.

Then I was king, for I ruled in might;

From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;

From the height of fame have hurled men down;

I have blasted many an honored name;	Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
I have taken virtue and given shame;	Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,	I have slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
That has made his future a barren waste.	And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
For greater than a king am I, Or any army beneath the sky.	I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,	I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
And sent the train from the iron rail;	I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
I have made good ships go down at sea,	That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
And the shrieks of the lost were dear to me;	I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
For they said: 'Behold, how great you be!	That I have lifted and crowned anew.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, be- fore you fall,	I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
And your might and power are over all.'	I gladden the heart of man and maid;
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,	I set the chained wine-captive free, And all are better for knowing me."
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"	
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast	These are the tales they told each other,
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;	The glass of wine and its paler brother,
But I can tell of a heart once sad	As they sat together, filled to the brim,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;	On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.

Once tolling bells smote pitiless my soul.	Bells universal toll to-day; the breath
"There is no hope—there is no hope," they said;	Of Time is caught with hearken- ing to their call;
"Only relentless Death; dear Hope is dead";	And, lo! a radiant angel lifts the pall,
And my grieved heart made dark despair my dole.	And clarion cries, "Behold, there is no Death!"

Some Recent Books
AND MUSIC

Paul Elder Company, San Francisco, have published in unique designs of several brilliant colors, booklets appropriate for luncheon favors or simple gifts. Felicitously adapted to requirements of sentimentality, that finds expression on the Feast of Saint Valentine, are *THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT VALENTINE*, the text beautifully illuminated in gold, *THE FLOWERS OF FATE*, and *A VACANT VALENTINE*.

The admirers of Dr. Milne's well-known series of arithmetics will be pleased to learn that the author of that excellent system has completed a *PRIMARY ARITHMETIC* covering the first three years of school work. The book is well printed and illustrated by the American Book Company, New York.

THE RED POOCHER, by Suemas McManus, is an interesting tale of ingenious depredations on an Irish estate. The old gamekeeper who has been several times victimized reluctantly relates his adventures to the intense amusement of his hearers.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, are the publishers of the book.

Horne & Scobey's *STORIES OF GREAT ARTISTS*, intended for the third reader grade, is a delightfully instructive study for young pupils. The boyhood of great artists has a fascinating influence for the young. Beautifully illustrated, the sketches have a twofold attraction. The American Book Company, New York, publishes this volume.

The American Book Company, New York, has published Freeman M. Joselyn's revised edition of *MONSANTO AND SANGUELLIER'S PRACTICAL COURSE IN SPANISH*. This popular Spanish Grammar, in its present form, contains the new rules of accentuation promulgated by the Spanish Academy. The author's presentation of accented words and phrases in accordance with the advance of linguistics is a commendable feature of the work.

Music.

From the Boston Music Co. (G. Schirmer, Jr.), Boston, Mass., come the following songs: (1) *ALL IN A GARDEN GREEN* (Sop. or Ten. in D; M-Sop. or Bar. in B), a pleasing encore song; *A FOREST SONG* for M-S p. or Ten. in A flat, a brisk, lively song in double rhythm; both songs are by Benjamin Whelpley; (2) *SWEETHEART, FOR YOU*, by Gustave Strube; (3) *CROSSING THE BAR* (Sop. or Ten. in A; M-Sop. in G; Bar. in F); Alto or Bass in E flat, is another setting of Tennyson's well-known poem, by A. Rotoli; (4) *MA DARLIN' SUE*, by Fabian Rose, is a high-class coon song and dance with piano and also banjo accompaniment; (5) *NEAR IN THE FOREST*, words by Bayard Taylor, set to music by Winthrop L. Rogers, a quiet little song of easy compass, having a Scotch lilt to some of its measures; (6) *IF YOU WERE I AND I WERE YOU, SWEETHEART*, by Guiseppe Aldo Randegger, consists of a charming melody over a difficult accompaniment of double notes in groups of six notes; this accompaniment, if played quickly and evenly is beautiful; it requires a skilled pianist. Four songs from the pen of Clayton Johns: (1) *FLOWER OF THE RUE*, dedicated to the great dramatic soprano, Mme. Lilli Lehmann; the text is from Edith Wharton's "Valley of Decision"; (Sop. or Ten. in E flat; M-Sop. or Bar. in C); (2) *LET ME NOT WAIT* (Sop. or Ten. in D flat; M-Sop. or Bar. in B flat); (3) *THE MOON OF ROSES* (Sop. or Ten. in D flat); (4) *SING TO ME, SING*, of easy compass; *TICK-TACK-TOO*, for medium voice, a taking melody, with merry, playful words; (5) *LOVE IS SUCH A LITTLE WORD* (Sop. in A flat; Medium in B flat), a fair encore song; both these songs are by the noted song-writer, Fred Field Bullard; (6) *DINNA ASK ME* (Sop. or Ten. in F; Alto or Bar. in E flat), a pleasing Scotch ditty by Benjamin Whelpley; (7) *CANZONETTA*, for violin and piano, by Mlynarski; (8) *ROMANZE*, for violin and piano, by Gustave Strube.

Series Two of Sacred Quartets and Choruses: (No. 168) *I WILL MAGNIFY THEE, O GOD*, by Norman Churchill, a mixed quartet, chorale-like, with soli interspersed; (No. 170) *BE OF GOOD COURAGE*, by George A. Burdette, mixed quartet, joyous and hopeful, as the title indicates; appropriate for Easter, or for general use; (No. 171) *HE IS NOT HERE, BUT RISEN* (Easter anthem), by George L. Osgood, a very fine composition, opening with a strong recitative for Bass; the music is noble and convincing; (No. 71) *THE ELF-HORNS*, by F. F. Bullard, is a very attractive setting to four-part harmony of Tennyson's poem; (No. 50) *MAGNIFICAT*, by Roland Smart, a fine Gregorian quartet with English text.

Calendar for March.

1—B. Christopher, O. P., Priest. (Self-Sacrifice).

2—B. Henry Suso, O. P., Priest. (Mortification.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

3—B. Bernard, O. P., Priest. (From February 9.) (Good Works.)

4—The Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord's Burial. (Devotion to the Passion.)

5—B. Reginald, O. P., Priest. (From February 12.) To whom the Blessed Virgin first revealed the scapular of the habit to be worn by Dominicans. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

6—First Sunday of the Month—Third Sunday of Lent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians; (1) C. C.; visit; prayers; (2) C. C.; procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

7—S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P., Doctor of the Church, Patron of Catholic Schools and Scholars. (Purity.) Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers.

8—S. John of God, Priest; founder of the Brothers of Charity. (Care of the sick.)

9—S. Frances of Rome, Widow; foundress of the Oblate or Collatine Nuns. (Simplicity.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

10—B. Peter Jeremiah, O. P., Priest. (Love of Study.)

11—The Five Wounds of Our Lord. (Meditation on Christ's Sufferings.)

12—S. Gregory the Great. Pope and Doctor of the Church. (Loyalty to the Church.)

13—Second Sunday of the Month—Fourth Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers.

14—Octave Day of S. Thomas Aquinas.

15—B. Nicholas of Palea, O. P., Priest. (From Feb. 14.) (Resignation.)

10—The Seven Founders of the Servites. (From Feb. 17.) (Submission to Providence.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

17—S. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. (Missionary zeal.)

18—The Most Precious Blood.

19—S. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, Patron of the Universal Church. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit; prayers.

20—Third Sunday of the Month—Passion Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.

21—S. Benedict, Abbot. Father of the Western Monks and founder of the Benedictine Order. (Labor for God.)

22—B. Ambrose of Siena, O. P., Priest. (Perseverance.)

23—B. Aimo Tarparelli, O. P., Priest. (From Feb. 21.) (Constancy.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

24—S. Gabriel, Archangel. (Desire of Heaven.)

25—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence of Rosarians, C. C.; visit; prayers.

26—The passion of the Blessed Virgin.

27—Fourth Sunday of the month—Palm Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

28—Monday in Holy Week.

29—Tuesday in Holy Week.

30—Wednesday in Holy Week.

31—Holy Thursday.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Fridolin, Abbot; S. Patrick, Bishop; S. Benedict, Abbot; S. Frances of Rome, Widow; S. Lucius, Pope and Martyr. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Gregory the Great, Pope; S. Cuthbert, Bishop; S. Casimer, King; S. Joseph, Spouse of Mary; S. Felicitas, Widow. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Maud, Queen; S. Irenaeus, Bishop and Martyr; S. David, Bishop; S. Rupert, Bishop; S. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor.

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The Reasonableness of Faith.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH. D.

There are certain fundamental religious truths, such as the immortality of the human soul, the existence and unity of God, the reward of virtue, the punishment of sin, and the necessity and reality of religion in the abstract, which are capable of a rigid demonstration.

It is equally capable of demonstration that there must be one true religion, and that there cannot by any possibility be more than one; and that the true religion must have certain attributes which are evidently possessed by the Catholic Church alone.

Since the Catholic Church is demonstrably the true religion, and since her voice is demonstrably the Voice of God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, reason itself requires the complete and ready submission of the intellect to her teachings, as of the will to her rule, without any reservation whatsoever. Unbelief is, therefore, absolutely and forever unreasonable; and faith represents the very crown and apotheosis, as it were, of reason.

Religious faith is essentially an act of perfect submission of the reason to the Divine Word, spoken forever by and in Holy Church. No other kind of adhesion to Divine Truth, however complete, can have any supernatural value, lacking, as it must, a supernatural motive. The faith of the most profound and learned philosopher is perfect and meritorious in proportion as it approximates, in kind and degree, to that of the most ignorant and simple-minded child—"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It is this faith and submission which reason itself inexorably demands in the presence of the Word and Law of Him who is the Creator and Lord of all.

But this perfect self-surrender of the reason is facilitated by the fact that faith is in the highest degree reasonable, not only in its sanction and its ground, but in the whole content of the Divine Revelation which is its object. Every Divinely-revealed truth, and every part of the doctrine and organization and practice of the Catholic Church is reasonable, in the sense of being in intrinsic conformity to reason.

All that is, except the error, sin and other forms of disorder result-

ing from the aberration of created wills, must be essentially reasonable, because it is a reflection and manifestation of the Archetypal Reason, which is God Himself. Those truths to which the unaided reason could never have attained by its own unaided powers, especially in the weakened condition in which it has been left by the Fall, are, nevertheless, capable, after being known through Divine revelation, of being demonstrated to be true, or at least to be more reasonable than the negation of them, or than any possible alternative idea or theory. In order to understand we must first believe.

For example, the denial of the doctrine of the Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Divine Essence would logically lead to the denial of those Divine attributes to the knowledge of which man can attain by his unaided reason. For, unless God's Thought were the generation of a perfect Image of Himself within Himself (the Eternal Word), having all the fulness of the Divine Attributes, He would either be unintelligent, and therefore not God but a mere inanimate object, or else His Thought would be something other than Himself and He would not be infinitely simple but a compound substance, and therefore not the First and Universal Cause, and therefore not God at all. Similarly, if there did not proceed from the Father and the Son a Third consubstantial Person possessing equally with Them the fulness of Divine Essence and Attributes, God would either be unfree and without volition, and therefore inanimate and lower than man, or else a compound substance and therefore not the Universal Cause.

So, too, of the Incarnation. Without that Supreme Center of Unity the universe would lack the perfection requisite in the Masterpiece of the Supreme Artist, and the means of returning, as it were, to its Source in such wise as to fulfil, in the most perfect manner, the principal object of its existence.

Every truth of faith, whether or not as yet dogmatically defined, is more conformable than any possible substitute for it, not only to the reason in the ordinary sense of the word (discursive reason), but also to what is popularly called in these days the intuition (intuitive reason), or rational intuition). In other words, it not only can be shown by dialectic processes to be more in conformity with the whole body of truth naturally knowable, but is also more pleasing to the pure and sincere mind and heart, when clearly seen and understood, than any rival doctrine could possibly be.

Such is the frailty of human nature that man does not always give adhesion to that which he recognizes as having been logically demonstrated, or to that which he recognizes as most attractive and worthy of being believed. Hence it is that certain sectaries bitterly oppose the Church in spite of their admission that "The logic of Rome is unan-

swerable;" while others deny the truth of Catholicity at the same time that they say, in substance, "It is Humanity's most beautiful dream—far too beautiful to be true! Blessed would it be for us if we could accept it; but we prefer to live in desolation, facing manfully the cold and naked truth, than to enjoy all the consolations of delusion."

It would seem that the two positions in combination would necessarily lead to submission to the Church. Far from it! The power of the world, the flesh and the devil—of passion and inertia and short-sighted self-interest—is too great. Many eminent men can be named (e. g., the German philosopher Leibniz, the American statesmen Buchanan and Webster, the English historian Cobbett, and the novelist and essayist W. H. Mallock), who in various degrees have possessed a knowledge both of the supreme reasonableness, the supreme beauty and the supreme utility of the Catholic religion, and have even acknowledged it to be the one true Church, outside of which there is no salvation, and yet have remained aloof from it.

So, in the end, we come back—forced alike by reason and experience—to the simple truth that faith is the gift of God, a virtue supernaturally infused, the noetic aspect of a Divine Life constituted by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the soul as a higher Vital Principle related to the soul itself in something the same manner as the soul is related to the body.

In the harvest of souls, though God giveth the increase, it is permitted to Paul to plant and to Apollos to water. In other words, much can be accomplished in the way of preparing the minds and hearts of men to receive the free and priceless gift of faith; for example, by a dialectic or logical presentation (such as that made by Saint Thomas Aquino in his "Summa Against the Gentiles") of the all-sufficiency of its sanction and the reasonableness of its content; or by a literary or rhetorical presentation (such as that attempted by Chateaubriand in his "Genius of Christianity") of the beauty and charm and sweet illuminating mysteries of the True Religion.

Sancto Philippo a Jesu.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

Philippe, prime Martyrum,	Fac mortis in certamine
Japoniam qui purpurant:	Ut pace magna perfruens
Cruci ligatæ saeviter:	Peccata cuncta defleam
Confosse telo triplici!	Nomenque Jesu proferam!
Quis polluisti spiritum	Jesu! Tibi sit gloria
Cruare sordes diluis:	Qui, vivus ut jam diceras,
Auramque spirans ultimam	Distentus almo stipite
Bis Jesu! amanter clamas!	Ad te creata pertrahis!

"El Padre Santo" of Santa Clara.

ESPERANZA.

III.

Though considerate for the temporal welfare and convenience of the settlers, Father Catala by no means yielded to unjust demands when the rights of the Indians were at stake; the settlers probably discovered this, to their surprise, at the close of the eighteenth century. The people of San Jose had repeatedly put in a claim for land between their town and the mission which the missionaries stoutly held was Indian property. The settlers appealed to the Governor, and the matter even went to Mexico. It would carry us too far to go into the case further than to state the position of the Fathers, which was the one held by all missionaries throughout the mission period. When an engineer was at last directed to make a survey of the boundaries, Fathers Catala and Viader drew up a lengthy statement in which they declared:

"We assist in this operation and proceeding (i. e., survey), not as those having any authority to grant, or deny, or impede the possession of lands; but only as missionaries who are charged with the education of the Indians, and consequently with the task of collecting them from idleness and congregating them in rational and Christian societies, as has been done, procuring at the same time their best mode of subsistence. In consideration of this, and with this end alone, the King, our sovereign, has declared it to be his will that all the land that may be necessary shall be appropriated to the natives; the right of no one being favored or allowed to prevail against this sovereign will. The mission shelters one thousand four hundred and thirty-four Christians, and if we add to them four thousand more gentiles, which the surrounding Indian villages contain, who will deny that all these lands will be necessary for their subsistence, when it becomes necessary to allot to each one his share as he emerges from his savage life and will have to maintain himself by the product of his labor?"

Having shown the injustice of the claims at great length, and that all the facts adduced and others which they might present, were conclusive arguments in support of the rights of the Indians, "whom neither Christian charity, nor the King, our sovereign, has permitted, nor ever will permit, to be dispossessed of their lands, or despoiled of their legitimate rights, which have been ceded to them by nature and the Supreme Being," Father Catala concludes the arguments as follows: "And, lastly, I, myself, can swear that I have heard the gentiles complain among themselves of the manifest injustice of the settlers in desiring to

appropriate to themselves lands for which they have no right whatever; that the Christian Indians note this and speak of it publicly, is not strange; but a complaint of this character from the mouth of a gentile argues much disquietude and something more." The viceroy finally decided that the River Guadalupe should be the dividing line between the mission of Santa Clara and the pueblo of San Jose. While the dispute was coming to a close the alameda was planted as stated before, which proves that no intensely bitter feeling resulted from the war of words, at least on the part of the missionaries and their dusky wards.

Being a dutiful priest, Father Catala was ever ready to answer a sick-call. He usually went afoot, unless the distance was very great, the weather too bad, or he himself in ill-health. During the latter part of his life, he suffered much from illness. On such occasions he would travel by means of a lumbering two-wheeled cart, whose wheels were nothing but big, round blocks of wood, through the center of which a hole admitted the axle. To make a journey in such a thing must have been far more torture than pleasure; probably he preferred it for that very reason. Besides, Saint Francis had forbidden his sons to travel on horseback, excepting in cases of necessity. Doubtless the mortified man did not deem himself justified to use a dispensation when such a rickety cart was available and the call not too urgent. Like all truly devout souls, Father Catala was much given to prayer. He prayed incessantly. Even while traveling he was seen to move his lips in devotion. The Indians, who were his only attendants, declared the "Padre Santo" prayed day and night, and that frequently they had to wait a long time before he finished the devotions which they dared not interrupt. Very often Father Viader himself would enter the church and gently say to the kneeling Superior: "That will do, Father; that will do; it is growing very late." His favorite place in the church, was at the foot of a large crucifix placed in a niche of the wall about seven or eight feet from the floor. Gorgonio, an uncommonly pious Indian, who enjoyed the confidence of Father Magin, and who nursed him to the day of his death, declared before the ecclesiastical commission that the good Father passed most of the time, day or night, in church; and that once, after looking for him everywhere, he found him in a kneeling posture before the large crucifix, but so high up in the air that the knees touched the foot of the image which he was embracing. Gorgonio also noticed that the image of Christ detached its arms from the cross and embraced Father Catala. The Indian added: "I am a Christian, and God hears me. I tell the truth. I saw it with my own eyes."

Such ecstatic conditions, it seems, were not unusual with the holy priest; for, the Indians Gil, Azarais, and Roberto, besides Ignacio Alviso, a reputable Spaniard of Santa Clara, confirmed the testimony of Gor-

gonio by swearing that they, too, had been eye-witnesses of similar wonderful occurrences. Father Catala must have noticed that he was watched by Alviso, for he cautioned the Spaniard never to say anything about the matter. Nor did Gorgonio ever speak to any one on the subject during the lifetime of the saintly man. Other Indians would likewise secretly observe the missionary at his prayers through a crevice in the door, or through the keyhole, when they would often hear him conversing with God while gazing upon the image on the cross. They would then whisper to one another in awe: "The Father is speaking with God." Naturally these facts raised the priest in their esteem, and made them look upon him as one especially favored by heaven.

In addition to the many trying and annoying happenings to which the Indian missionary had to submit daily for the sake of attracting souls to God, Father Catala severely chastised his body in order to bring it into subjection. He ate very little at any time, and very often fasted on bread and water. Excepting when far away from the mission on a sick-call, he never took food outside the "convento," as the priest's quarters were called, though there never was a real convent in California until long after the Indian missionary period. Nor did he cause much trouble to the dish-washers; for the only tableware he used were a horn spoon and a plate of baked clay. The regulation woolen habit with cowl and flannel tunic, both woven and made by the Indians, were his only clothing. Beneath these, however, he wore haircloth. As the rules of his Order prescribed, Father Magin always wore sandals, but no stockings, in spite of rheumatism with which he was afflicted for many years.

According to some of the witnesses, who testified under oath, the old man would put dried beans into the sandals, so that in walking about he could not make a step without pain. Worse; Narciso Galindo, already mentioned, who had been an altar boy at Santa Clara, testified under oath that he observed Father Catala wearing sandals through which nails had been driven, the points of which appeared on the inside, so that he could not walk fast and must have suffered tortures at every step. Narciso also declared that Father Magin used a knotted discipline upon himself in which nails were fastened at intervals. "I once caught him in the storehouse beating himself unmercifully. Although he would hide, I managed to get around to his room, and often peeped in to find him kneeling in prayer and using that discipline. These things I saw with my own eyes," Galindo assured the members of the commission. Other Indian attendants several times discovered Father Catala in the church or in his room administering the lash to his body, when he thought himself unobserved. Doubtless he found many other means to chastise his body for the revelation of which we shall have to await the day of judgment.

"The Reformation."**A TRILOGY.****VERAX.****I**

Dare not advance aught that is false; fear not the mention of aught that is true.—Cicero.*

A rankling thorn in Holy Church's side

Had ever proved the Scandinavian race;

Whose obstinate brutality and pride

Resisted and abused her wealth of grace.

Its seven nations offered genial place ⁽¹⁾

To mighty ills foretold by seer and priest,

Whereof the character is clear to trace—

Quite clear it long hath seemed to me at least—

In John's Apocalyptic Seven-headed Beast.

These nations raised, as standard of revolt,

A "crazy quilt" of every heresy; 'Neath which was claimed the right of every dolt

To vaunt his own infallibility Above the teachings of the Holy See; ⁽²⁾

Of things most sacred blasphemously prate;

Wild license claim as proper liberty;

By violence urge his truthless creed of hate,

And shameless o'er the faith of others dominate.

While of abuses that required reform

They made a pretext for apostasy;

Their own, the most inveterate and enorme,

Defied the Church's utmost ministry.

Betrayed through mask of rank hypocrisy,

Where'er the Reformation rag they reared

Straight followed scenes of blackest infamy;

Till clear to decent folk this fact appeared—

Reform was what the wild "Reformers" mostly feared.

Thus when at Luther's word the Peasant War

Had let Germanic blood in torrents run,

And men were fain to meet at reason's bar,

Content, at length, their cause should rest upon

* A celebrated dictum applauded by Leo the Thirteenth in his Encyclical on Labor.

(1) The nations comprising the Scandinavian race, and politically identified with Protestantism, are these seven: Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Holland and (last, though not least) England. Protestantism was a destructive tidal wave of pagan pride and licentiousness that naturally rose on the bosom of Saxon Christendom, bearing these nations on to the shallows and reefs of seemingly hopeless heresy.

(2) His own private judgment under the alleged inspiration of the Holy Ghost, with consequent personal infallibility in his religious notions,—this is the boasted (tin-plate) palladium of the genuine Protestant; yet he cannot tolerate such a claim in anyone else; especially not in the unanimous teaching of the Universal Church!

The general verdict of all Christendom; And self-reform meanwhile be honest quest— With equal tolerance—of everyone— The meek "Reformers" hastened to protest; Whence dates the title "Protestants" by them confessed. (3)	"Too long she hoarded for the rascal poor; And while she made the people far too free, She brought fair woman up a deal too pure! Through the Reform, at length, full kings we'll be; Death to the Church! Long live 'Reform' and Liberty!"
And as the cunning rascals mostly aimed To force their cause by tyranny's support; The royal pride and passions they inflamed, And cringed to princes in most slavish sort. They made the faith conveniently comport With tyranny's most whimsical demands, And moral code conformed to lusts of court; (4) Till forfeit all into despotic hands The fundamental laws of free-born Christian lands.	Now, England, over all the rest renowned For lying, theft, hypocrisy and cant, Proved the most genial soil whereon to found This Babel-tower of creedless rot and rant, Called the "Reformed Religion Protestant," Which by false statute and fierce penal code The one true Church in England would supplant; And serve as heresy's full-stocked abode Where Englishmen should get religion <i>a la mode</i> .
'Twas thus "Reform" proved the efficient tool (5) Of big and petty Caesars to insure Their scheme of absolute monarchic rule, And means of vice from plundered Church secure.	So, when to booby son, a nine year's chick, (6) "Bluff Hal" bequeathed his crime-polluted crown, The "kid" was seized and tutored by a clique Of rascally reformers of renown—

(3) At the Second Diet of Spires, after the "War of the Peasants" (1529), the majority among the disputants decreed that, pending a meeting of a General Council (Council of Trent), the states in which the new opinions had been introduced should make no fresh changes in regard to religion; nor preach against the Blessed Sacrament; nor molest Catholics for attending at Mass. Against this decree the Lutheran minority protested; expressing thereby their unwillingness to tolerate the Catholics. Thence they derived the name Protestant; a term signifying no more nor less than opposition to the Catholic Church.

(4) The Lutherans granted the Landgrave of Hesse and some other German princes permission for bigamy.

(5) It is incontestable that the Reformers played into the hands of kings, princes and rulers against the religious and civil liberties of the people. In Geneva the management of religion was handed over to the Senate; in other parts of Switzerland to the Grand Council of each Canton; in Holland to the General States; in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and England to the king and parliament. And who does not know that civil despotism went hand in hand with religious tyranny in those countries? Very soon we see the "Reformers," like mad dogs, turning on their masters; and revolution and regicide becoming the marked expression of Protestant attitude toward the civil authority.

(6) Edward VI, son of Henry Eighth, by Jane Seymour.

Cranmer, the venom'd snake in
 priestly gown,
 And that vile fratricide, Earl
 Somerset, (7)
 Headed the gang, and taught the
 royal clown
 To prate "Reform" like little
 paroquet;
 And all their murderous statutes
 in cant phrase abet.

The miscreants, all mask aside
 now thrown,
 Boldly unto the royal imp repair
 With book of rankest heresies e'er
 known,
 And statutes that to read might
 raise your hair!
 The King's supremacy o'er Papal
 Chair
 Must be enforced; Church festi-
 vals must cease;
 The Mass must be abolished
 everywhere;
 The Cross and statues smashed
 in many a piece,
 And Regents have carte blanche
 the Church to flay and
 fleece.

"Such great and godly measures of
 reform
 The King, as 'Heaven's Vicar,'
 shall see done; (8)
 Nor suffer godly zeal to grow
 luke-warm;
 But force by sequent penalty
 each one.
 For first offense a heavy fine lay
 on;
 For second, loss of lands with
 jao! a year;

For third, imprisonment till life be
 run;
 But as for heretics—by God his
 fear!—
 The burning-stake doth right-
 eous penalty appear!" (9)

"And for those outcast monks
 and useless poor,
 Long pampered on the Church's
 forfeit land,
 And who now begging crawl from
 door to door,
 Efficient penalty we've thought-
 ful planned—
 A 'V,' burned on the breast with
 heated brand;
 And if again the Vag so misbe-
 have,
 He'll forfeit liberty at the demand
 Of whomsoever captureth the
 knave,
 And have his forehead branded
 with an 'S' for slave!" (10)

These statutes, framed by bloody
 Cranmer's hand,
 And duly signed by sniveling
 puppy king,
 Were hardly left as idle "bluff" to
 stand—
 Reform was better noted for its
 "bing"!
 Their execution promptly follow-
 ing.
 The axe and rope and stake and
 prison cell
 With lamentations made all En-
 gland ring;
 While Anabaptists' heads with
 Papists' fell, (11)
 And rampant cruelty maintained
 the reign of hell.

(7) Sir Thomas Seymour, Jane's brother, and uncle to Edward VI; afterwards duke of Somerset and Protector during the king's minority.

(8) "Cranmer informed Edward at his coronation that 'the King's duties were, as God's Viceregent and Christ's Vicar, to see that God be worshipped, and idolatry be destroyed; that the tyranny of Rome be banished, and images be removed, etc.; let him do this and he would be a second Josias,'" etc. (Lingard, *Edw. VI.*)

(9) "It was Cranmer who formulated the law that incorrigible and relapsing heretics should be burned alive." (Burke, *Hist. Port. Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. III, *Mary*.)

(10) Lingard, *Edward VI.*, page 127.

(11) Cranmer, arch-heretic himself, could not abide Anabaptists.

Cranmer, who led the kingling by
the nose,
Next introduced, to stir religious
strife
And further victims for the stake
disclose,
A gang of Lutherans of most
shameless life;
He likewise introduced his Luth-
eran wife!
While Parliament, complaisant,
passed an Act
To deal with lust—among Reform
so rife!—
And gave a permit marriage to
contract;
A needless grant, as all the
rogues were wed in fact!

When, not without suspicion of
foul play,
Amid these ills, young Edward
sudden died,
They claimed he willed the crown
to Lady Grey—
Though here again the good Re-
formers lied. ⁽¹²⁾
So, at a coup d'etat their hands
they tried;
But Catholic Mary, who was
rightful heir,
And spunky, too, roused friends
on every side,
And, mounting England's throne,
took instant care
The follies of the "Reformation"
to repair.

Soon England fell from boasted
pinnacle
Of "proud pre-eminence," as
wide decay,
Religious, social, and political,
Together with Reform, held
equal sway.
She lost to France Boulogne and
fair Calais; ⁽¹²⁾
Robbers and murderers the law
defied,
And prostitution clogged the
king's highway;
Farmers, by rack-rent beggared,
starving, died;
While fat "Reform" from stolen
wealth all aid denied.

While pardon full was granted all
the rest,
The chief ring-leaders, lay and
clerical,
Were, tried, convicted, and to
death addressed—
The first by amputation cervical;
The last, as lords ecclesiastical,
Were doomed—'twas the Re-
form's pet law—to take
Their favorite penal dose medici-
nal
For Nonconformist heretic, and
bake—
Where often they baked others—
at the burning-stake. ⁽¹⁴⁾

(12) That Calais was lost under Mary the Catholic, is explained by the reflection that, as a tree may bring forth bad fruit under better skies for having its roots imbedded in vicious soil, so this political disaster, in spite of Mary's reconstructing efforts, had its cause in the Protestant revolution of the previous reign, which had sapped the fighting stamina together with the morals of the nation. (See Lingard, Edward VI: Drane, et al.)

(13) Warwick, Duke of Northumberland, who had compassed the death of Somerset to clear his own path to the throne, sought, with the aid of the clerical "Reformers," to force from the boy King a will of succession in favor of his own family in the persons of Lady Jane Grey and his son Guilford Dudley, Jane's husband. The King, during his last illness, was so far prevailed on by the Duke's importunities as to sketch a rough draft by which the crown was entailed in the first place "on the lady Frances' heirs male," in the next "on the lady Jane's heirs male," and then on the heirs male of her sisters. But this did not suit Northumberland, as not one of these ladies had heirs male; so a slight correction was made by the Duke and his gang of reforming traitors. The letter "a" at the end of "Jane's" was erased, the words "and her" were interlined; by which change the instrument was made to read thus: to the Lady Jane (and her) heirs male." Thus the wife of Guilford Dudley became the first in succession. Edward died almost immediately after this transaction, aged sixteen years, and the conspirators crowned Jane Grey. (See Lingard, Edward VI.)

(14) Mary pardoned several hundreds at once; but, besides some ten score of turbulent and seditious "Reformers" brought to punishment by their country's laws during her troubled reign, the following arch-traitors among the laity and clergy were executed to make, as was deemed imperative, a salutary example: Warwick, Duke of Northum-

To cut away the root of England's fuss, Her mother's and King Henry's false divorce She straight annulled by voice unanimous Of Parliament—this time unmoved by force. ⁽¹⁵⁾ Mary was thus legitimized, of course; While "Bess" was thereby clearly basfardized— An act all decent men must prompt endorse, What though it leave on England's arms devised A bar sinister of dishonor undisguised! The foolish act called "King's Supremacy," She next, by freest Parliament, repealed, And breach 'tween England and the Papacy, "Mid tears of joy from all good hearts," thus healed. All Cranmer's priests were driven from the field,	While rightful, wiveless bishops were installed; All thieves were made Church lands and goods to yield; The poor were housed and fed; slaves disenthralled; And England for the nonce, to decent ways recalled. Against the rules of logic and good sense, The protestants of the succeeding reign— Distinguishing where is no difference— The title "Bloody" fixed to Mary's name. To bloodiness she'd no exclusive claim; And, judged by tragedies like Mullaghmast, ⁽¹⁶⁾ 'Mong England's line of sovereigns this high dame But one degree less bloody might be classed; For bloody were they all from nearly first to last!
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berland; Sir John Gates; Sir Thomas Palmer; Guilford Dudley; Lady Jane Grey, the Duke of Suffolk; Sir Thomas Wyatt; William Thomas, and forty deserters to the army of insurrection. Elizabeth, Mary's half-sister, a secret Protestant and treasonable coquette with the seditious "Reform" party, had to be imprisoned. Among the clergy, Hooper, Ridley, Latimer,—"King's Bishops",—and Archbishop Cranmer, after due trial and fair conviction, met the fate which they had, without trial or justice, meted to so many others. No man ever earned a felon's death if Cranmer did not. "He had been for seventeen years the confidential adviser of Henry the Eighth in all his bloody tyrannies; he had framed the very law of burning heretics. He had pronounced, in self-contradiction, the marriages of three queens to be null and void, and was a party to the judicial murder of two of them. He was the adviser of the throne when the Carthusians were murdered, when Fisher and More were sent to the block; when the Abbots of Glastonbury, Reading and Woburn were hanged, drawn and quartered; when the 'Pilgrims of Grace' were first deceived and then massacred; when the branches of the trees were bent with the corpses of the Northern Peasantry; when, for their religion, Lady Bulner, Anne Askew, Dame Botcher and other women were sent to the flames, etc., an indictment too lengthy and horrible to pen!" (Burke's Historical Portraits of Tudor Dynasty, Vol. III.)

(15) The stainless honor of the lowliest outvalues a kingdom; yet Elizabeth, who "succeeded" Mary, never attempted to have this act of Parliament repealed; nor would she ever allow the "Divorce" to be mentioned in her presence. She simply brazened it out.

(16) Mary's confiscations in Ireland brought on a bloody war with the chiefs of the clans of the O'Mores, the O'Connors and the O'Dempseys; and it was during a temporary truce that three hundred Irish chiefs were basely butchered at a peace conference at Mullaghmast by order of her deputy Essex. Yet Mary was termed "Bloody" by the party of the Protestant Ascendancy in the succeeding reign, chiefly because she was a Catholic.

Martyrdom of the Last Dominicans in Japan.

In his interesting work entitled "Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan," Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P., dwells upon the causes that have impeded the growth of Christianity throughout the Empire. He places Protestantism as the foremost and most fatal obstacle to the conversion of heathen nations. The effect of the endless splits of non-conformity in the various Protestant sects is especially noted by the Japanese people. Of the Dominican missionaries in Japan whose heroic labors were crowned with martyrdom we give a passing word.

The General Chapter of the Friar Preachers assembled at Toulouse during the year 1628 took into consideration the afflicted state of the Japanese Church, and ordained that the largest possible number of missionaries should be sent to its assistance. Directly the intelligence of this order reached the Priory of Manila, all the fathers were anxious to depart immediately. But obedience obliged many to remain, while certain favored ones were chosen. Father Thomas of S. Hyacinth started forthwith, and arrived safe in Japan in 1629.

In the year following (1630) Father Hyacinth Esquivel, accompanied by a Franciscan missionary, endeavored to reach Japan, but the precautions taken at every port made it almost as difficult to effect a landing as to escape detection when actually laboring in the empire. These fathers were seized just before disembarking at Nagasaki, and were both beheaded.

Meanwhile the fury of the persecution was unabated, and in 1628 three more members of the Third Order of S. Dominic were beheaded for their faith at Nagasaki. Particular mention is made of these, because the circumstances of their martyrdom were carefully examined by the testimony of eye witnesses, and they are amongst those beatified by Pius the Ninth. Their names were Michael, Paul, and Dominic, and they were selected for death on account of their generous zeal in assisting the Fathers of S. Dominic. Three hundred martyrs are known to have suffered between the beginning of 1629 and the end of 1632, but these are doubtless only few compared to the multitude whose names are forgotten on earth.

Unhappily space forbids more than a rapid mention of a few heroes of the faith, as illustrious during their lives as they were invincible amidst the torments of their last triumphs. Many interesting details are given about each in Adverte's long history of the Philippine Province.

Father Jordan of S. Stephen, who arrived at Nagasaki during the year 1632, was a Sicilian who had been attracted to the Eastern missions by the fame of the martyrs of Japan. After being clothed with the habit of S. Dominic in his native country, and studying in different Pories in Spain, he labored for some time in the Philippine Islands amongst the Chinese, whose language he had completely mastered. He was a very learned theologian, and wrote several works of considerable merit, so that he is adorned in heaven with the three special aureolas of virgin, doctor and martyr. He arrived at Nagasaki in the disguise of a Chinaman after the evening had begun to close in, and having no guide, he was wandering about the streets trusting to God's providence, when he saw Father Dominic Erquicia standing at the door of a house. In spite of their disguise they recognized each other, and were soon locked in the tender embrace of brothers unexpectedly meeting in a strange land. Father Jordan assisted Father Dominic until his martyrdom, and then continued his labors, until his career as a missionary was cut short by his own capture, with Father Thomas of S. Hyacinth, during the course of the next year. Father Thomas was a Japanese, who had been professed and ordained in the Priory at Manila, and had already labored as a missionary in the island of Formosa, and for nine years in his own country. Marina of Omura, a member of the Third Order, was arrested with the two priests. Another Tertiary, Magdalen of Nagasaki, deserves special notice, as it appears that God inspired her to deliver herself up to martyrdom. Hearing of Father Jordan's imprisonment, she boldly presented herself before the guards, demanding admission in order to be professed in the Third Order, in which she was only a novice. The cruel Japanese soldiers were touched with compassion and admiration at her courage, and tried to persuade her to retire, and not to force them to arrest her as a Christian. "I am a Christian," she exclaimed, "and what is more, a Religious, the spiritual daughter of Father Jordan, and it is your duty to apprehend me." Her desire was gratified, and all these four martyrs expired by inches, after a series of torments, suggested by the ingenious cruelty of their persecutors.

After the numerous martyrdoms of 1633 the Church of Japan presented a deplorable aspect. Glorious as the persecution had doubtless been, and numberless as were the white-robed martyrs with which it had peopled Heaven, still these were times in which the fervent alone could be Christians. Many, therefore, unable to resist the trial, denied their faith, and thus purchased safety. Finding themselves again orphans, bereaved prematurely of those fathers sent to their assistance, the poor Christians once more raised a cry of distress, which was answered by the Friars Preachers, of Manila. Four of their number determined, under the sanction of obedience, to brave every danger, and to venture

into the forbidden regions of Japan. These were Fathers Anthony Gonzales, Michael Ozarata, William Courtet, and Vincent of the Cross.

Father Vincent of the Cross was a Japanese, born of Christian parents, who offered him to God before his birth. He received his education in the Jesuit college in Nagasaki, and when the persecution broke up the college, he went to Manila, where he dwelt for some time, and returning to preach to his countrymen, was ordained priest, and afterwards admitted into the Order of S. Dominic, about a year before his martyrdom.

These missionaries, accompanied by two seculars, reached the island of Loo-Choo in July, 1636, and not being able to proceed, they labored for some time in that and neighboring islands. It appears that they were never able to penetrate into the Empire itself, but were recognized and conducted to Nagasaki, bound as captives, on September 13, 1637. Before the tribunal of the judge they boldly confessed that they were priests, and religious of the Order of S. Dominic, and that, although they were well aware of the emperor's edicts, they had entered Japan in order to preach the true faith and console the afflicted Christians. Finding they could not be shaken by threats, the judges determined to employ torture, and in this they discovered a truly diabolical ingenuity. Several different times an almost incredible amount of water was poured down their throats, and then forced through their mouth and nose by means of extreme pressure. Father Anthony Gonzales hardly survived the infliction of this torment, and being carried back to prison, he shortly after bade a tender farewell to his companions, and gave up his soul to God on September 24, 1637. The heathens vented their malice on his senseless corpse, which they burnt, afterwards casting the ashes into the sea.

Father Vincent of the Cross was for a moment overcome by the intensity of his sufferings, and consented to abjure his faith. No sooner, however, had the shameful words of apostasy crossed his lips than he felt a bitter remorse, and yielding to the earnest exhortations of his companions, he again boldly confessed the sacred Name of Jesus Christ.

They were next tortured with long sharp awls that were thrust under the nails even to the first joint of the fingers, but this excruciating agony wrung from them no words unworthy of a Christian; they only exclaimed, "How sweet it is to suffer! Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for us." The executioners in astonishment rattled the handles of the awls together, and the martyrs replied, "How sweet a music is this for heaven!" When the blood dropped upon the ground, one of the martyrs in a transport of love cried out: "Behold those beautiful roses! I have dyed them, sweet Jesus, for Thy love in my blood; but what are these few drops compared to the torrent of blood Thou didst shed for

my sake ?” They were then obliged to scratch the ground with the protruding handles of the awls, but no torment could shake their constancy.

At this dreadful spectacle the bystanders wept with compassion, and the executioners themselves, moved by such an exhibition of heroic generosity, complained of the folly that could induce men so noble-hearted and courageous to come into Japan merely to undergo a death of protracted suffering. “ We came not hither,” replied Father Courtet, “ for the sole object of being tortured to death ; but we came to preach the true religion, and to convince men of the folly of idol worship.”

After the torture had lasted a considerable time, nature became completely exhausted, and the martyrs fell back with their eyes closed, apparently almost lifeless. This was seized upon as a successful moment to tempt them to apostatise, but the question was no sooner put than life and vigor seemed to return, for the martyrs cried out aloud : “ We are deaf to all such proposals ; we have not come to Japan to be guilty of such weakness.” Seeing that nothing could shake their constancy, the soldiers carried them back to prison on litters.

A day or two later, the moment of their last triumph arrived. After being paraded round the streets of Nagasaki, the martyrs were conducted to that famous hill on which so many Christian warriors had already won the crown of victory. Here five pits had been prepared, and over each a martyr was suspended with his head downwards. Their feet were tightly bound to a horizontal beam, and half their bodies were in the pit, which was then covered with boards so arranged that they pressed the victim down, and so increased the intensity of his suffering. This agony, declared by the executioners to be intolerable, continued for two days and nights, but God supported His servants, and their courage was not exhausted. The only sounds heard issuing from those pits of torture were earnest prayers, or the voice of one sufferer exhorting his companions to perseverance. On the morning of the third day, the pits being uncovered, the two seculars were found dead, but in the three religious some sparks of life still faintly lingered. The command was to behead those who might be discovered alive, and this sentence was carried out on Father Vincent of the Cross, as he lay prostrate, totally unable to kneel. Father Michael Ozarata and Father William Courtet had sufficient strength to embrace each other tenderly. “ We have much to talk over,” said they, “ but we will leave all till we meet in heaven.” Side by side then knelt these two brothers ; the executioner’s sword descended as the Names of Jesus and Mary were on their lips. These are called by Father Alexander de Rhodes, of the Society of Jesus, “ the greatest martyrs of Japan,” and it is indeed astonishing to reflect on the length and intensity of their sufferings and the cheerful fortitude they displayed.

Although these martyrs are not included in the list of the beatified,

which extends only to the year 1632, whereas they suffered on September 27, 1636, it is a fitting termination to the long series of heroic conflicts by which the Friars Preachers distinguished themselves in Japan. It is the last Dominican martyrdom of which any account remains, though no doubt many Tertiaries and Rosarians continued to be chosen as victims for the sacrifice as long as the persecution lasted.

Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

JAMES RILEY.

A soldier fighting up the height	His voice and pen, his dream and
Has fallen, and we pray	deed,
His soul has found a joyous flight,	Cheered other hearts to do,—
To realms of endless day.	To walk with him beyond, and
	read
	The Christian's message true.

He lived and labored, toiled for
 God,
 The Christ-Child and the Bride;
 Far as his way, he reverent trod,
 Preaching the Crucified.

Easter Morning.

CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

Shy and penitent, but loving,	"Mary! Mary!" fell the cadence
Crept a woman, in the dawn;	Of a low voice, strangely sweet.
Anxious had she waited, watching	"Master! Is it thou, my Saviour?"
For the first gray light at morn.	And she fell down at his feet.

Could she see, or was she dream-	Thus he first appeared in glory
ing?	To the loving Magdalen.
Had the stone been rolled away?	Oh, what hope, then, for the sinful
"O my Master, my Beloved,	Yet repentant sons of men!
How I've waited for the day!"	

"Now, unnoticed, can I see Thee,	Haste, then, penitent but loving,
In the tomb, unknown to men;	Like the dear saint, to His tomb;
Kiss Thy dear, dead feet, my Mas-	Offer Him thy love—the sweeter
ter,"	After days of sin and gloom.
Wept the loving Magdalen.	

Editorial.

On the first day of the present month the Church commemorates the Passion and death of the Saviour of the world. The solemn ceremonial on this occasion recalls the piteous stages of the sufferings of the Son of God on His way to Calvary and forcibly reminds the sinner of the inexhaustible treasure of graces which may be obtained through the merits of the saving death of Christ. Prostrate at the feet of the dying Saviour, like the repentant Magdalen, let us bewail our spiritual remissness in the true spirit of contrite sorrow, that, having mourned for Jesus crucified we may hope to participate in the joy of the risen Saviour.

. The glad *Allelulia* of the Paschal season, ushering in, as it does, a succession of joyous feasts, especially reminds us that in the contemplation of the glorious mysteries of the Rosary we shall find reassurance of the tender love of Jesus in His revelation of the happiness that awaits us in the true life in eternity.

The announcement of the granting of a Jubilee Indulgence by Pope Pius the Tenth upon the occasion of the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, has awakened confidence in the faithful that through fervent prayer to the Blessed Virgin many souls may abandon their sinful ways and return to God. The opening lines of the Encyclical reveal the Pope's tender confidence in the powerful intercession of the Immaculate Mother of God.

"An interval of a few months will again bring round that most happy day on which, fifty years ago, Our Predecessor, Pius the Ninth, Pontiff of holy memory, surrounded by a noble crown of Cardinals and Bishops, pronounced and promulgated with the authority of the infallible magisterium that it was revealed by God that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, was free from all stain of original sin. All the world knows the feelings with which the faithful of all the nations of the earth received this proclamation and the manifestations of public satisfaction and joy which greeted it, for truly there has not been in the memory of man any more universal or more uncontrasted expression of sentiment shown toward the august Mother of God or the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

“ And, Venerable Brothers, why should we not hope that to-day, after the lapse of half a century, when we renew the remembrance of the Immaculate Virgin, that an echo of that holy joy will be awakened in our minds and that those magnificent scenes of former times of faith and of love toward the august Mother of God will be repeated ? Of all this we are indeed rendered ardently desirous by the devotion united with supreme gratitude for benefits received, which we have always cherished toward the Blessed Virgin ; and We have a sure pledge of the fulfilment of Our desires in the fervor of all Catholics ready and willing as they are to multiply their testimonies of love and reverence for the great Mother of God. But We must not omit to say that this desire of Ours is especially stimulated by a species of secret instinct which leads Us to believe that not far distant is the fulfilment of those great hopes to which, certainly not rashly, the solemn promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception opened the minds of Pius the Ninth, Our predecessor, and of all the Bishops of the universe.”

His Holiness, Pius the Tenth, is fully alive to the necessity of counteracting existing evils that threaten to undermine the peace of society by the introduction into the home of irreligious sentiments through a corrupt and sensational press. His congratulations and blessings, conveyed through the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Paris Association of Catholic Publicists, upon their journalistic efforts, signify his vigilant interest for the dissemination of a high Christian culture through the apostolate of the Catholic press.

As the safe-guarding of youthful morals devolves primarily upon the parent, the Catholic parent, especially, must be roused from his apathy towards the great good which is to be accomplished through the instrumentality of Catholic literature. Parents must not only rise in protest against a corrupt journalism, but they must take practical measures to supply proper reading for the young.

It is of paramount importance that Catholic parents should take a more active part in the cause of Catholic literature, that they should generate an influence for the building up of spiritual temples without which those of brick and stone have no value—save as sad reminders of what ought to be.

They should rid themselves of the notion that the support of a Catholic press is a matter of mere almsgiving. They must listen to the pleading of precious and oft-neglected minds in their cry for intellectual food.

Simultaneously with the cry against the demoralizing effects of “ yellow journalism,” comes the appeal for the uplifting of the press, the

drama, art, and literature—in a word, a Christian equipment of the Catholic home. Upon this point parents would do well to follow the advice given by the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore:

“Christian schools sow the seed, but Christian homes must first prepare the soil, and afterwards foster the seed and bring it to maturity. Let the adornments of home be chaste in holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books. No indelicate representation should ever be tolerated in a Christian home. Artistic merit in the work is no excuse for the danger presented. No child ought to be subjected to temptation by its own parents and in its own home. But let the walls be beautified by what will keep the inmates in mind of our Divine Lord and of His saints, and with such other pictures of the great and good as will be incentives to civic and religious virtue.”

In deserved honor to the loved name of our lamented Father O’Neil we publish some feeling tributes to his nobleness which appeared in recent issues of Eastern journals. From the *Louisville Record*, which contained a sketch of Father O’Neil’s life, penned by “One of his Brethren,” whose intimate association for many years with Father O’Neil, and whose personal knowledge of his character, enable him to speak with cordial appreciation of his dear friend’s worth, we select a few words; they will be doubly valued by Father O’Neil’s friends on the Pacific Coast:

“Father O’Neil was known as a man of broad and true culture, wide and varied knowledge, deep and solid scholarship. He had splendid talents and qualifications, a keen and powerful intellect developed by a superior education, the practical, firm grasp of vital questions of the day, and skill to discuss them. In a word, he had all that qualifies a man to be a leader.

“Those who had the pleasure of listening to him, when he was the centre and attraction of a circle of men of the highest culture and most finished education, were surprised and impressed at his wide erudition. All admired his wonderful fluency and perfect command of language. All were amazed at the ease and facility with which he could discuss the greatest questions of the day, whether religious, ethical, political or literary. At all times he displayed the correct judgment, the keen understanding, the profound skill of a man endowed with a very brilliant mind, and one who had given deep and earnest thought to questions of importance.

“But his greatness as a man was as nothing compared to his greatness as a retiring priest of prayer and meditation. Many a time, whilst surrounded by the cream of the *literati*, did he excuse himself, and retire to recite his Rosary. Frequently, the writer, whilst riding with him on trains and on street cars, caught him furtively reciting his Rosary. He

went once with a party of Dominicans and others to the shrine of Saint Anne Beaupre. After their visit to the shrine they were to spend a day in recreation, visiting places of interest. Father O'Neil excused himself early in the day on the plea of literary work. Several members of the party stole upon him unawares, at different times during the day, and found him engaged in prayer. When discovered, Father O'Neil said nothing; but his indulgent smile told more eloquently than words the depth, intensity, and earnestness of his spiritual nature. It is said of Father O'Neil that, no matter how busy, he never passed a church without making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This practice ended only with his life. The Presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament was to him a living reality. He embraced every opportunity to implore in the Real Presence of Christ, blessings upon his undertakings. His example has influenced many to step aside from the crowd for a few moments to invoke Jesus under the Sacramental veil.

"The great devotion of his life was the Rosary; and the great ambition of his priestly life was to found a magazine in which the beauties of the Rosary might be better explained. His honest, ardent nature, his deep, strong piety, his manly, constant love of the Mother of God found expression in the magazines which he edited, in whose pages were unfolded the beauties, the grandeur, the spiritual advantages of our Blessed Mother's beads.

"In Louisville, where Father O'Neil labored for several years, his energetic zeal in the interest of religion, while connected with Saint Louis Bertrand's Church, was an inspiration to all who witnessed the wonderful results of his activity.

"During the twenty years of his life spent in the priesthood he responded with his whole heart and soul to the instant call of duty as he understood it—in a sublime degree of self-sacrifice in the special office of 'Priest.' His life was an exemplification of his favorite words:

"No matter where, if duty calls thee, go
Amid contagion, poverty, and death;
Bend o'er the sufferer in his hour of woe,
Nor fear the blast of pestilential breath,
Do, suffer, die, at duty's call divine,
Nor rest from battle till the victory's won;
Then, Soldier of the Cross, a crown is thine—
Then, faithful servant, hear thy glad 'Well done.'"

"When his venerable mother, in 1901, lay dying in her far-off home in Brooklyn, Father O'Neil, then in California, brave in obedience to the command of duty, labored and prayed, firm in his faith that the

consolation that had been denied to his mother's prayers and his filial love in an earthly meeting, would be reserved in heavenly recompense for their mutual happiness in eternity.

"Years ago it was the wish of the venerable mother of Father O'Neil that her dear son might be buried somewhere near her. But God willed otherwise. There is a silent, lonely mound on the hillside in the cemetery on Long Island. It is constantly swept by the sad, melancholy winds of the Atlantic ocean, as if the very elements were expressing their sorrow. Beneath that lonely mound rests all that is mortal of the mother of Father O'Neil. Far away, on the shores of the great Pacific, far from the home of his boyhood, far from the friends of his early manhood, beside his loved confreres in the great Dominican Brotherhood, lies all that is mortal of the great Father O'Neil."

But his spirit hovers near us;
And, his voice, in tender tone,
Murmurs words of cheer and comfort,
Bids us hope for Heaven—our home.

From the *New York Sun*, of February 8, we take the following tribute:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Sad was the information that reached this city that on the twenty-eighth of January there died in the city of San Francisco, Cal., one of the most zealous workers in the vineyard of the Lord, the Reverend James Louis O'Neil, O. P.

"Though only forty-six years of age at the time of his demise, he left a record for faithful performance of duty that few in the religious life of the present day can equal. Becoming an humble follower of S. Dominic at the age of eighteen years, he threw his heart and soul into his work, made rapid progress in his studies, was ordained to the priesthood and, like his eloquent co-laborer and member of the same Order, the renowned Father Tom Burke, he soon gave evidence that the religious world was to be enriched with another pulpit orator who would strongly and indisputably convince men that the 'seed is the Word of God.'

"Gifted by his Creator with a rich, resonant, penetrating voice, with a copious vocabulary, that seemed to have no limit, he early attracted the attention of his superiors, and the path of literature was chosen for him to follow. How well he performed his task thousands who have heard him and who have known him can testify.

"One in listening to him would think that another Wendell Phillips was born to grace the oratorical stage. His literary art was displayed in the *Rosary Magazine*, founded and edited by him, and hailed

with delight and read with great pleasure by seekers after truth and knowledge.

"Though a Dominican friar who did not mingle often with the men of the world, he was 'a man for a' that.' Champion of the down-trodden, lover of justice, stanch defender of the truth, whether ecclesiastical or secular, consoler of the afflicted, defender and protector of the weak, Father O'Neil was loved by men whose correct lives and good deeds strengthened by deep religious conviction prove that humanity is not altogether sighing after the 'flesh-pots of Egypt,' but is reaching for more secure, more stable things. Of a sunny disposition, kind, considerate, thoughtful and with ripe judgment, and with a magnetic personality, he threw out the life line when a brother was known to be sinking, and how many he saved will be known only when judgment will be accorded to men. Peace be to his ashes and quiet be his repose. The good that he has done will live after him, to serve as an incentive to others to fight the battle of this life, and thus secure the prize of victory."

TRUTH.

WOODSIDE, L. I.

Another tribute to the late Father O'Neil appeared in the *Sun* on February 14th:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Allow me to add my humble tribute to that of "Truth" in yesterday's *Sun* to the memory of the Rev. James L. O'Neil, O. P., who died recently in California.

"It was my pleasure some years ago to have various friendly relations with Father O'Neil and I had opportunity to study the Christian character of a truly great and good man. I know of many instances of Father O'Neil's charities in connection with his life work among the poor, many of them not of his faith. But Father O'Neil was a broad Christian, and, thorough Catholic as he was, he was the embodiment of charitable feeling toward all. Father O'Neil was magnificently eloquent. Had he been a man of the world the public prints would long since have made his name a household one among the various States. As it is, I venture to say that thousands of people quietly but sincerely mourn Father O'Neil's untimely death. He was a fine gentleman, a broad-minded Christian, a zealous Catholic, a fascinating conversationalist and a lover of mankind."

A FRIEND.

The present instalment of the first Encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, particularly emphasizes the importance of an apostolic spirit in the priesthood:

"This does not prevent us from esteeming worthy of praise those young priests who dedicate themselves to useful studies in every branch

of learning the better to prepare themselves to defend the truth and to refute the calumnies of the enemies of the faith. Yet we cannot conceal, nay, we proclaim in the most open manner possible, that our preference is, and ever shall be, for those who, while cultivating ecclesiastical and literary erudition dedicate themselves more closely to the welfare of souls through the exercise of those ministries proper to a priest zealous of the divine glory. 'It is a great grief and a continual sorrow for our heart' (Roman. ix., 2) to find Jeremiah's lamentation applicable to our times: 'The little ones asked for bread, and there was none to break it to them' (Lam. iv., 4). For there are not lacking among the clergy those who adapt themselves according to their bent to works of more apparent than real solidity—but not so numerous, perhaps, are those who, after the example of Christ, take to themselves the words of the prophet: 'The spirit of the Lord hath annointed me, hath sent me to evangelize the poor, to announce freedom to the captive and sight to the blind' (Luke iv., 18, 19). Yet who can fail to see, venerable brothers, that while men are led by reason and liberty, the principal way to restore the empire of God in their souls is religious instruction? How many there are who mimic Christ and abhor the Church and the Gospel more through ignorance than through badness of mind, of whom it may well be said: 'They blaspheme all that they do not know' (Jud. ii., 10). This is found to be the case not only among the people at large and among the lowest classes, who are thus easily led astray, but even among the more cultivated and among those endowed, moreover, with education beyond the common. The result is for a great many the loss of the faith. For it is not true that the progress of knowledge extinguishes the faith—rather it is ignorance, and the more ignorance prevails the greater is the havoc wrought by incredulity. And this is why Christ commanded the Apostles: 'Go, teach all nations' (Matth. xxviii., 19).

"But in order that the desired fruit may be derived from this apostolate and this zeal for teaching, and that Christ may be formed in all, remember, venerable brothers, that no means is more efficacious than charity. 'For the Lord is not found in commotion' (III. Kings xix., 11)—it is vain to hope to attract souls to God by a bitter zeal. On the contrary, harm is done more often than good by taunting men harshly with their faults, and reproving their vices with asperity. True, the Apostle exhorted Timothy: 'Accuse, beseech, rebuke,' but he took care to add: 'with all patience' (II. Tim. iv., 2). Jesus has certainly left us examples of this. 'Come to me,' we find him saying, 'come to me all ye that labor and are burthened and I will refresh you' (Matth. xi., 28). And by those that labor and are burthened he meant only those who are slaves of sin and error. What gentleness was that shown by the Divine Master! What tenderness, what compassion toward all kinds

of misery! Isaias has marvelously described His heart in the words: 'I will set my spirit upon Him; He shall not contend nor cry out; the bruised reed He will not break, He will not extinguish the smoking flax' (Is. lviii., 1 foll.). This charity, 'patient and kind' (1 Cor. xii., 4), will extend itself also to those who are hostile to us and persecute us. 'We are reviled,' thus did S. Paul protest, 'and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it; we are blasphemed and we entreat' (1 Cor. iv., 2.) 'They, perhaps, seem to be worse than they really are. Their associations with others prejudice the counsel, advice and example of others and finally an ill-advised scheme has dragged them to the side of the impious; but their wills are not so depraved as they themselves would seek to make people believe. Who will prevent us from hoping that the flame of Christian charity may not dispel the darkness from their minds and bring to them the light and peace of God? It may be that the fruit of our labors may be slow in coming, but charity wearies not with waiting, knowing that God prepares His rewards not for the results of toil but for the good will shown in it.'

While Buddhism in the Orient, from recent statistics, shows a marked falling off in numbers, the modified tenets of Buddha appear to have attracted the liberal attention of the "eternal feminine" on the Atlantic Coast. From a recent issue of the *New York Sun* we learn that "three American women took part in the ceremonies of faith which marked the 2447th anniversary of Buddha's entrance into Nirvana."

The organizer and leader of the movement to rehabilitate Buddha—a certain Tei Suzukios, who claims to be a monk of the Buddhist church—declines to reveal the name of the female faddists who have allied themselves with "the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity under the most merciful Buddha, for the purpose of glorifying the essence of Buddhism, to settle one another's belief, to refine individual character and to present its influence (essence of Buddhism or individual character (?) to the world."

San Francisco has hitherto enjoyed the unique distinction of being honored by the "only Buddhist temple under the American flag." The honor is now to be divided with greater New York.

According to Mr. Suzukios, the sum of twenty thousand dollars has been subscribed for the preliminary expenses in the erection of a Buddhist temple somewhere in Harlem. As to membership of the Buddhist Alliance he is quite sanguine:

"First—The members are divided into two classes—the Right Member and the Second Member. Second—The believers in the doc-

trine of Buddhism, and those who take refuge under the three jewels—or the Holy Trinity of Buddha—the Dharma and the Shanga, are called Right Members. Third—Those persons, whether followers or not, who sympathize with and agree to aid in the objects and the work of the society are called Second Members.”

Mr. Suzukios explains that the term “Second Member” applied to those who were not firm believers in the Buddhist doctrine, but who would be welcomed as members of the alliance and could enjoy the social features of the new temple.

The “social features,” no doubt, will be in keeping with the sympathetic character of the American “faddist in religion.”

In a recent issue of the New York *Sun* appears the pertinent “hearsay:”

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: We hear a good deal about the smartness of the Japs, but can it be true, as I heard before this war began, that a Japanese carpenter is so correct of eye that he uses no measuring rule, and cuts off his boards with perfect accuracy by merely looking at the places they are to fit? Japan may be alert, but this seems more than to

METER HALFWAY.

“Tampa, Florida, Feb. 25.”

The doubt implied in the foregoing query as to the penetration of the Japanese carpenter, whose admitted mechanical genius would naturally suppose of the use of a “saw” in board-cutting, provokes research for instances in verification of Japanese proverbial “sizing-up” faculties—especially those developed by constant exercise in sighting intrusion upon their isolated conservatism.

There is a story rife that the Japanese government, having descried, through the “open door,” the proportions of the Russian “bear” as he ambled up against the line of “Japanese preponderance,” in Corea, measured off, with its “powerful eye” a suitable cage for venturesome Bruin. *Apropos* of “caging” may be recalled the adventures of Captain Golownin of the Russian navy who, while conducting a survey of the coast of the Kurile Islands in 1811, ventured upon the shore of an island under control of the Japanese government. The Captain, two of his officers, and four seamen, were taken prisoners and sent to Matsmai, where for two years they underwent an expiatory punishment, *in cages*, for offences committed by a Russian sea captain a few years previously against the unoffending Japanese inhabitants of that particular island.

The journey of the prisoners to Matsmai through native villages is thus described by Captain Golownin:

"Both sides of the road were crowded with spectators, yet every one behaved with the utmost decorum. I particularly marked their countenances, and never once observed a malicious look, or any sign of hatred towards us; and none showed the least disposition to insult us by mockery or derision."

Golownin further testifies to the humane disposition of the Japanese villagers who flocked from all sides to view the Russians when re-captured by Japanese soldiers after the failure of an attempted escape:

"They all seemed to commiserate us, and some of the women even shed tears as they presented us with something to eat or drink. Such was the expression of feeling among a people whom enlightened Europe has regarded as barbarians."

As a precaution against all temptations which the sea offered as a means of escape, the Russians were thenceforward rigorously confined in cages (like bears), placed together in the same room and nearly excluded from the light. The cage which Captain Golownin was obliged to enter was "six paces long, five broad and ten feet high." During their confinement they were inspected by the guard every half hour, and awakened from their sleep to answer the call. The Russians got very little sleep, however, as the Japanese guards, owing to their fondness for books, kept constantly reading aloud.

The Japanese availed themselves of the opportunity to profit by the mathematical knowledge of the Russians, and took pleasure in further improving their time by forming vocabularies of the Russian language. When the Russians were finally released after two years' confinement, the Governor of Matsmai ordered that prayers should be offered up in all the temples for five days that they might have a safe voyage to the ice-bound coast of home.

The occasion of the annual collection made upon the first Sunday in Lent in the Catholic churches of the United States, the proceeds to be devoted to the extension of missionary work among the Indians and negroes, has been appropriately selected for the publication of an urgent appeal for aid from all Christians. The Right Reverend Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, in the name of the Commission for Catholic Missions, while placing before our Catholic population some startling phases of the formidable problem of the future of the Negro in our midst, points out the duty of Catholic Christians and the vital necessity of concerted action on their part for the evangelization of the colored race. We quote Bishop Byrne upon a few of the points presented in his appeal. His stirring words eloquently plead the cause of Indian and Negro and suggest practical measures for their social amelioration and eternal salvation:

"It is very doubtful if the Catholics of the United States have ever fully realized the importance or full meaning of missionary work among the Negroes and Indians, or their own duty and responsibility in promoting it. We are not really a missionary people, nor have we the spirit and zeal which should inspire and characterize missionary work. And yet we must be missionaries or be derelict in our duty to God. This is a serious charge to bring against Catholics, who, valuing above everything else their own faith and salvation, should be desirous of putting within the reach of others the blessing and privileges they themselves enjoy.

"This neglect of a vital duty or carelessness in discharging it likely comes from the fact that it has never been brought before them in its naked truth and startling significance.

"There are about nine million Negroes in the United States, and of these not one hundred and fifty thousand are Catholics. And yet they are people free from prejudices and ready to welcome the truth and the graces of the Church. It is doubtful if any more promising field ever lay before a missionary or one whose successful cultivation boded more good to a country.

"For good or for evil the Negro will exert a commanding influence in this country in the not very distant future. Only a few years ago it was confidently asserted that there was no such thing as a Negro question, and to challenge the statement was to invoke only scorn and ridicule. To-day the menace has got well above the horizon and is discussed in newspapers and periodicals, on platforms, in pulpits and in legislative halls, and every means is being suggested and employed to minimize the power of the colored race against a coming day of danger.

"There is only one influence that can control the Negro, make him amenable to law, observant of the charities of Christian civilization and docile to the best instincts of our nature, and that influence is the faith of Christ. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and to control the Negro he must be inspired with the fear of God. His conscience, that ever present arbiter of conduct and sleepless monitor, must be formed upon the faith and the laws of Christ. The only agency through which this transformation can be accomplished is a divine authority, and this divine authority the Church alone possesses. Hence an enlightened and far-seeing patriotism, apart from any higher motive, should be an incentive to every man who loves his country to co-operate in bringing this population under the control of the Church and thus avert or lessen a possible danger in the future.

"But the need of priests, though important and even essential, is still only one element entering into the complex mechanism needed for the conversion and spiritual preservation of the Negro. It is impossible to make the work of conversion permanent, to have it at once as active

and enduring, without churches and school houses in which all spiritual agencies centre, in which they have a home and a theatre of action, and from which spiritual activity radiates and is diffused.

"It is sometimes taken for granted that any sort of church will do for the Negro. This is a very serious error and one that has materially retarded his conversion. It is almost as well to have no church at all as one into which he is ashamed to go. The Negro, even the most humble, has a vanity which is near akin to self-respect.

"He loves even in his church to preserve that self-respect and he resents being thrust into a corner or into a place which he feels a humiliation.

"The church, then, should be as good as our money can afford. Not only that, but everything in and about the church should be bright and inviting and cheerful.

"Another great need to perpetuate results accomplished by missionary work is the school house, and where possible a training school. If schools are absolutely essential, and have been declared so by the Church, to keep the faith of the rising generation alive among old Catholic populations, whose traditions have been Catholic for generations and who live in a Catholic atmosphere and in the midst of Catholic surroundings, how much more are they essential to a people who have just come into the Church, whose former habits of pagan thought still cling to them, and who with difficulty break from former friends and shake off former associations?

"Churches, then, are necessary and so are schools. Missionary work cannot be carried on and perpetuated without them. Those outside the Church know well their importance and they have spent money lavishly in building churches, schools, colleges, academies and even universities for the education of the Negro, all over the South. Is there a single instance except that of that noble woman, Mother Katharine Drexel, of a Catholic doing any such work?

"Is a false faith more potent for good than the true?

"To build churches and school houses, even modest ones, requires money.

"Are there no Catholics to come forward and help in this work? Cannot and will not the Catholics of these United States give something for a work so near the heart of Jesus Christ? Just think of it, the entire collection for the year 1902 in all the dioceses and in all the churches of the United States for missionary work among Negroes and Indians, the only one to which Catholics are asked to contribute, did not amount to within about two thousand dollars of the sum raised in a single meeting by one missionary society only a few weeks ago. And we boast that we

are twelve millions! It is a real consolation to be able, to say that the amount gathered last year was notably larger, \$98,095.41. Is a healthful sense of shame beginning to awaken in the bosom of the Catholics? Let us hope that it is, and that it will bring the collection of the present year nearer to the point of meeting the needs of our missions."

At the regular monthly meeting of the Holy Name Sodality, of Saint Dominic's, San Francisco, held on March 13th, the following resolutions of sympathy were adopted:

Whereas, The Almighty, in His inscrutable wisdom, has deprived us by death of the ministrations of our beloved spiritual director, Reverend J. I. O'Neil, O. P.; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while humbly acknowledging the will of Divine Providence, we sincerely regret his loss to our Sodality; for, through his piety, energy, zeal, and earnest crusade against irreverence and blasphemy, he not only endeared himself to the members of the Sodality, to the congregation to whom, as sacred teacher, he was tender and sympathetic, but to all God-fearing people.

Resolved, That while we recognize our loss to be great, we sincerely extend our sympathy to our Holy Mother the Church in the loss of one of her brightest ornaments, to the community, of which he was an able and gifted member, and also to those that were near and dear to him; and be it further

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Sodality and that a copy be sent to the Reverend Clergy of Saint Dominic's Church.

J. B. MCINTYRE,

MAURICE HIGGINS.

MICHAEL FARRELL,

Committee on Resolutions.

Steps are being taken to form a Catholic Federation in Canada by prominent members of the clergy and laity. Judge O'Donoghue of Ontario writes that he hopes that in course of time the entire North American continent will present a united front in matters pertaining to the work of the Federation.

Rt. Rev. John J. Hennessy, D. D., of Wichita, Kans., writes to Rev. Burk, O. S. B., National Organizer of the A. F. of C. S., under date of February 6, 1904: "I have always been in favor of Federation and I give you perfect liberty to visit this diocese in the interest of that society. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see all societies in Kansas united."

Some Recent Books
AND MUSIC

The ninth volume of the great historical work, *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*, published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, contains interesting accounts of the years 1593-1597.

The official documents especially throw a strong light upon the character and motives of the rulers of that period. In the correspondence between the Spanish Governors of the Philippines and the oriental rulers may be noted the strong contrast between the arrogance of paganism and the humble spirit of Christianity—the former seeking to “conquer this round expanse under the sky,” so “that all who live beneath the sky” might become its vassals; the latter braving hardship, danger and death in order to carry the light of the Gospel into the land of spiritual darkness.

The Letters of Philip the Second containing detailed instructions for the spiritual and temporal well-being of the natives of the Philippine Islands, reveal a truly paternal solicitude which is accentuated by his kingly munificence in providing for exigencies in so stupendous an undertaking as the Christianization of pagan races.

The publishers of *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS* are rendering an immense service to lovers of historic truth by the presentation of documents that so beautifully delineate the character of the Christian King, Philip the Second of Spain, in his humane efforts to uplift the corrupt savage in the Islands, and his prudential care to preserve his Christian subjects from contamination of vicious perverts. These volumes furnish most entertaining and profitable reading matter and they should be extensively circulated.

GORGON, A ROMANCE OF OLD ATHENS, by Charles Kelsey Gaines, is an affecting story of true love, tenderly and reverentially told. The beautiful Spartan maiden, Gorgon, and her Athenian lover, Theramenes, move through stirring scenes of blood and conflict in the period of great Peloponessian strife. The writer of this romance has deftly interwoven incidents in the careers of Lysander, Alcibiades, Socrates and others that reveal internal causes of the downfall of Athens. The love element associated with the historic truth delineated serves to impress the subject matter upon the mind of the student of Greek history.

Lothrop & Company, Boston, have brought out the book in attractive style. The illustrations, beautiful reproductions of George Varian's artistic drawings, present realistic details of ancient Grecian scenes.

Introduced to REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM, who, as a charmingly original child, starts on her journey through life, we eagerly await favorable developments promised by her honest, earnest character. Kate Douglass Wiggin has given us a heroine, human, indeed, but beautifully attractive and inimitable in her noble self-discipline. Rebecca is a bright, genial companion; she triumphs over the sorrows that beset her path while she scatters sunshine on her way. Would that there were more Rebeccas in real life.

The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have brought out the book in their usual excellent style.

A. D. McFaul, in his vigorous and entertaining story of IKE GLIDDEN IN MAINE, presents some bright scenes in rural New England life. Stirring individuals, typifying various phases of rusticity, as illustrated in a combination of shrewdness and simplicity, form an interesting study. The "horse trades" in which Ike Glidden figures as the Nemesis of injured innocence are particularly refreshing.

Handsomely printed and bound by Dickerman Publishing Company, New York. The numerous illustrations are especially commendable for graphic portrayal of Yankee peculiarities.

Music.

J. Fisher and Brother, New York, have published the following interesting musical selections: ANTHOLOGY, Op. 28, a set of six short recital pieces in grade three for pianoforte, composed by Edward J. Biederman: (No. 1) ERANTHUS (Rondino); (No. 2) GALANTHUS, a sprightly Menuetto—musical and a good study for the young piano student; (No. 3) AMARYLLES, (Gavotte), good and melodious, both parts quite different, and therefore an easy polyphonic study; (No. 4) IRIS, a dainty intermezzo, built chiefly upon short scale passages; (No. 5) AMERICAN BEAUTY (Waltz); (No. 6) ANEMONE, in Tarantelle form; (2) TOTA PULCHRA, a two-part chorus for female voices, by G. Ferrata, Fischer's Edition, No. 2435, written for the occasion of the fiftieth Anniversary of the Immaculate Conception, and dedicated to the Sisters of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Canada; (3) STABAT MATER for four mixed voices, with organ and piano accompaniment, by Joseph Rheinberger, edited by E. J. Biedermann: this is a very fine composition

and should be gladly welcomed, as *Stabat Mater*s of musical excellence are rare; the only two of any significance being the well-known and beautiful one by Rossini and the other by Pergolesi. This composition compares favorably with those of the great composers; an accompaniment for strings can be procured from the publishers; (4) *MUSICAL RECREATIONS*, twelve melodic compositions by the eminent violinist and teacher, Charles Dancla, in two volumes; No. 2325, Fischer Edition violin and piano; No. 2327—two violins. Each volume contains a short sketch of Charles Dancla and his work. The selections are melodious and enable the teacher to introduce some of the positions to the young student. At the end of each volume is a glossary of musical definitions, abbreviations, and signs necessary to violin playing.

From the John Church Company, Cincinnati, we have received the following folios: (1) *IN TIME AND TUNE* (Child Life in Music and Song), compiled by Penelope Poe. It contains a fine collection of melodious Action Songs, Motion Songs, Singing Games and Drills, with full directions and diagrams; (2) *IN SCHOOL AND OUT*, an unusually good collection of Children's Songs for The School, The Home, and The Playground, compiled by Frances Emerson. These two folios form a valuable acquisition to the special department of a musical library given to works on entertainments.

Percy Ashdown, New York, has recently published a series of songs written by J. Christopher Marks: (1) *COME AWAY*, a bright vivacious serenade; (2) *THE GIPSY'S LAMENT*, a pretty song in bolero tempo, written in A minor; (3) *GO TO SLEEP*, a sweet, soothing lullaby; (4) *NEATH SKIES OF SPAIN*, a fine spirited song culminating in a vigorous climax; (5) *THE ROVING GIPSIES*, a sprightly bolero, full of melody and animation; (6) *NO; NOT DESPAIRINGLY*, a fairly good sacred song; (7) *CUSHLA MACHREE*, an Irish Lullaby; (8) *THE SWEETEST SONG OF ALL*, a simple ballad of limited compass; (9) *SLEEP LITTLE ONE*, a captivating cradle song; (10) *THE KING OF THE MAINE*, a strong, vigorous baritone solo, text by Clifton Bingham; (11) *NOW THE DAY IS OVER*, an attractive, simple sacred song; (12) *THE BANDIT CHIEF*, a rousing song in the minor mode, with an interesting accompaniment; (13) *ANGEL VOICES*, by Agnes S. Buck, a sweet melody over a harp-like accompaniment; (14) *A DERVISH VIGIL*, a pretty attractive ballad by Graham Valmore.

Who are they that are called to perfection? We are all called to be saints. We are, therefore, all called to be perfect. All that are saved must be made perfect before they can see the face of God. But all are not called to the same perfection, nor to the same degrees of perfection, nor by the same way.

As in the kingdom of bliss there are many mansions, so in this order of grace there are many ministrations of the Spirit of God. One He called to be His own Mother; another to be her guardian; another to be the forerunner of the Incarnate Word. Twelve were called to be apostles; one to be the foundation and head of His Church; one to lie upon His bosom; and one was a devil.

As no two among them were alike, so neither is there identity or equality among the members of His Body. All are called, but not all to the same office or grace or reward. All have their vocation. Not one is left all the day idle. And all shall have their wages when the evening is come. In one thing they will be all alike. They will all receive of the free sovereign gift of God—eternal life. But they will not all have the same grace here, nor the same glory in heaven. All shall be full of bliss, but there are orders and degrees of beatitude.

First, therefore, every one that is born of water and of the Holy Ghost is called to go onward, from faith, hope, charity, sanctifying grace, the seven gifts, the twelve fruits, to the foot of the Cross. Not all in equal measure, but all in some measure. And God alone knows in what measure to mete out his grace to each one of us. Three things are certain: first, that He gives us an exceeding abundance of grace; secondly, that we do not correspond with more than a part of the grace He pours so largely on us; and thirdly, that we might all attain to a greater perfection than we do.

The essential perfection of the soul is the love of God and our neighbor. Who is there who has attained in this to what he might? What perfection of charity is there that we might not attain? And whose fault is it if we do not? The Holy Ghost pervades the whole Church of God with His sanctifying grace. Therefore it has the note of sanctity. With every living member He is perpetually present, not only in the holy Sacraments, but everywhere and always, and in every action of life. There is no perfection of charity, humility, poverty of spirit we may not attain. All of you living in the world, in trade or business, in the cares and work of home, you may all be united with God in a close and constant union; and with your lips to the fountain may draw from Him the perfection of charity.—Cardinal Manning.

Calendar for April.

1—Good Friday. Veneration of the Cross.

2—Easter Saturday. Blessing of New Fire, Easter Candle and Water.

3—First Sunday of the Month—Easter Sunday. First Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

4—Easter Monday.

5—Easter Tuesday.

6—Of the Octave.

7—Of the Octave.

8—Of the Octave.

9—Of the Octave.

10—Second Sunday of the Month—Low Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

11—S. Leo, Pope. Fortitude.

12—S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., Priest. Miracle worker of the Dominican Order (from April 5). Plenary Indulgence for the faithful: C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers.

13—B. Margaret, O. P., Virgin. Christian sympathy. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

14—B. Peter Gonzales, O. P., Priest. Self-sacrifice.

15—S. Hermingild, Martyr. Fear of God.

16—B. Constantius, O. P., Priest (from Feb. 26). Votive Mass of the Rosary. Forgiveness of injuries.

17—Third Sunday of the Month—Second Sunday after Easter. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

18—S. Francis Solano, Priest. Zeal for the Faith.

19—S. Philip of Jesus, Priest and

Martyr (from Feb. 28).

20—S. Agnes, O. P., Virgin. Purity. Plenary Indulgence as on the twelfth.

21—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Martyr. Humility.

22—S. Turibius, Priest. Almsgiving.

23—S. Casimir, Priest (from March 4). Votive Mass of the Rosary.

24—Last Sunday of the Month—Third Sunday after Easter. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

25—S. Mark, Evangelist. Love of Holy Scripture.

26—BB. Dominic and Gregory, O. P., Priests. On this day begins the devotion of the fifteen Tuesdays in honor of S. Dominic, in preparation for his feast, August 4.

27—B. Jordan, O. P., Priest. (from March 6). Peace. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

28—S. Paul of the Cross, Priest—Founder of the Passionists.

29—S. Peter, Martyr, Priest, of the Order of Preachers. Lively Faith. Plenary Indulgence as on the twelfth.

30—S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. Spirit of Penance. Plenary Indulgence as on the twelfth.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Emma, Widow; S. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor; S. Richard, Bishop; S. Julius, Pope; S. Leo the Great, Pope. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sophia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justin, Martyr; S. George, Martyr; S. Irene, Virgin and Martyr; S. Albert, Bishop. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Catherine of Siena, Virgin; S. Mark, Evangelist; S. Robert, Abbot; S. Walter, Abbot; S. Hugh, Bishop.

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BEADS.

The English word *bead*, as we are told by etymologists, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *bead*, a prayer, and from its Danish cognate *bede*, to pray. The German and Dutch offer similar words. It is probably this derivation that has led some to speak of the Venerable Bede as the founder of the Rosary. As there is absolutely no historical basis for this assertion, one might regard it as a mere play on words, if it were not solemnly offered as evidence that the gentle Anglo-Saxon Saint—the beloved monk of Landisfarne originated the use of beads. But with this point, we are not now dealing. We speak rather of beads, as we find them in history, as they are used in religion, and as they signify, pre-eminently THE BEADS or the Rosary established by Saint Dominic. Incidentally we shall speak of the different beads approved by the Church, but first a word as to the meaning of beads in other ways.

The use of beads as ornaments prevails to-day, perhaps over the entire world. Certainly, the practice is most ancient, and though it originated in primitive times, there seems to be no disposition on the part of the modern fashionable world, to relinquish it. History does not tell us where beads were first introduced. Whether Mother Eve, after the Expulsion, had recourse to beads or any of the appurtenances considered necessary and proper for the adornment of woman in our day, we know not. But we are told that the Egyptians dealt in beads, even adorning their mummies with strings of little balls. The Phoenicians also used beads, ancient art giving proof of this in many representations. From the Cantic of Canticles we can also infer that the Jews were not strangers to the effect of such ornaments. This for civilized people of the present gay world, too. Among simple and rude people, while we find the idea of adornment, we also find that beads were used for money. The Indian *wampum* is familiar to all readers of American history, and even to-day, many of the rude inhabitants of countries recently brought within the range of exploration and commerce, are wheedled out of their ivory and other valuable commodities, by the *Christian* traders who offer in

return some little highly-colored glass balls. These traders, by the way, are the worthy men who could ship rum and *idols* to the poor pagans they pretended to Christianize.

It was, doubtless, the sense of *value* and *beauty* attached to these beads by different peoples that first prompted their use in religion. The mere *counting* their prayers by them may explain their use, but we prefer to see in them the offering by the simple-minded worshipper, of what he valued highly, to the great Creator. We do not mean to state that beads were always employed in actual religious worship, though there is some significance in the beads of the Egyptian mummies; but we feel that there is something more than the mere accommodation of counting, and that the spirit of religion entered into their use. Thus the Buddhists used beads made of the sacred clay of Medina, and later the Mohammedans followed their example, but used the clay of Mecca. The pious Mussulman commemorates, as the Koran declares, the ninety-nine qualities of God on as many beads. Some of the modern critics who love to babble ignorantly and prate insolently about the stupid mummery of such *Romish* practices as "saying the beads," while they glory in pretending to follow the principles of Buddha, might here profitably reflect.

Among Catholics the use of beads is certainly ancient. The Anchorets and hermits, during the flourishing period of the "Fathers of the Desert," were accustomed to count the Psalms and other prescribed prayers, by little grains or pebbles that they kept for this purpose. Those who did not know the Psalms, recited the *Our Father*, and later it came to pass, as is mentioned in a Council of the ninth century,* that the people wore cinctures or belts studded with little knobs whereby they counted their *Paters* or *Our Fathers*. Thus the expression came into vogue: "Belts of Pater Nosters;" and from the fact that many manufacturers of these belts congregated during the Middle Ages, in one street of London, it came to be called *Pater Noster Row*, a name that it bears to this day.

From this *counting* of prayers to the multiplied devotions of beads now followed, involving various pious practices, the progress has been gradual. At the present time we have many beads recognized by the Church and known by different names. We give some. Others there may be, but the Church does not hold herself responsible for the invention or arrangement of every piously-disposed but unauthorized introducer of new prayers. It often happens that priests are obliged to acknowledge that they can not vouch for the various beads, cords and scapulars shown to them by devout but deceived people. The following are among those

* Calchyth, A. D. 816.

indulged by the Church: 1, Beads of the Seven Dolours; ⁽¹⁾ 2, Beads of the Immaculate Conception ⁽²⁾; 3, Beads of S. Bridget ⁽³⁾; 4, Beads of the Sacred Heart ⁽⁴⁾; 5, Beads of the Immaculate Heart of Mary ⁽⁵⁾; 6, Beads of Crown of our Saviour ⁽⁶⁾; 7, Beads of the Five Wounds ⁽⁷⁾; 8, Beads of the Precious Blood ⁽⁸⁾; 9, Jerusalem Beads ⁽⁹⁾; 10, Beads of the Holy Cross ⁽¹⁰⁾.

Thus, while other orders have adopted pious practices in which beads are used, these beads are not to be taken for the Rosary. Whenever, therefore, we use the expression *the Beads* simply, we mean the Rosary. Whenever the word refers to some special devotion, it ought always to be qualified.

Among these miscellaneous beads, therefore, we do not name the Beads of Saint Dominic, which, though called by excellence *THE BEADS*,

(1) The Chaplet of the Seven Dolours was instituted by the Servite Fathers or Servants of Mary, to honor her seven sorrows. It consists of seven parts, each consisting of one Our Father and seven Hall Marys. During the recitation of the Our Father and the seven Hall Marys meditation is made, in turn, on one of the seven sorrows of our Blessed Lady, namely, (a) the prophecy of Simeon; (b) the flight into Egypt; (c) the loss of Jesus when He was twelve years old; (d) the meeting when Jesus carried His cross; (e) the crucifixion and exaltation; (f) the opening of Jesus' side with the lance; (g) the burial of Jesus. At the end three Hall Marys are added in honor of the tears shed by the sorrowful mother.

(2) The Chaplet of the Immaculate Conception consists of fifteen beads, to which is attached a medal of the Immaculate Conception. The beads are divided into three parts: One Our Father and four Hall Marys, followed by Glory be to the Father. The ejaculation "Blessed be the holy and immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary," is said three times.

(3) This chaplet, introduced by S. Bridget of Sweden, is composed of six parts, each containing ten beads, and one part containing three. With each part the Our Father is said, followed by ten Hall Marys and the Apostles' Creed. At the end of the six parts one Our Father and three Hall Marys are added. Thus there are seven Our Fathers in honor of the seven joys and seven sorrows of our Lady, and sixty-three Hall Marys in honor of the years she spent on earth.

(4) This chaplet consists of the repetition of devout aspirations in honor of the Sacred Heart, repeated on beads consisting of three decades. Beads of five decades may also be used.

(5) This chaplet consists of five parts each, composed of one Our Father and seven Hall Marys, together with pious ejaculations in honor of the most pure heart of Mary.

(6) This chaplet consists of five large beads, on which are said five Hall Marys, in honor of the five wounds, and thirty-three smaller beads, on which are said thirty-three Our Fathers, in honor of the years our Lord lived on earth. The chaplet is divided into three parts.

(7) This chaplet consists of twenty-five beads, divided into five equal parts. On each bead, the Glory be to the Father is said, and at the end of each five, a Hall Mary is recited. The Glories are offered in honor of the five wounds, and the Hall Marys in honor of our Lady.

(8) This chaplet consists of thirty-three beads, divided into seven parts, in honor of the seven blood sheddings by our Blessed Lord; namely, (a) the circumcision; (b) the agony in the garden; (c) the scourging; (d) the crowning with thorns; (e) the carriage of the cross; (f) the crucifixion; (g) the opening of our Saviour's side. Five Our Fathers and one Glory are said in honor of each shedding, except the last, when three are said, to complete the thirty-three commemorating the years of our Lord's mortal life.

(9) By these are meant beads which have touched the sacred places or relics in the Holy Land. Such beads may not be sold, nor may they pass beyond the person to whom they were first given. Otherwise the indulgences are lost. So the Congregation of Indulgences, decreed in 1721.

(10) By these we do not mean any special beads, but rather the indulgences granted, by Apostolic authority by the Canons of the Holy Cross, whose houses are in Belgium and Holland. Five hundred days are assigned to each bead and may be gained by saying even one Our Father or Hall Mary. No meditation is required, and the ordinary beads of five, ten or fifteen decades are used. This indulgence is erroneously supposed to be the richest attached to any beads. It is true that one can very easily gain this indulgence, but when we consider the various indulgences of the Rosary, we can readily understand that the privileges accorded to the Dominican Beads far exceed those of the Holy Cross. By actual computation it is ascertained that by reciting the Rosary one may gain indulgences equal to two thousand and twenty-five days on each bead. And this does not include the greater spiritual profit to be derived from a continued and systematic meditation on the life of our Blessed Lord, beyond the mere recital of an occasional Our Father or Hall Mary.

are not reckoned as mere beads. By the Beads of Saint Dominic we mean the Rosary—a name applied probably from the time of the Saint to the Beads given to the Holy Father—and this title has never been, of right, assumed for others.

Different devotions there are, as we have said, and men count prayers in their honor; but it is only the devotion established by Saint Dominic that can claim the name that tells of the bed of heavenly roses, the garden planted, where we love to walk, and the mystic crown that we weave in heavenly numbers to offer to our Queen.

It is the importance attached by Saint Dominic to meditation that marks the Rosary apart from all mere beads. We must remember that it is not simply a counting of prayers, but an orderly and well-regulated recital, coupled with the groupings of pious pictures that bring Christ and His holy Mother vividly before our minds. This contemplation, stage by stage, of the life of our Redeemer, with the frequent repetition of the blessed words that announced to earth the message of Heaven's mercy, constitutes the essence of the Rosary, and Catholics always understand by this word, the Beads of Saint Dominic. We hear sometimes of the Rosary of this devotion and that (in fact, we hear of too many Rosaries); but no matter how much we qualify the term, we may not call them rosaries.⁽¹¹⁾ Beads they are, and such they may be called, with explanations to distinguish them one from another. In nearly all the languages of Europe, the distinction is observed in speaking of the Rosary. The word Rosary, or Psalter, means the fifteen mysteries or decades, and the crown or chaplet means only five. So in English we speak of the "Rosary," meaning the fifteen mysteries, and of "The Beads," meaning five decades strung or wired together. Sometimes the terms are used indifferently, as when one speaks of the beads he uses as "my Rosary."

The expression, "a pair of beads," meaning a set, is good old English, and there are many references in English literature to *beads*, by which the Rosary is understood. Spencer in the "Faerie Queen" speaks of *bidding* one's beads. Thomson in "The Castle of Indolence," and Scott in "Marmion," use the expression "telling the beads." To-day "saying the beads" is correct English, and no one uses it except to signify the recitation of the Rosary. Before Henry the Eighth withdrew England from the Communion of Rome, there was great devotion to

⁽¹¹⁾ On March 15, 1664, a so-called Franciscan Rosary was condemned by the Congregation, and the following May, Alexander VII confirmed the decree. On February 9, 1683, pictures were condemned that represented the Blessed Virgin in giving the Rosary to two Jesuit saints. In 1712 Clement XI forbade the Trinitarians to introduce what they called a Rosary. On August 13, 1726, Benedict XIII condemned a Rosary (so-called) invented by some Jesuits, and in the following year, on August 26, he forbade the introduction of any new devotion under the name of Rosary, without the special approbation of the Holy See.

our Lady in that country that brought forth so many saints. And the Rosary was prominent, nor did it easily perish in the land. So general was its use that frequent mention is made of valuable rosaries owned by wealthy and devout persons. In an old work published in 1576, we read of a coral rosary with six pearl gaudyes.⁽¹²⁾ We read also of the *Oraria* or large beads suspended in the church so that all who wished could use them. And even the form of ornament was taken in the devotion of the fair ladies, who carried beads in the form of bracelets on which they reckoned their prayers.⁽¹³⁾ So deep was the devotion of the people to the Beads that we read of a statute enacted during Elizabeth's reign prohibiting the use of beads in church, as complaint had been made by the ministers that the simple Welsh people still continued to pray on beads during the Church of England service. The noise of their wooden rosaries clanging against the pews disturbed the new style ministers. Unconsciously robbed of their faith, they yet clung to the Beads. And even the Anglican bishop, Jeremy Taylor ⁽¹⁴⁾ speaks of rosaries, referring to the garlands or chaplets awaiting the rector as a crown.

Thus it would seem, the spirit and the use of the name remained even after the wreck and ruin of the English Church that carried along with them the destruction of devotion to our Lord in that land once known as Mary's dower.

The Spanish people, especially in America, have expressed their devotion to the Rosary in a public and enduring way, by giving this name to various towns. In Lower California and Mexico there are several places called Rosario. So, also, in Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Ecuador, Colombia and Uruguay.

Throughout the world to-day there is no devotional word more familiar to the people, especially since the multiplied appeals of Leo the Thirteenth. And it is not merely a word, but a practice that has entered into the lives of the majority of Catholics. The spirit of October broods over the entire year. The ignorance that made some ashamed of "saying their beads," because they considered beads only a substitute for a prayer-book, has been dispelled, and few there are who do not understand, in some measure, that the Rosary is a wonderful book illustrated with divine pictures and that it is our gracious Lady who points out to learned and ignorant the secrets therein contained. Verily may we say with Faber, that it is hard to see any devotion in the man

(12) The Our Father beads used to be gaudes or gaudyes—meaning rejoice.

(13) It is now forbidden to bless less than five decades. These bracelets generally consisted of one decade.

(14) Holy Living and Dying.

who "fails to say the beads," and with Father Ryan in unison with those who are faithful in this devout practice:

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
 With one of you for richest gem
 That gleams in kingly diadem;
 Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
 In the days of twenty years,
 And I have moistened you with tears,
 And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled and friends have failed,
 And joys have died; but in my needs
 Ye are my friends, my blessed beads!
 And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time in grief,
 My weary fingers wandered round
 The circled chain, and always found
 In some "Hail Mary" sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
 Of inner life, to all unknown;
 I trusted you and you alone,
 But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
 A sign that I am but a slave,
 In life, in death, beyond the grave,
 Of Jesus and His mother fair.

Sunshine.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Just a little ray of sunshine,
 Yet it brought with it sweet
 peace,
 And stilled a heart's unquiet,
 Bidding pain and sadness cease.

'Twas only a sweet word spoken
 By the priest in tender tone,
 To a sinner, kneeling, praying,
 In the twilight, still and lone.

'Twas only a kind word spoken
 By the old priest kneeling there,
 Yet a message flew to Heaven
 And God heard the sinner's
 prayer.

'Twas only a prayer of mercy
 For his past life's sin-stained
 scroll,
 And God's smile, sweet in its bless-
 ing,
 Brought Love's angel to his soul.

The Story the Little Watch Told.

WILL W. WHALEN.

"How came *you*, here, little one?" asks the big silver watch of its tiny gold companion, as they lie, side by side, in the pawnshop window.

"Alas," replies the smaller watch, with a melancholy tick, "mine is a sad story. I am not yet six months old. A few weeks after my birth, a tall, handsome young man bought me, and gave me as a marriage gift to his fair bride. His name was James; hers, Nellie. I recall the flush of pleasure that suffused her soft cheek as she placed me in her bosom. I heard the rapid beating of her fond little heart when James playfully pinched her pink ear. They both were very happy in their snug little country home.

"Four months glided away on the silvery waters of the honeymoon. One day, I was lying on a table in the parlor, counting the seconds until my little mistress should come for me. All at once, I heard loud talking in the next room. One voice—what an angry voice it was!—I recognized as Nellie's I could not catch any of her words, nor those of the other voice, which I knew was James'. Shortly after, Nellie came to the parlor.

"'He has been unkind to me,' she said, lifting me in her hand. 'I have a hot temper, I know; but he is all to blame in this case. I will not stay with him.'

"She hastened to her bedroom, and packed her valise.

"'What does she mean to do?' I asked myself.

"Her angry blue eyes were snapping fire as she looked at my face.

The older watch could not resist the temptation to joke.

"Blue blazes!" said he.

The little watch was too sad to smile.

He continued:

"'I have just ten minutes to catch that train for the city,' she whispered.

"As the train rolled along, she, leaning her head on the cushioned seat, sighed.

"'Perhaps I am doing wrong,' she said half aloud; but the look of resentment returned to her bright eyes, and she quickly added:

"'No, he has been unkind to me; I cannot live with him.'

"She went to work in a city factory, having secured a cheap boarding-house. The landlady was a hard, stern-looking woman, one of those persons you would instinctively dislike. Nellie never took me to the factory. I was thankful she did not.

"A week dragged, dragged away. One night, my hour hand had

reached ten, and Nellie, kneeling beside her poor bed, pressed me to her bosom. Her spirit was utterly broken. I felt her warm tears on my face.

"'O James, James,' she sobbed, 'why have I so wronged you? I see my mistake now, now, when it is too late. * * * How my head and eyes ache! Oh, I shall never be able to endure the factory work.'

"Then she fell to praying, and her beads were wet with tears as she told them. But, sir, are you a Catholic?"

"I am proud to say that I am, my young friend," ticked back the elder time-keeper with a sanctimonious look; "so I do not take umbrage at your mentioning her beads. But continue your story."

"Nellie received very low wages for her labors," pursued the faint voice of the little watch. "She became ill. Yesterday morning, as she was sitting wan and thin in a rickety old rocker, the landlady came, and told her in harsh tones that she had to pay her board, for 'Mrs. Boggs doesn't keep no do-nothin's.'

"'I have no money,' faltered poor Nellie.

"I was lying in her lap, and, in a trice, the red-faced termagant had clutched me.

"'Ha! What's this?' she queried, a cold glitter in her bleared eye. 'This'll pay yer board, me dainty leddy.'

"Oh, the shriek of hopeless misery that came to my ears, as the landlady left the room, holding my trembling body in her rough hand!"

At this period of the little watch's story, a man, with a haggard, anxious countenance, chances to glance into the pawnbroker's window. In a second he is all animation; he sees on the watch's lid the well-known words: "To Nellie." He rushes into the shop.

"Where did you get that watch?" he hoarsely asks of the clerk.

"Mrs. Boggs, of 24 North Oak street, I recollect, brought it here yesterday. She runs a boarding-house, and it's not the first trinket she has left in our hands. I suppose she gets 'em from her non-payists."

James—for it is none other than he—hurries to Nellie's address with her watch in his hand. Next day, a happy couple are, arm in arm, at the city's railway station. Can this lady with the blushing cheeks, smiling lips, and sparkling eyes, be the Nellie of yesterday, the pale, sorrowful, sad-eyed Nellie?

"James," she whispers, "how could you ever forgive me?"

But James is not thinking of such a trifle as forgiveness: he is too happy with Nellie by his side to have thoughts for anything else. And Nellie's little watch ticks on in its old resting-place.

"The Reformation."**A TRILOGY.****VERAX.****II.**

Clear flames the truth o'er His-	To make two parties and both
tory's solemn door—	sides mislead;
Despite the pretty stories taught	One party against the other, at
in school—	your need,
That, just as sure as two and two	Through well-exploited passions
make four,	darkly play;
The sophist ushers in the har-	You'll find in both sufficient hate
lot's rule!	or greed
Ignored, mayhap, by bigot, knave,	To fire them and to mutual harm
or fool,	betray;
'Tis, nathless, clear in England's	So stands your tyrant power for-
history shown,	ever and a day!
Where any hide-bound Anglo-Sax-	
on mule	To bolster a position false as hell,
Of Tudor times its evidence	Bold Bess, the bastard and
might own	usurping jade,
The day "Nan Boleyn's Bastard"	Pursued the policy of Machiavel
mounted England's throne.	And heretic against the Catholic
	played.
The rightful heir was Mary Queen	Both parties she successfully be-
of Scots;	trayed;
But Britain's Constitution must	England she cowed into submis-
give way	sion blind;
To Reformation plans, and godly	Scotland by civil broils she sadly
plots	frayed;
Of pious traitors, clerical and	Her policy toward Ireland we
lay;	shall find
Besides, Marie was virtuous; Bess	As virulent and base as her pro-
was gay;	tervite mind.
And the "Reform," which fond-	
ly fostereth,	In secret sworn, as head of the re-
With heresy, each loose, immoral	form—
trait,	Though Liz had less religion
At once instinctively discovereth	than a Turk—
Its natural head and leader in	To summon back the ruthless
Elizabeth.	Lutheran swarm
	And clean demolish Catholic
Of government the cunning Mach-	Mary's work,
iavel	The perjured wench, with ill-dis-
Dictated as the best politic creed	sembling smirk,
For tyrants who'd rule strongly,	Took Holy Sacrament in full dis-
if not well,	claim

Of "Protestant Establishment" and "Kirk"; (1)	That, for a woman to orate in church
Inaugurating thus the fearful reign	'Twas rank indecency; but who e'er heard
That proved her hapless coun- try's everlasting bane!	Of aught so comic in all his- tory's search
The first enactment of the "bogus" queen—	As this vain English hag upon her papal perch?
Impelled, no doubt, by sheer vir- ginity—	Such comedy, howe'er, is close al- lied
Was to withdraw the niggardly centime	To tragedy; and now the gath- ered storm
From pensioned nuns, lest such indemnity	Burst over England in Satanic pride
For rifled homes should save from beggary	And sifts the Church like win- nowing the corn!
The angel hands that nursed the plague-struck poor	The graceless zealot of the mock Reform,
And soothed the fevered couch of Royalty;	By Cecil guided and by Walsing- ham, (2)
But Bess would see them beg from door to door,	O'er-run each city, village, vale and morne
And witness their starvation by the hundred score!	To dress the scaffolds and the prisons cram
She next revived the "King's Su- premacy"	As urged the bloody edict of this devil's dam!
Which made "Bluff Hal" suffi- ciently absurd;	Among the hierarchy, so weak erstwhile,
But how to fitly style her papacy—	'Twas now perceived how Mary had revived
Will some kind, comic friend supply the word?	The Catholic Faith, as, in true martyr style.
S. Paul in terms most vehement averred	They chose to be imprisoned or deprived!

(1) Such was the oath Elizabeth took at her coronation, during High Mass, at which she received Communion. "And while asserting to the Catholic powers her intention to maintain the Catholic Faith, she constituted herself the leader of the Protestant revolt, and sent to the King of Denmark, the Duke of Holstein and the Lutheran princes of Germany a confidential communication declaring her attachment to the Reformed faith, and a wish to cement a union of all its professors." (Lingard, *Hist. of Eng.*, Vol. VI, Chap. 1, 6th Edition.) Bess consistently pursued the hypocritical policy that marked her inauguration, and kept about her, as counsellors, such serpentine creatures as Cecil, Walsingham and Throckmorton. Through their agency she created the religious feuds in Scotland, and the Protestant rebellions in the Netherlands and France. She subsidized the press to spread Protestant lies calculated to rouse fanatics to revolt throughout Catholic Europe; and at the same time those fanatics, such as the French commanders Conde and Coligny, rebel leaders of the Huguenots, soon found how egregiously she had misled them, and how shamelessly she disavowed all complicity with them and withheld her promised aid, when they were caught in the meshes of treason to their country!

(2) Cecil Lord Burghley—the family and type seem perpetual—was a notorious persecutor of the Catholics during the Protestant Ascendancy in the reign of Edward VI. The cunning hypocrite pretended to return to the Catholic faith during Mary's reign, and was accustomed to let fall in her presence, as if by accident, a good-sized pair of Rosary beads in order to attract her attention to his conversion and piety. Mary never trusted him; but he was just the creature that suited Elizabeth. Walsingham, his colleague, gave prompt and successful execution to Cecil's dark and bloody schemes in the joint false cause of Elizabeth and Protestantism.

Five prelates, heavy manacled and
 gyved,
 For faith and papacy in dun-
 geons died;
 From their example others
 strength derived;
 And, while the monks were off
 to Tyburn hied,
 The peasantry were hanged by
 scores on every side!

And while o'er England swept the
 Lutheran storm
 Bess sought amusement in pa-
 rades of state,
 And flared at folks her haggish
 face and form
 To awe them to submission to
 their fate!
 The mayors met her at their cities'
 gate,
 At whose expense for months
 she revelled it
 Till out of house and home the
 fools were ate;
 At universities she proved her
 wit
 By reading Latin speeches all by
 Cecil writ!

Her handiwork it pleased her to
 survey
 In widest ruin, vice and misery;
 Contrasting grimly with her vain
 display
 And mocking fierce the royal
 foolery;
 Reformers riot in debauchery
 While looted churches crumble
 into dust

And nuns are forced to vagrant
 beggary;
 But Bess paraded on with fiend-
 ish gust
 'Mid hanging, starving, thieving,
 drunkenness and lust!

Bess summoned to her aid a gang
 of knaves
 To farm church livings under
 royal lease;
 A set of liveried lackeys and base
 slaves
 Called bishops, and employed as
 her police
 To nose out papists and the pre-
 bends fleece;
 This flock of abject creatures of
 the state,
 Her hierarchy, (half buzzards and
 half geese),
 Was pompously proclaimed and
 nominate
 The "Established English Prot-
 estant Episcopate!"

By canonists 'twill hardly be de-
 nied
 That the Succession Apostolical
 A question raised just here which,
 to decide,
 Demanded tact quite unequivocal;
 The Ordinal was clear heretical (3)
 In spite of all that Puseyites
 may prate
 Of consecration or of ritual;
 Nor was one bishop found who'd
 consecrate,
 Though many an English parish
 priest was candidate!

(3) The only legal Ordinal in England at this time, 1559, was that composed by Cranmer in the reign of Edward VI, which read thus: "Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee by the imposition of hands"—a form more applicable to the confirmation of children than to the consecration of a priest or a bishop; and which lacked the required expression of the commission to offer sacrifice—the principal office of a priest; while it expressed no conveyance of episcopal jurisdiction whatever. At a later date, 1662, Lewgar's arguments against the validity of Cranmer's Ordinal induced Convocation to adopt a more determinate form, in which the order intended to be conferred was at least expressed; but this was too late by a century.

But Bess, undaunted by so slight a flaw	Your Anglican Episcopate so smug
As Non-succession—trust a wo- man's tact	From these prime candidates for Newgate jail
In Church affairs and points of canon law!—	Derives, and thrives as Royalty's pet pug;
Made this decree—by the Re- formers backed—	Though, barring its mischiev- ousness, a plain humbug! (6)
"Whereas, her will sufficed when all else lacked,	
Whome'er she named let him be- lieve—or hope—	Base spaniel-curs that lick the hand that feeds,
He there and then was bishop by the fact,	And snarl and bite at that which not bestows;—
And don at once the mitre, ring and cope (4)	Time serving trimmers 'mid the warring creeds
In teeth of all the laws of Cath- olic Church and Pope!"	Who tack with every veering wind that blows;—
	By fraud subsisting as by fraud you rose,—
So on a pleasant Sunday afternoon Priests Barlow, Scorey, Hodg- skin, Coverdale (5)	Pursue your hireling trade and still compound
Met Parker in the famed "Nag's Head" saloon,	With British liars and true relig- ion's foes
And, with their skins well filled with rum and ale,	Till hastening fate in one just doom confound
Their mutual, jovial selves as "bishops" hail!	Both lying prophet and the kingdom falsehood-crowned!

(4) With no valid Ordinal, and no lawful bishop who would venture to consecrate, how could Parker and his associates have become bishops? On this difficulty six English Theologians and canonists were consulted, who returned an opinion that, "In a case of such urgent necessity the Queen possessed the power of supplying every defect through the plenitude of her ecclesiastical authority as head of the Church." It should be needless to remark that such an opinion is as anti-episcopal as it is certainly anti-Christian.

(See Lingard's Hist. Engl., Vol. VI, page 9, 6th Edit.)

Barlow is said to have consecrated Parker; but Barlow, as a heretical, schismatical, suspended and excommunicated man, could not confer the "divine mission" or episcopal jurisdiction thus forfeited, even supposing he were a bishop. It is doubtful that he was even a priest.

(5) In the vain effort to discredit the historic truth of the Nag's Head occurrence, the Anglicans can produce no better argument than a forged document in the Lambeth Register and a lying item in the pretended diary of the chief scamp, Parker.

(6) A humbug in point of religion, the Anglican Hierarchy has proved itself otherwise exceedingly mischievous; being directly responsible for all the penal laws inflicted on English, and especially on Irish, Catholics from the reign of Elizabeth to the American Revolution. In the service of the now Protestant Crown, as in their own, it was the congenial office of this "hierarchy" to administer the "Oath of King's Supremacy" or spiritual headship over the Church in England, and, subsequently, in Ireland. To Catholics it meant apostasy or confiscation, and, on a third refusal, death. The Oath created a vast revenue for both crown and "hierarchy."

"El Padre Santo" of Santa Clara.

ESPERANZA.

IV.

Nor was Father Catala alone in practicing extraordinary mortifications. Father Junipero Serra himself was a notable example; and, of Father Zalvidea a few facts have been made known. ⁽¹⁾ Could we get a glimpse at the inner life of California's early apostles we should, doubtless, learn the secret of the wonderful control that they exercised over the brutalized inhabitants of the Pacific Coast as evidenced in the transformation of the Indian savage into a docile Christian—the monuments of whose energy and religious zeal stand to-day and fill the student and traveler with amazement; but of this the world would understand nothing, so we may as well drop the subject, as it would lead too far out of the way. One thing, however, is clear: the old Spanish Franciscan Friars were cruel and tyrannical, indeed; but the victims were themselves, not the Indians, as Theodore Hittel and other anti-Catholic "closet historians" claim. ⁽²⁾

In the "convento" two rooms were reserved for Father Catala. One of these was the reception room or office. Its furniture consisted of an old table, a wooden chair, and a few benches. The walls were adorned with a crucifix and an image of the Blessed Virgin. The bedroom was furnished with a mattress covered with some homespun blankets, and a shelf containing a few books indispensable to a priest. The bed was

(1) "They are so strict toward themselves," says Perouse in 1786 of the Fathers at Monterey, "that they have not a single room with fire, though the winter is sometimes rigorous: the greatest anchorites have never led a more edifying life."

(2) The "Irony of fate" has not failed to overtake this defamer of California's early benefactors. From certain Ukiah dispatches, which appeared in the papers a year ago, we learn that ere this he must have discovered abundant tyranny and cruelty charges to sweep away much nearer home. For the present we refrain from entering into that subject, as we intend to take up all these slanders at some future time. One should think, however, that honest writers might have learned to overcome their prejudices sufficiently to take the trouble of investigating accusations made against the early California missionaries. It seems not. The very latest work out repeats charges which were too silly for H. H. Bancroft himself. One J. M. Guinn, Secretary of the Historical Society of Southern California, has just transmitted to his duped subscribers a work styled "Southern California," containing 1,295 folio pages. 1,089 pages are devoted to Blarney and fulsome praises of all that paid at the rate of \$25.00 per page. Into one hundred and seventy-two pages he crowds the "history" of the seven southern counties. Necessarily the "Secretary" had to touch the missions. What sort of a historian the author is we may learn from the fact that, on the authority of the newspaper gossip Hugo Reid, besides other slanders, he writes as follows about the saintly Father Zalvidea: "He possessed a powerful mind, which was as ambitious as it was powerful, and as cruel as it was ambitious. . . . He seemed to consider whipping as meat and drink to them (i. e., Indians at San Gabriel), for they had it night and morning." Guinn misquotes Reid here, probably for fear the readers might detect the absurdity of the charge too quickly. What Reid did write was, "they had it morning, noon, and night." On the other hand, H. H. Bancroft says of Fr. Zalvidea: "He was doubtless in those days a model missionary, and then and later was regarded by the common people as a saint." To Guinn's bulky "history," and to Theodore Hittel's as well, we may apply what Charles Lummis remarks of Bancroft's works: It is good for so much "cordwood." To the sincere student of the missionary period both are absolutely worthless.

rarely used, since Father Catala passed most of the night in prayer, and simply rested wherever sleep overpowered him. When he took to bed at all, his pillow was an adobe brick, and a human skull placed beside it was his cheerful companion. This relic of human greatness was frequently used by him to illustrate the catechetical instructions and sermons.

To physical mortifications the holy man added the more meritorious spiritual or interior acts of self-denial. Thus he is said to have been extremely reticent and reserved even with men; but before women he would keep the hood over his face. Nor would he permit people to kiss his hands. If the attempt was made, he would quickly reach out the cord or girdle instead. No one ever saw him angry or impatient; this could be accounted for only on the ground of his constant watchfulness and self-restraint. His speech was slow; when preaching on the Passion of Christ, the vanities of the world, drunkenness, the pains of hell, he showed considerable warmth. On the future of California he was enthusiastic.

It was the delight of Father Viader, his companion, to arrange and direct various diversions and amusements for the Indians; but Father Catala denied himself and would not take part. Nor did he participate in banquets, dinners, or social gatherings at weddings.

While such a procedure on the part of a Religious is eminently wise among white people, it can scarcely be considered prudent in a missionary working among Indians under the system which then regulated mission life. The priest there was the head, the father of the great family composed of many hundreds, even thousands of half-savage natives. He was obliged not only to provide religious instruction and the necessities of life, but he had to furnish wholesome diversion for the fickle Indians, and supervise those invented by themselves. Had Father Catala stood alone, his conduct might be termed inexcusable; under the circumstances, it was laudable, for it showed his carnal wards that, after all, man was not created merely for the sake of amusing himself, as they were inclined to believe; consequently, they needed restraining influence.

What the more ascetic Superior of the mission relished so little, his assistant, Father Jose Viader, with his leave and approbation, supplied the more abundantly, in order to attract big and little children to their God by preventing their hankering after the licentiousness of their former heathen ways. Musical entertainments formed one of their pastimes. This was one of the means all the Fathers employed to make mission life and Christianity agreeable to their dusky wards. When the temporal affairs of the missions were taken from the control of the priests and put in charge of mercenaries, the inventory of Santa Barbara gave this array of musical instruments: Four flutes, three clarionettes, two trumpets, two bass violas, one chinesco (?), one bass drum, two kettle-drums, six-

teen violins, four new violins, and three triangles, besides the uniforms for the whole band. Similar lists of instruments are found in the archives of all the missions. Truly, there were slaves in those Indian missions, but they wore the Franciscan habit.

Father Catala would never accept presents, and money he would not touch. Nevertheless, he exhorted the Spanish portion of his flock to contribute their dues towards the church as dutiful children; but the money had to be turned over to the stewards or administrators. If any one insisted that he take money for his own use, the good priest would decline it with the words: "Why should I accept the money? I cannot take it with me to heaven."

This poor Religious suffered intensely from rheumatism, particularly during the last three years of his penitential life; and doubtless his neglect of every comfort aggravated the malady. Yet he never complained. Sometimes, on seeing him move about with much difficulty, a friend would say: "Father, you are very sick." The reply would be: "Never mind; when I am about to die, I shall let you know." It goes without saying that he always held himself ready to meet his Judge. Every week he and the missionary of San Jose Mission would meet half way between the two establishments at an arroyo, or dried-up stream, for the purpose of making their confessions to each other. This was so common an occurrence that the people called the place Arroyo de la Penitencia," "Creek of Penance." Under this name it is still known to old Californians.

In Memoriam.

Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

Like sunbeams flashing on a sullen cloud,
Are selfless lives to earth's dark spirit bowed
To greed of gain, or sordid aims that drag
Our humanness, a leaden-weighted shroud.

Such life was his who from our midst away
Has passed into the silent yesterday,
Beyond the mystery of that star-fringed veil,
That hides the living from this clinging clay.

DOMINICANA

And earth has lost a sweetness since his face
Is seen no longer in its wonted place,
His footsteps tread no more life's dusty ways,
With something of his Master's tender grace.

No longer stands he where morn's glories shine,
Upon the snowy Bread and crimson Wine,
In sacrificial splendor linking sweet,
In rapt communion human and Divine.

We dare not read the secrets of that hour,
But we have felt its soul-sustaining power
In ceaseless kindnesses that day by day
Were scattered from his heart—a royal dower.

Nor would we shrine such lives in lyric art
A truer music, deeper pulsings start,
We can but voice that noble being with
The common language of the human heart.

And those he lived with, heart to heart, each day,
And those who met him on life's crowded way,
With but the guerdon of a passing smile,
Mourn the brave spirit that has passed away.

Yea, those who held him dearest by the tie
Of sacred brotherhood; who passed him by
Among the common brotherhood of man,
Are in sorrow and in sympathy.

The Easter lily lifts her snowy bloom,
The sunbeams laugh away the winter gloom,
That heart which thrilled to nature's loveliness
Lies cold and pulseless in the silent tomb.

Ah, no, the spirit has but torn away
This veil of flesh, this sordid robe of clay,
And in the eternal summer of the skies
Is singing an eternal Easter lay.

He gave for Thee, O God, his noblest, best,
He trod Thy footsteps, even where they pressed
The thorny path of Calvary, unto him
We know that Thou hast given Eternal Rest.

Editorial.

Among the attractive devotions sanctioned by the Church in honor of the Queen of Heaven, especially appropriate for her own month of May, is the fervent recital of the *Regina Coeli*. Substituted for the *Angelus* during Paschaltide, the *Regina Coeli* inspires joyful confidence in the promises of the risen Saviour. The impetrative qualities of this brief, but beautiful anthem to the Queen of Heaven, have been evidenced in an instance of historic note. On Easter Day, April 25, 590, Pope Saint Gregory the Great, led the people of Rome in the words of this prayer in continued solemn invocation for the staying of a dreadful pestilence that threatened the utter desolation of the city. Heaven was pleased to hear their petition and saved the Christian capital. Indulged by the Church the *Regina Coeli* is a most acceptable form of devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God. Fidelity to its practice will ultimately obtain for her loving children powerful assistance unto the joys that are eternal. "Regina coeli, laetare, allelulia, allelulia!"

The New York *Herald* of recent date thus caustically recognizes the merits of human *law* as an effective check to the scandalous increase of divorces. The modification of stringent divorce statutes in our several States, is the prolific cause of the legal separation of "incompatible" temperaments that the Courts have joined together merely for another Court to "put asunder!" But for the *Herald's* statistics:

"It is annoying to hear these Canadians boasting about achievements of their ridiculous little country. Do they know that in the year 1901, there were only 322 divorced women in all Canada, against 1,059 in the single State of Rhode Island the year before and 2,061 in this city? We could fill the Metropolitan Opera House with divorcees. In the whole Province of Ontario, with over two million inhabitants, only forty-eight divorces have been granted in thirty years, and some years there are none. You can't get a divorce there without an act of Parliament. Yet Canada pretends to compare herself with the United States, which had 114,965 divorced women and 84,903 divorced men in 1900, including 30 divorced girls under fifteen years of age and 2,427 more under nineteen years."

The foregoing record of civil annulment of the marriage bond is a lamentable travesty upon the Divine institution of matrimony, and one that awakens sorrow in the minds of God-fearing people. It is to be

hoped that the agitation in social and religious circles against this formidable evil will effect, at least, the enactment of laws that will deny opportunity to those who would wilfully violate the sacred principles of justice and decency.

Popular sympathy with Japan on the merits of her case having evaporated, there is a marked tendency to X-ray the situation for the purpose of locating our interests in the sequence of events that shall determine the preponderance of either belligerent power. Political eclipse has certain terrors, but our expanding territory must be safe-guarded.

The hustling character of the Coombes' ministry against the religious Orders in France culminated last week in the legal seizure of Christian symbols of truth and justice that were accustomed to find place above the Judge's bench in the courts of law. Now, that Coombes has removed what might remind him of inability to dethrone God in the hearts of the people—unless he literally "jumps out of his skin"—he may receive a stern reminder that the "Eldest daughter of the Church" is quite capable of administering a quietus in her own peculiarly effective fashion. May he live to repent.

We are pleased to place before our readers the following information as to the authorship of "The Story of Two Glasses," which appeared in our March number:

EDITOR DOMINICANA:—In your March number you re-print, with pleasant comment, a poem entitled "The Story of Two Glasses." The original words of the verses, in crude form, were found among the effects of a young man who had died in Florida, having gone there in quest of health. They were published in the *Templar*, of Toronto. While editor of the *Father Matthew Herald*, I changed some faulty lines in the poem, giving it its present spirit and swing—retaining probably one-third, or at most, one-half, of the original. The verses have won great popularity, but I have no wish to add to my fame by stealing the soul-work of one departed, whose name was not attached to the original lines.

Trusting that many inquirers may be satisfied,

I remain, yours sincerely,

JAMES RILEY.

11 Union Park, Boston, Mass.

The following tribute was offered and adopted by Ignatian Council, Y. M. I., San Francisco, in memory of the late Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

"The hand of death has again reached forth and has taken from our ranks one of the purest souls and brightest intellects that ever came amongst us. In the infinite wisdom and mercy of Almighty God our highly respected and esteemed honorary brother, Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P., has been called to enjoy the fulness of that eternal reward of happiness in Heaven which he so richly earned while he lived in this world of vice and sin and labored so zealously for the uplifting and regeneration of his fellowman, the advancement of our Holy Religion and the promotion of God's eternal honor and glory.

"Father O'Neil was possessed of mental faculties and attainments of the highest order. He was an eloquent orator, and it ever gave him pleasure to portray in choice and beautiful language the high ideals of a Christian soul. He was a fluent writer and his pen was wielded untiringly in behalf of truth, the love of God and respect for His Holy Name. He was a tireless student, a distinguished scholar, and he gladly and freely gave from his wealth of knowledge for the instruction and enlightenment of others. Always mindful of the dignity and sacredness of his priestly character, he was yet possessed of a charming, agreeable and affable personality, which greatly endeared him to all who had the happiness to know him.

"By his death, while yet the sun of life had mounted only to high noon and no shadows of the evening had come to dim the ardor of his zealous soul, the Dominican Order has suffered a loss that is simply beyond our power to calculate. The Catholic Church has lost an eloquent, brilliant and zealous expounder of her doctrines and a fearless and able defender of the Faith. Society can ill afford the loss of one so learned, cultured and refined, who so diligently sought to impart these qualities to those around him.

"This Council loses a member whose name was a distinct honor to our roll, a member who in the midst of innumerable calls upon his time and energies favored us with that splendid course of lectures which reflected so much credit upon the Council and placed its members under many and lasting obligations to our departed brother. He was personally known and greatly beloved by many of our members who sincerely deplore his death, but whose sorrow for his going is soothed by the thought that our great loss is as nothing when compared to his eternal gain. Be it

"Resolved, We, the members of Ignatian Council, No. 35, Y. M. I., in Council assembled, express our exalted respect and esteem for the memory of our departed brother, Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.,

"That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved father and relatives,

"That we also extend sincere sympathy to the Dominican Fathers of this city, and finally

"That we will earnestly pray for the happy repose of his soul."

I. D. DWYER, President.

C. L. EBNER, Secretary.

The following announcement of the restoration of rations is a gratifying result of a vigilant crusade against unjust discrimination in the case of Catholic Indian missions:

The Indian Appropriation Bill passed the Senate to-day. The bill contains an item which makes it impossible for the Indian Department, in the distributions of rations to Indians who receive such rations from the Government, to discriminate against Indian children attending Mission schools.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions desires to acknowledge its obligations to Representatives Sherman and Fitzgerald of New York, Curtis of Kansas, Brown of Wisconsin, Burke of South Dakota, Boutelle of Illinois, and Morrell of Pennsylvania, and to Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island, Platt of Connecticut, Quay and Penrose of Pennsylvania, Teller of Colorado and Dubois of Idaho, for the incorporation in the Indian Appropriation Bill of the *rations item* and its acceptance by both Houses of Congress. There was no opposition whatever to the measure in the Senate, and in the House the only man who placed himself on record against it was Mr. Stephens of Texas.

The restoration of the rations is due chiefly to Senator Aldrich and Representative Sherman.

WM. H. KETCHAM,

Director Bureau Catholic Indian Missions.

THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS,

Washington, D. C., March 24, 1904.

We again remind our readers of the opportunities afforded to members of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children. Although the membership of the Society increases encouragingly, the need for a general exercise of charity appears from the frequent appeals of zealous missionaries in various parts of the world. The Catholics of the United States need little urging to assist in so important a matter as the saving of one immortal soul. That millions of darkened souls await the helping hand of Christian brotherhood is a sad truth that can not be too often presented to the charitable consideration of earnest, enlightened Christians.

The *Dublin Irishman*, quoted in the *North Western Chronicle*, commenting on an increase in the number of Jews in Ireland, says:

"Twenty years ago we had a few Jews in Ireland. To-day we have Jewish magistrates to teach us respect for the glorious constitution under which we exist; Jewish lawyers to look after our affairs, and Jewish money-lenders to accommodate us; Jewish tailors to clothe us; Jewish photographers to take our pictures; Jewish brokers to furnish our houses and Jewish auctioneers to sell us up in the end for the benefit of all our other Jewish benefactors."

But, it was an English Jew that took their spiritual welfare to heart and kindly offered to help the Irish Jesuits "to hear confessions!"

The present extract completes our publication of the first Encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth:

It is true, venerable brothers, that in this arduous task of the restoration of the human race in Christ, that neither you or your clergy should exclude all assistance. We know that God has commanded every one to have a care for his neighbor (Eccl. xvii., 12). For it is not priests alone but all the faithful, without exception, who must concern themselves with the interests of God and souls—not, of course, according to their own views, but always under the direction and orders of the Bishops; for to no one in the Church except you is it given to preside over, to teach, to govern "the Church of God which the Holy Ghost has placed you to rule" (Acts xx., 28). Our predecessors have long since approved and blessed those Catholics who have banded together in societies of various kinds, but always religious in their aim. We, too, have no hesitation in awarding our praise to this great idea, and we earnestly desire to see it propagated and flourish in town and country. But we wish that all such associations aim firstly and chiefly at the constant maintenance of Christian life among those who belong to them. For truly it is of little avail to discuss questions with nice subtlety, or to discourse eloquently of rights and duties, when all this is unconnected with practice. The times we live in demand action—but action consisting entirely in observing with fidelity and zeal the divine laws and the precepts of the Church, in the frank and open profession of religion, in the exercise of all kinds of charitable works, and, independently of self-interest or worldly advantage. Such luminous examples given by the great army of soldiers of Christ will be of much greater force in moving and drawing men than words and sublime dissertations; and it will easily come about that when human respect has been subdued and prejudices and doubting laid aside, large numbers will be won to Christ, becoming in their turn promoters of His knowledge and love, which are the road to true and solid happiness. Oh, when in every city and village the law of the Lord is faithfully observed,

when respect is shown for sacred things, when the Sacraments are frequented, and the ordinances of Christian life fulfilled, there will certainly be no more need for us to labor to see all things restored in Christ. Nor is it for the attainment of eternal welfare alone that this will be of service—it will also contribute largely to men's temporal welfare and the advantage of human society. For, when these conditions have been secured, the upper and wealthy classes will learn to be just and charitable to those below, and the latter will be able to bear with tranquility and patience the trials of their hard lot; the citizens will obey not lust but law; reverence and love will be deemed a duty toward those that govern, "whose power comes only from God" (Rom. xiii., 1). And then? Then, at last, it will be clear to all that the Church, such as it was instituted by Christ, must enjoy full and entire liberty and independence of all foreign dominion; and we, in demanding that same liberty, are defending not only the sacred rights of religion, but are also consulting the common weal and the safety of nations. For it continues to be true that "piety is useful for all things" (I. Tim. iv., 8)—when this is strong and flourishing the people will "truly sit in the fullness of peace" (Is. xxxii., 18).

May God, "who is rich in mercy" (Ephes. ii. 4), benignly speed this restoration of the human race in Jesus Christ, for "it is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy" (Rom. ix., 16). And let us, venerable brothers, "in the spirit of humility," with continuous and urgent prayer ask this of Him through the merits of Jesus Christ. Let us turn, too, to the most powerful intercession of the Divine Mother—to obtain which we, addressing to you this letter of ours on the day appointed especially for commemorating the Holy Rosary, ordain and confirm all our predecessor's prescriptions with regard to the dedication of the present month to the august Virgin, by the public recitation of the Rosary in all churches; with the further exhortation that we invoke as intercessors with God the most pure Spouse of Mary, the Patron of the Catholic church, and the holy Princes of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

And that all this may be realized in fulfilment of our ardent desire, and that everything may be prosperous with you, we invoke upon you the most bountiful gifts of divine grace. And now in testimony of that most tender charity wherewith we embrace you and all the faithful whom Divine Providence has intrusted to us, we impart, with all affection in the Lord, the Apostolic Blessing to you, venerable brothers, to the clergy and to your people.

Given at Rome at S. Peter's, on the fourth day of October, 1903, in the first year of our pontificate.

PIUS THE TENTH.

Of the solicitude of the Catholic missionaries among the famine-stricken, heathen orphans of East India, for the Christian education of the natives we have frequent reminders. Especially interesting and of pitiable import is the subjoined simple appeal of the Secretary of the Catholic Missions of Saint Francis, Nagpur, East India:

With the assistance of our generous benefactors we have in the past year again succeeded in accomplishing much in our missions for the welfare of many heathens. A large number of these have been baptized in various districts; hundreds are still receiving instructions; thousands have been aided in their trials and needs, and Holy Church has been spreading her doctrine and fortifying herself in this diocese.

But there are still millions to be converted who are awaiting the glad message of the Gospel. Therefore, dear friends, help us and gain new benefactors for our cause.

Of the heathen children that were baptized in the previous year, and who are now visiting our schools, there are two hundred and thirty-five to whom no godfather has given his name or donated a baptismal garment; they are still waiting for this privilege. Some three hundred and twenty others, children and adults, will be baptized soon, but for these also we have no sponsors, no name, no baptismal dress and no present for their day of rejoicing.

Tell your friends of our trials and needs, induce them to participate in our work for the spread of the doctrine of Holy Church by their alms and secure for yourselves a lenient sentence on the day of judgment, when you shall hear the words:

"I was hungry and you fed Me; I was naked and you clothed Me—for whatsoever you have done unto the lowliest among you, that you have done unto Me."

REV. FR. PAULUS.

Contributions for these missions can be forwarded to Nicholas Goner, care Catholic Printing Company, Dubuque, Iowa.

The fifth annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, held on March 24, in New York City, reports gratifying results upon important points of interest to the members of the Society. Congratulations are in order for the special good accomplished in the diffusion of a wholesome, clean literature, and in the weeding out of calumnious, anti-Catholic statements made in certain text-books prepared for the use of public school children. Were the would-be authors of school histories and compilers of literature one-half as vigilant in their search for truth as they are complaisant in withdrawing misstatements, when compelled to do so, the work of the Society would be sensibly lessened.

Some Recent Books

If Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Jr., had revised his *ESSAYS ON GREAT WRITERS*, he would (perhaps) have seen the necessity for pruning. He gives fifty pages to D'Annunzio, and at the close tells his readers that it is impossible for the fellow to do great and meritorious work. We were aware of this long ago. When he puts Scott in the company of Shakespeare and Dante, we know how unreliable is his guidance. Macaulay he lauds, excessively, we think. Of Cervantes he writes appreciatively, but from Mr. Sedgwick no one would learn that the great Spaniard was a Catholic priest. Montaigne he treats generously, but it is in this essay that we find the most objectionable feature of the book.

On page 118 the author states that Pope Gregory the Thirteenth had a son. In declaring this to be a calumny, a slanderous, baseless charge, we feel that we should record of that Pontiff, according to history, some facts:

Cardinal Ugo Buoncompagno was, in his early years, a distinguished professor of theology. He numbered among his pupils S. Charles Barromeo. By gradual and rapid rise he became the confidant of the sovereign Pontiffs, including S. Pius the Fifth, and after a notable and edifying career, he was elected to the Papacy in 1572, and reigned thirteen years, dying at the ripe age of eighty-three. In refutation of the only alleged scandal in his reign, the oft-repeated misrepresentation of his approval of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, we quote Guggenberger, in his history of the Christian Era (Vol. 4, p. 249): "The *Te Deum* sung at Rome by Gregory the Thirteenth cannot be tortured into an approval of this lawless massacre. The first and official report of Charles the Ninth sent to Rome, Madrid, London, and the other courts of Europe, spoke of the deed as a prompt and well-merited punishment of a nefarious plot to murder the royal family, to upset the monarchy and to destroy the Church. The singing of the *Te Deum* in the French Church of Rome, and under French auspices, was merely an act of international comity, which is expected between friendly powers when one nation has escaped a great disaster. When later a detailed and faithful account of the massacre reached the Pontiff, he condemned it at once, with tears, and left no doubt as to his horror of the deed. The German Lutherans declared the massacre a just punishment of God inflicted on Calvinist heretics."

Gregory's biographies tell us that history would call him Gregory the Great had that title not been conferred on Gregory the Seventh.

Mr. Sedgwick's book has good qualities, but we feel obliged to stigmatize so grievous an error as the one just noted. The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, present the volume in excellent style.

THE LIFE AND TIMES of Thomas Jefferson so fruitful in subjects of present and future historical consideration, has been selected by Thomas E. Watson as an interesting topic for study. Written in a brisk, entertaining style, the book is fairly instructive. Historical discrepancies, however, reflecting upon American patriotism, have been overlooked by the author, whose chief aim appears to be the inculcation of a broad national spirit. The imputation that blue lights were used on the New England Coast in 1812 to convey information to the British and the alleged treasonable transactions of the Hartford Convention, are trifling calumnies that he has not refuted. Jefferson, whether as a patriot, scholar, diplomatist, benefactor or private citizen, is an illustrious figure in American history—one whose greatness of character will be better understood when viewed in the political atmosphere that surrounded him.

D. Appleton & Company, New York, have printed the book in excellent style.

Volume Eleven, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, covers notable events which occurred in the archipelago during the years 1599-1602. Disastrous in its effects to Spanish settlers was the attack of Oliver van Noordt's attack upon the Island of Luzon (1602). The official documents contained in this volume are of special interest, as they evidence unremitting efforts on the part of Felipe the Third in carrying out the benevolent policy of his royal father towards the natives of the Islands. The royal decrees provide for the defense of the coasts and the maintenance of a garrison in Mindanao; suggests measures for the suppression of irregular and fraudulent trade; furnishes funds for the completion of the Cathedral of Manila, the equipment of a seminary for Indian boys and the support of the requisite number of religious teachers.

The Governor of Manila is particularly harassed by the piratical expeditions of hostile natives of neighboring islands as well as by European adventurers. Luis de Dasmariñas writes to Felipe the Third in June 1602 urging that the Spanish re-conquer the fortress of Maluco, to protect the Philippines from attack by "those demons of English and Dutch heretics."

Each volume of the history of THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS reveals

the difficulties overcome by the splendid devotion of Catholic Spanish sovereigns in their earnest endeavors to colonize the Islands with persons of exalted character—persons whose example might lead many to welcome the light of Divine faith.

The editors and publishers are to be congratulated upon the results of their labors. The Philippines present all the elements of romantic adventure augmented by the strangeness of truth. This work cannot be too widely circulated.

D. Appleton & Company, New York, have published, under title *PRESENT COLLEGE QUESTIONS*, six papers read before the National Educational Association at the session held in Boston, July 6 and 7, 1903. The subjects treated are of grave importance in educational circles, involving, as they do, conflicting ideals in educational methods under changing conditions of American life. The views of prominent schoolmen will be read with interest: President Eliot of Harvard University offers "A New Definition of a Cultured Man;" Dean West, of Princeton University, discusses "The Present Peril to Liberal Education;" "The Length of the College Course" is debated by President Eliot and Dean West; also, by Wm. R. Harper of Chicago University and by Nicholas Murray of Columbia University. Economic considerations point to the necessity of a modification of the present college course. Assuming that Paterfamilias were inclined to give the boy the benefit of a classical education, the boy himself is a factor that can not be eliminated. With a commercial instinct abnormally developed, he eagerly seeks opportunity to astonish his fellowmen by manifestations of business erudition. Under an extended college course he is naturally restive, since it retards his progressive ascent to materialistic heights. The "young idea" seems to favor the amassing of colossal fortunes and then retiring to shades of classic lore.

THE IRISH IN THE REVOLUTION AND THE CIVIL WAR, as portrayed by Dr. J. C. O'Connell, form a goodly array of martial heroes that braved death in defense of American liberty. This praiseworthy record of noble heroism on the part of Irishmen in the righteous cause of their adopted country will stimulate patriotic ardor in the hearts of their descendants now enjoying the liberty for which they struggled in upholding the Stars and Stripes. Dr. O'Connell deserves commendation for this interesting contribution to American history.

The pamphlet may be obtained from the Trades Union Press, Washington, D. C.

A most reliable guide to Catholic Rome, including descriptions of more than four hundred sites and scenes in the Eternal City, has been published by The Messenger Press, New York.

PILGRIM WALKS IN ROME, so often trodden by the reverend author P. J. Chandlery, S. J., during ten years' sojourn in the home of martyrs, hold a fascinating interest for all privileged to enter those sacred precincts under his familiar guidance. The tourist, whose primary object is the veneration of monuments of religious faith, will find in this work information valuable for its authenticity and clearness. Those who have no expectation of a visit to Rome may form some idea of the splendid edifices of Catholic worship by a careful perusal of the description of the famous Roman basilicas. The book is profusely illustrated and is placed on sale for the benefit of the Zambezi mission.

The routes TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK, as described by C. A. Higgins and Charles A. Keeler, are picturesquely attractive to appreciative lovers of natural beauty. For tourists especially the book contains informational data of an extremely practical kind. Three hundred and twenty-eight beautiful illustrations present characteristic features of various localities along the line of railroad through New Mexico, Arizona *via* the Grand Canyon, to Southern California. The homeward trip through northern California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, completes a round of pleasure most agreeably enhanced by the suggestive hints given in this valuable guide-book. The table of Spanish names, with their meaning and pronunciation, appended to the work, affords profitable study and is helpful to the traveler.

Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, have brought out the book in excellent style. The cover design—one of the old Missions—is of appropriate interest.

The American Book Company, New York, has published with attractive illustrations the following educational helps: The story of REYNARD THE FOX, a special adaptation for children, by E. Louise Smythe, in which the tricks of the wily fox are exposed so as to deserve the disapproval of the little ones; THE NATURAL NUMBER PRIMER contains original methods by David Gibbs, S. B., for the effective development of ideas of number in the mind of the young child. Simplicity of form and language commend the book for first year's work in school; HOMERIC STORIES, for young readers, by Frederic Alden Hall; Part First includes stories of the Trojan War, Part Second is devoted to the adventures of Ulysses; A GREEK PRIMER, designed to occupy a half year, or, at most, two terms, has been edited by Clarence W. Glea-

son. Intended as an introduction to the study of Greek, the editor has sought to remove difficulties, which from his experimental knowledge of beginners' trials, he has found discouraging to students of Greek literature. Select readings from varied sources, copious notes, extended Greek-English and English-Greek vocabularies, whose value is enhanced by an unusual beauty and clearness of the text, render the work a most desirable hand-book for students.

HOWE'S HANDBOOK OF PARLIAMENTARY USAGE, published by Hinds & Noble, New York, is a most ingenious arrangement of rules necessary for conducting meetings on parliamentary lines. It is a veritable vest-pocket treasury of facts for the guidance of the chairman, the speaker or the member who has the floor. The book, opened in the middle, discloses twenty-six indexed pages which practically bring to view all rules, exceptions and quotations bearing upon particular motions. This little hand-book contains valuable suggestions for the acquisition of the culture that should characterize courteous debate.

WORSHIPPERS AT BETHLEHEM and SHORT READINGS ON DEVOTION TO THE HOLY GHOST, taken from the writings of Father Faber, have been published in vest-pocket size edition by Benziger Brothers, New York. Both booklets will be cordially welcomed for the richness of devotional thought and suggestive practices of piety.

THE PLANTING OF THE CROSS, a metrical version of missionary days in California, by Horace M. Du Bose, has been published by The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

EL DORADO, A TRAGEDY, in five acts, covers a remarkable period in the history of New Spain, from December 1539 to October 1541, when the quest for gold absorbed all other considerations. The story, abounding in love and adventure, told in blank verse by Ridgely Torrence, who, in his peculiarly powerful style, carries out the injunction of Poe:

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

But he chivalrously intimates in the dramatic climax that contentment lies in higher things:

"The gold

We thought upon proved no more real than thoughts,
Yet all the treasure of the earth or dreams was there,
And there I found it! And to you who brought her
Unscathed through all the wavering fire of perils
To me—for she herself has whispered all—
For your reward and thanks you shall behold,
As lawful wife, the maid you did protect."

Benziger Brothers, New York, have published in pocket-sized volumes some excellent meditations upon spiritual subjects. Notable among these are the beautifully printed booklets, *MATER MEA*, by Madame Cecelia, and *THE CRUCIFIX*, translated from the French by Frances M. Grafton. The beautiful thoughts, expressive of tender, profound reverence for Christ Crucified and his Immaculate Mother, contained within the pages of these pious books, are precious inspirations to that practical devotion that manifests itself in the true humility of a perfect Christian character. The moderate price set upon the booklets places them within reach of all lovers of spiritual reading.

STUDIES IN SAINTSHIP, a translation from the French of Ernest Hello, by Virginia M. Crawford, offer an interesting variety of profitable entertainment in the contemplation of so imposing a group of historical figures as Saint John Chrysostom, Saint Gregory the Great, Saint Bernard, Saint Francis of Sales, Saint Helena and Saint Teresa. The sublime heroism that animated these faithful servants of God in discharging the high duties of their respective callings, is revealed in the wonderful victories they gained over themselves, and in the charity they exercised toward their neighbor. Their powerful example will stimulate zeal in all who read these sketches of their noble lives.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, publishes the book in attractive form.

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS and *THE SURD of METAPHYSICS* are philosophically discussed by Dr. Paul Carns in separate volumes, handsomely brought out by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

CONSOLATIO, by Raymond McDonald Alden; *THE PSYCHOLOGICAL YEAR BOOK*, quotations gathered by Janet Young; and *FAIRY TALES UP TO NOW*, are among the recent interesting publications of Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

Calendar for May.

1—First Sunday of the Month—SS. Philip and James, Apostles. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers. Novena in honor of S. Antoninus begins.

2—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Fortitude.

3—The Finding of the Cross. Second Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

4—The Crown of Our Lord. The Third Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary (from April 24).

5—S. Pius the Fifth, O. P., Pope. Recitation of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries; C. C.; visit; prayers.

6—S. John before the Latin Gate. Love of God's House.

7—Octave of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P., Penance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Second Sunday of the Month Apparition of S. Michael, Archangel. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers.

9—S. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, Good Example. Rogation Day.

10—S. Antoninus, O. P., Bishop. Spiritual Reading. Rogation Day. Plenary Indulgence as on the fifth. Third Tuesday in honor Saint Dominic.

11—S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. Firm faith. Rogation Day. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

12—The Ascension of Our Lord—Second Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (This may be gained from the first vespers, about 2 o'clock, on the afternoon of the Vigil, till sundown on the feast.) (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. (3) C. C.; visit five altars of any church or one altar five times—the Indulgence granted for the Station churches in Rome.

13—B. Albert of Bergamo, O. P., Tertiary layman. Charity to the Poor.

14—B. Giles, O. P., Priest. Silence. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

15—Third Sunday of the Month—Conversion of S. Augustine. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

16—S. John Napomucen, Martyr. Purity of Intention.

17—B. Andrew Abellon, O. P. Hatred of sin. Fourth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

18—S. Venantius, Priest. Perseverance in prayer. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

19—Octave of the Ascension.

20—B. Columba, O. P., Virgin. Prayers for the afflicted.

21—Vigil of Pentecost. Fast day. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

22—Fourth Sunday of the Month—Pentecost. Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

23—Of the Octave.

24—Of the Octave. Fifth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

25—Of the Octave. Ember day.

26—Of the Octave.

27—Of the Octave. Ember day.

28—Of the Octave. Ember day.

29—Last Sunday of the Month—Trinity Sunday. Time for fulfilling the precept of Easter duty expires. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

30—S. Ferdinand, King. Modesty.

31—B. James Salome, O. P., Priest. Sixth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Monica, Widow; S. Pius V, Pope; S. Angela Merici, Widow; S. Pascal Baylon, Confessor; S. Ferdinand, King. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Julia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Flavia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Philip Neri, Confessor; S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr; S. Emily, Widow. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Confessor; S. Philip, Apostle; S. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor; S. Isidore, Confessor; S. James the Less, Apostle.

The Blessed Virgin.

Virgin, hail! like none before thee!
Hail to thee, all virgins' glory!
Gate of life, and ocean's star!
Though a mother, virgin doubtless!
Chaste in heart, in body spotless,
When thou Christ, the Lord, didst bear!

Mother, whose own Son created
And adorned and decorated
Heaven and earth and every sea,
Who lives, rules, and power possesses,
And whose glorious rule ne'er ceases
Throughout all eternity!

Him how shall we be portraying?
In what words a name displaying,
Which is so divine indeed!
To describe his greatness fully,
Goodness, honour, beauty truly
Doth man's highest thoughts exceed!

Or again, O nature! tell us,
Where thy laws are that compel us?
A pure maid bears progeny
Who, when Truth her womb encloses,
Worthless ne'er the lily loses
Of corruptless chastity!

Virgin 'ere the birth appearing,
At the birth and after bearing
Soul and body, she is pure.
Word of Father without mother,
Holy mother! without other
Father she in due time bore.

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Dominicana

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1904.

No. 6.

The Origin of the Jewish Sects.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH. D.

I.

The remark is frequently made, even by Catholics who might be expected to understand their religion, that the Jewish religion is older than the Catholic. But the very textbooks of the history of the Church of God used in all Catholic schools should suffice to prevent so grave an error.

The Catholic religion is the religion of the universe and the religion of eternity. It began in Heaven, as the society of the elect angels, and descended to earth when the first man was created in a supernatural state. The patriarchal, Abrahamic and Mosaic Churches were the incipient stages of the Catholic Church of the Christian dispensation—its embryo, as it were, slowly forming in the womb of time. The pre-Christian Church was related to the post-Christian, something as was the body of man as first formed out of the slime of the earth to the same body after God had breathed into it an immortal spirit; for, though already the visible kingdom of God on earth, it was not yet, as it became after the great Pentecost, wholly divine as well as wholly human.

All the religions of the world, without exception, outside the Catholic Church, are sects that owe their origin to a secession from it, either in pre-historic or historic times. From the One Church the Pagan or Gentile religions branched off during the Patriarchal dispensation; the Samaritan religion during the Mosaic dispensation; and the Jewish sects, like the Mohammedan and Christian, during the Christian dispensation.

The official guardians of the true religion during Mosaic dispensation were the Aaronic high priests, who, having been driven out of Judea by the Seleucid tyrants, officiated from the time of Onias IV (154 B. C.) until the fall of Jerusalem (70 A. D.) at the temple of Onion (Heliopolis) in Egypt, their place at Jerusalem being taken filled by a line of acting high priests illegally elected by Pagan overlords, except during the

Maccabean or Hasmonean kingdom, when the civil prince usually exercised the functions of the high-priesthood.

The spiritual succession of faithful worshippers of God, in opposition to the worldlings and those who allowed themselves to be corrupted by the influence of the Canaanite Paganism, was maintained chiefly by the prophetic order of the Carmelites, or Bene Nabiim, founded by Samuel b. ben Elkhanah, and greatly developed by Elias (Elijahu or Elijah the Tisbite) and his successor Eliseus (Elisha ben Shafat, the independent prophets like Amos of Tekoa and his successors, and the secular fraternity of the Nazarites (Carmelite Tertiaries), of which the Rechabites were a branch, and out of which came the Anavites or Ebionim, who were the devoted adherents of Isaias (Isaiah) and other later prophets.

The Anavites became known after the return from the Babylonian captivity as the Chasidim; and when one portion of them remained in the wilderness, where they had taken refuge during the persecution decreed by Antiochus Epiphanes, and organized themselves into the religious order of the Essenes, or "Baptists," (so called because of their frequent symbolical lustrations), to watch and pray for the coming of the kingdom of God, those who returned to the world were called Assidæans.

The Essenes, in spite of certain errors derived from the surrounding Pagans, and still more the Assidæans and the masses of the devout sons and daughters of Israel, kept the true faith, and the true spirit of religion, and gladly welcomed the Messiah, for whom they had so long waited, when He came.

During the Babylonian (Chaldaean) Captivity, when the remnant of the Holy People abandoned forever the idolatries to which they had been so long prone, the seeds of a new error were, in all innocence, sown.

Jeremiah's disciple and successor, Baruch, collected at Babylon (555 B. C.) the sacred Books, and gathered about him a band of Levites who devoted themselves to copying and studying them, that the lamp of sacred learning might not be dimmed. These scribes (*opherim*) continued their work under the prophet Ezechiel ben Buzi and his successors. At the time of the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the re-establishment of religion in Judæa under Esdras and Nehemias a great assembly of the people (*Keneseth Haggadol*) was held at which the obligations of the Law were solemnly renewed, and a permanent Council of Seventy (afterwards called the Synhedrion or Sanhedrim) was established, under the nominal presidency of the high priest, which was at once the city council of Jerusalem and the ecclesiastical legislature of Judæa. By its instrumentality houses for prayer, and the public reading of the Scrip-

tures (*maade-El* or synagogues) were established for the first time, as well as schools (*beth waad*) for the study of the Sacred Books. The "Men of the Great Synagogue," as Ezra and his first successors in the Sanhedrim were called, made numerous laws or regulations (afterwards known as the *Dibre Sopherim*) having as their original object a more strict enforcement of the Mosaic law.

The scribes were the teachers of the schools, in which they explained and commented on the Scriptures and the *Dibre Sopherim*, and their interpretations (called *Midrashim*, or expositions), handed down from one generation to another, ultimately developed into a supplementary body of oral tradition, which differed from the divine tradition handed down from the primeval ages in that it consisted simply of the accumulated decisions of a line of private teachers.

The two principal teachers among the Assidæans in the time of Onias III were José (Joseph) ben Joëzer (162 B. C.) of Jereda, who taught a policy of exclusiveness, and discouraged the association of the Scribes with the masses of the people, and his contemporary José ben Jochanan, of Jerusalem, who taught a special regard for the poor and needy.

After the death of Judas Maccabæus (162 B. C.) a new party arose among the Assidæans, composed of the adherents of the scribes, and animated by the spirit, doctrines and principles of Jose b. Joëzer. It was known as the *Parushim* or Pharisees.

The party of the Pharisees represented a reaction to the opposite extreme from that of the Epicurean Hellenists, headed by the Tobiadæ, a family descended from the great and learned high priest Simon the Just (c. 250), which at the beginning of the second century before Christ had endeavored to propagate the Pagan Greek manners and customs and the materialistic philosophy of Democritus and Epicureus.

A similar tendency in a much milder form appeared in the Zadukians or Sadducees, who, under the lead of their first great teacher, Zadok, rejected not only the traditions of the Scribes, but also the whole body of oral tradition, including the doctrines of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body—on the ground that these were not taught in the Scriptures; though they professed themselves loyal followers of the religion of Israel, and gave devoted allegiance to the Hasmonæan dynasty.

Still more worldly were the Herodians, a purely political party, at the beginning of the Christian era, consisting of the partisans of the Idumæan dynasty (Herod the Great and his successors).

"The Reformation."

A TRILOGY.

VERAX.

III.

'Tis grand to see the brave and patriot few Hold back invading armies from their land;— It's grand to see a bully get his due— His frantic flight and yells are really grand! The valor faith and liberty de- mand, By history's verdict, Ireland! is all thine, And boldened thee proud Britain to withstand With courage tried and con- stancy sublime That place thee in the van amid the braves of time! With England quite reformed, and well subdued, And Scotland sizzling in a fatal fry Of civil broil and hot sectarian feud, Bess turned on Ireland her ma- lignant eye;— Through deputy, adventurer and spy, With Cecil's brain and hand of Walsingham, She set on foot a scheme of dark- est dye In all the blood-stained history of man, And which her name and memory will forever damn! Though northern nations followed her bad lead,	The Irish crossed her proud, sa- tanic hope By clinging to their treasured Christian Creed And loyally acknowledging the Pope! At which Bess gave her fury boundless scope; And, with all England's power at her hand, Essayed with this high issue now to cope, And, spite of blood and treasure 'twould demand, The Irish doomed to cede or Faith or native land! By Dublin Parliament, discreetly packed With minions aptly through the Pale bestowed, She first secured as law the mons- trous Act— "Supremacy" and bloody "Penal Code;" Then straightway, in true Reforma- tion mode— Deporting souls to heaven by the sword— Of arms and ammunition shipped a load, And with it, into Catholic Ire- land poured A hungry, murderous, apostate English horde! As England swarmed with paupers of no use, Reforming Bess had cried up far and near A scale of booty proper to induce
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The starved, apostate thieves to volunteer;— Of Irish land one hundred acres clear To every footman, to be held in fee From Bess, each acre at a penny a year; Two hundred at an annual tu- penny To every beggar horseman of the companie! With English thugs allowed so free a hand, And with such small annuity to pay For seizure of the Irish Catholics' land, Pillage became the order of the day! Without a trial and without delay, Whoe'er resisted or would not conform, Of Penal Code became the hope- less prey; And wildly raged the Reforma- tion storm In rampant villainy and sacri- lege enorme! The race that meekly could such wrongs endure Were worthy of base slavery's lash and thong; But Irish faith kept freedom's altar pure From taint of tyrant hands, how- ever strong; And now, at sight of all the home- less throng Who, starving, and half-naked, roam afar;—	Their murdered priests,—their women's nameless wrong!— The Irish rise the dragon's path to bar, And wage against Elizabeth re- lentless war! The Ulster heights aflame with freedom's star, And, down the vales, the echo- ing bugle tone From high Lough Neagh to distant Mullingar The chieftain's summons to the clan make known;— From out the deep, wild glens of free Tyrone Pour down three thousand Irish, brave and leal As ever fought for altar, hearth and throne.— To battle lighted by the flashing steel Of the invincible, immortal Shane O'Neill! The English are cooped up in Derry Town,—⁽¹⁾ Of their atrocities the awful scene;— Shane leads his gallant army swiftly down;— The battle rages fierce from morn till e'en;— Sweet victory perches on the flag of green!— As into Irish hands the city fell, Shane ordered them to fire the magazine,— And seven hundred shriveled corpses tell How fared the British brutes with that foretaste of hell!
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(1) The English, under Randolph, had taken possession of the town of Derry, and turned the Monastery and Church of St. Columbe into a magazine for powder and other munitions of war. Feeling themselves secure, the soldiers pillaged and looted throughout the town, and went so far as to assault the women. Shane knew of their villainies, and, as they had sought refuge in their church-magazine, and were too slow in surrendering to the conqueror, he ordered the magazine to be blown up. See Sir Francis Burke, *Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. IV.

Short time the English had to loaf or "bum,"	Wide flames the war as to the bold ensign
As suddenly O'Neill upon them came,	Of princely Hugh O'Neill the chieftain's pour ⁽⁴⁾
And kept them on the constant jump and run,—	And all the clans of Ireland now combine;—
All "rattled" by the terror of his name!	Nine hundred English fall before O'More;
Good Bess engaged a spy to poi- son Shane, ⁽²⁾	O'Brien as many fells at Glenma- lore;
And placed a heavy price upon his head;	Fitzmaurice scores his hundreds in Tralee,
Meanwhile, in battle of "Red Sa- gums" fame,	And Desmond carves an English army corps;
To victory the Irish boys he led, And left upon the field four hun- dred English dead!	Great Hugh pinks thirteen hun- dred merrily;
	While Conn sets full two thou- sand British spirits free!
Shane's son, the gallant Brien McArt O'Neill,	
Sustained the war, and made the English pards	Brave Tyrell and the grand O'Con- nor Roe
From many an Irish town turn tail and speel	Lord Borrough's army clean an- nihilate!
As nimbly as they clambered out of Ardes!	But two escape to tell the tale of woe
At game of war the Irish "gave them cards;"	In Mullingar, and warn it of its fate!
While British soldiers followed their old plan	O'Donnell's victories 'twere long to state;
Of pillaging all homes bereft of guards;	Through Ireland's length and breadth they're fully known;
And while from Irish swords they hotly ran,	And, spite of British vanity and hate,
They massacred the weak and aged of the clan! ⁽³⁾	By England's own State Papers ample shown,—

(2) The crime of poisoning was a favorite resource of "good" Bess. She commissioned Poltrot to poison the Duke of Guise. She sent Ratcliffe to do the same for Don John of Austria; and often urged the poisoning of her prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots. See Lingard's Hist. of Engl.—Elizabeth.

(3) In revenge of his defeat at the hands of O'More, the English governor of Leix, Alexander Cosby, convened a meeting of the principal inhabitants, under pretense of the public welfare, to the number of one hundred and eighty of the clan of O'More, and had them all butchered by his English soldiers. See Burke's Port. Tudor Dynasty, —Elizabeth.

(4) For some time the chiefs and clan of the O'Neill were alone in the war against England, because the English, on their favorite principle—divide and crush—had prejudiced the O'Donnell and other chiefs against the O'Neills. They even provoked them to war on each other, and took sides with O'Donnell. But the chiefs eventually detected the English ruse, and united their forces against the common enemy of Ireland. Our verses by no means instance all the Irish victories over the English; but even these are passed over in silence and obscured by the vanity and bad faith of English historians.

What though your English Histories pass them or disown?	Were nobly freed, and, without further bar, Marched out with all the rights of honorable war! (7)
Some further damning facts they let alone, Which the <i>enfants terribles</i> of our day Have from State Papers to the public blown. And which on England cast the Radium Ray! From Bess the Scottish hellots got their pay For treacherously stabbing mighty Shane! She also sent approval for the way Brave Brian O'Neill was murdered, with his train, (5) And for the way the Smerwick garrison was slain! (6)	The same State Papers calmly numerate The fiendish deeds the English soldiers wrought On Irish maids and mothers, and the fate Of Irish babes on English lances caught;— A British trick their generals liked and taught, And by good Bess right well approved and praised! All feeble refugees were strictly sought And butchered as discovered, blind and dazed, In fields and woodlands straying, by starvation crazed! (8)
State Papers aid us sharply to contrast The conduct of the war on either side;— The English treachery from first to last, And Irish honor true wherever tried! Whoe'er surrendered to the English died A death appalling even to Turk or Czar;— The conquered who on Irish troth relied	For fifteen years in the unequal strife Fell chief on chief, to treachery a prey From poisoned cup and the assassin's knife; Though Hugh O'Neill, like noble stag at bay, Drove back and gored the army under Grey, And forced proud Bess to parley for a truce!—

(5) Under Deputy Essex, Brian O'Neill and two hundred of his retainers were invited to a peaceful convention with the English, and there murdered. The Queen sent her approval.

Among the few fair historians of the day, who are not manipulators of "English School Histories," is Sir Francis Burke, whose honest volumes on the Tudor Dynasty, compiled from State Papers, elicited, in the course of their publication, numerous letters from his English friends begging him to "quit."

(6) The starving (Spanish) garrison at Smerwick, having accepted the English terms of surrender, were slaughtered to a man on laying down their arms.

(7) Hugh O'Neill, the victor of Monaghan and Armagh, allowed the English garrison to march out with the honors of war; and his subordinate chiefs observed the same honorable conduct throughout this struggle of fifteen years' duration.

(8) "In Rathlin Island, under Essex, the aged, sick, blind, starving and crazed Irish refugees, with their women and children, were slain to the number of four hundred; and for this Elizabeth sent to Commander Norris her approval and promise of promotion." (Burke, *Portraits of Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. IV.)

Her word was fragile as the brittle clay,—	In her affairs their snivelling noses poke,
As false as oath of the infernal deuce;	And to the royal wench their wish convey
As British faith and honor worthless and as loose! ⁽⁹⁾	That she'd submit to matrimony's yoke;
	At which the "virgin" laughed, as at the rarest joke!
By towering clouds of smoke that skyward rise	
From burning hamlet, granary and field;	Young Seymour was her earliest paramour;
By shrieks of women and their children's cries;	"Sweet Robin" Dudley she took up with next;
By mounds of Irish slain, who hopeless kneeled,	Of both which gents, the vixen, to be sure,
And faith and freedom with their heart's blood sealed;	Cut off the heads—whate'er the "virgin" vexed!
By famine's ravage and the plague's fell breath; ⁽¹⁰⁾	She then took Essex; but soon found pretext
By these stands British perfidy revealed;	To chop his head off and his treasures nab!
While deputies inform Elizabeth	Awile Sir Raleigh she in lust annexed;
That "Ireland is at peace"—alas! the peace of death!	But mostly was accustomed to cohab
	With Lester, the base bastard of a gypsy drab! ⁽¹¹⁾
While thus her deputies conducted war	
Bess spent her time in fashion extra gay;—	Yet if her portraits, by her friends, we trust,
At Court—a veritable Lupanar—	No earthly grounds had Bess to play the Belle;
No lady of propriety could stay!	'Twas natal and hereditary lust
Her parliament presumptuously, one day,	

(9) "Captain Brabason exceeded Norris' heroic exploits on these helpless creatures, and made a hecatomb of aged and feeble men, of young mothers and babes; while Lord Ormond admitted that he himself had 'executed one hundred and thirty-four unarmed and defenceless Irish.'" (Burke, *Portraits of Tudor Dynasty*.—*State Papers*, Vol. IV.)

Besides the hundreds of Irish priests and monks massacred by the English soldiers, Archbishop O'Hurley and Abbots Boyle and Mulkeran were hanged, drawn and quartered, after unspeakable tortures, by express orders of Elizabeth.

(10) During this pretended truce with Tyrone, the principal article of which—freedom of worship for Irish Catholics—was rejected by Elizabeth, the English army in its progress through the south drove the whole country before it; took or slew all the cattle; put the defenceless people to the sword without mercy; burned the grain-fields and all provisions; searched the woods where starving Irish refugees were hiding, and slew them as they emerged, sparing neither man, woman nor child. Irish prisoners who offered ransoms were hanged as soon as they brought them into the English camp. Thus, the whole country being devastated, famine and pestilence did the rest. See Hollingshead's *Hibernia Pacata*, VI, p. 427; Spencer's *Ireland*, p. 165; Lecky's *History of the period in Ireland*, and Sir Francis Burke's *Port. Tudor Dynasty*, Vol. IV.

(11) This list of the "Virgin Queen's" lovers is matter of unanimous history, and is much curtailed here for want of space.

That ever did her shameless soul
impel;—
She was *petite* as a French
tailor's ell;
Her small eyes squinted and were
dull as lead;
Her long, hooked nose across
her shark mouth fell
And joined her upturned chin; her
neckless head
On hunchback shoulders squat-
ted, and her hair was red!
(12)
Her manners, history tells us, har-
monized
With this true portrait of the
royal fright;
Her court and lovers oft were ter-
rorized,
The way she'd rave and stamp
and curse and fight!
The gossips say that she was often
"tight"!
Her strut with an uncertain halt
or hitch
Might give that notion to some
waggish wight;
This truth, at least, I'll carve be-
neath her niche,—
The last of Tudors was a veri-
table witch!

There comes a time, at length,
which tyrants dread—
The period of infirm, decrepid
age—
Which wrests from Freedom's
neck their ruthless tread
And warns them they must hus-
tle off the stage!
More dreadful still when nor good
deeds engage,
Nor sober sense, nor penitent re-
gret,
Nor hopes of heaven the saddened
mind assuage;

But still to see hell's schemes
the soul beset,
And, tiger-like, for blood the
tyrant thirsting yet!

Bess aged, of course, while reign-
ing forty years;
Yet revelled with increased fri-
volity,
At once to down her very natural
fears
And England fool by seeming
gaiety;—
"Never before was seen such jol-
lity!"
While deeper still her subjects
to deprave,
She spurned the laws of public de-
cency,
And sported, though with one
foot in the grave,
In open dalliance with the low
Clanrickarde knave!

As spider gloating o'er the entan-
gled fly
And long before proceeding to
devour
Retains it to entangle others by,
Bess held the queen of Scots in
her fell power
For eighteen years, till ripe the
fated hour
That doomed the noblest and
most ancient stock
Of Catholic peers, with Mary, to
the Tower;
From whence they issued but to
meet the Block;
So Bess contrived the lonely
hours of age to mock!

And yet, despite such sport, his-
torians tell,
The bloody-minded hag quite
"pensive grew;"

(12) According to the best historians, red was the color of the hair she wore, though the article was admittedly none of her growth. At her death, the royal wardrobe con-
tained eighty wigs of the same flaming color. See Lingard, Drane, et al.

She seemed to think of nought so
much as hell,
If thus her awful "scares" we
may construe;
And, naturally, as pensive folk will
do,
From too hard thinking she grew
"taciturn,"
And even refused to speak to those
she knew;
To proffered solace a deaf ear
she'd turn,
And with an oath her Clergy
from her presence spurn.

In such bad state she rode, one
stormy day,
From Winchester to Richmond.
where, we're told
In quite a plain and humdrum sort
of way,
"Her majesty contracted" a bad
cold."
On colds and fevers we were
taught of old
To starve the latter and the for-
mer stuff,—
And the prescription yet is worth
your gold;
But Bess would nothing eat, or
not enough;
Which spoiled the recipe, and
rendered her case tough.

"Nor doctors' remedies" would
she accept;
A fact at which we need not
stand amazed;

Her case must any medical adept
Of that or present century have
phased.
The medical profession must be
praised
For all the wretched human ills
they've eased;
But there's no virtue for the con-
science-crazed
Or for the terrors of a mind dis-
eased
In doctors' nostrums were they
learned as we pleased.

So Bess, with "hands pressed
tightly to her head,"
Would stand for hours in a
frightened stare!
"She could not be induced to go to
bed,
For reason of the horrors he saw
there!"
Refusing change of clothes, she
kept her chair.
A prey to haunting ghosts and
demon sprites;
And sat, like sculptured image of
despair,
For three long, gloomy days and
fearful nights,
Rejecting all Religion's sacred,
saving Rites! (13)

And while thus trembling on her
doomsday eve,
She urged through Parliament
the vicious Act
Whereby all Catholic priests the
realm must leave (14)

(13) Of the sources of Elizabeth's gloominess not the least poignant was the consciousness of her failure to protestantise Ireland, after the expenditure of so much blood and treasure. "Ireland, though bleeding at every pore, was as Catholic as ever on the day that Elizabeth lay gnawing the flesh off her hands in despair at Hampton Court." (Father Burke, O. P.)

(14) Any history of the Reformation is incomplete without the mention of the noble Order of Jesuit priests, against whom this Act of Parliament was directed, and who, at the constant risk of their lives and the frequent price of their blood, braved every sanguinary edict of Elizabeth to carry to the persecuted Catholics of England and Ireland the courage and consolations of the Faith.

Incidentally, on leaving this subject, we think it worthy of remark that, under the auspices of Elizabeth and in the very heyday of Protestant ascendancy, England inau-

Or for high treason be hanged, drawn and hacked!	The wretches stand who have the hardihood
The royal signature was all it lacked;	To wantonly impugn the truth they know
And Catholics, with misgivings deep and dread,	And "call good evil and call evil good"!
Framed a petition with much force and tact;	Stand, British sophists! here, as erst you stood,
But when they sought the throne to have it read	Who, in your Heaven-defying hardiesse—
They found it needless, as Eliza- beth was dead!	Unique in human history's ampli- tude—

L'ENVOY.

Amenable to Heaven's menaced "Wo,"	Persist, with dread, all-conscious wickedness, In calling this foul, blood-cloyed harlot "Good" Queen Bess!
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gured the African slave-trade;—English ships, some of them the personal property of Elizabeth, kidnaping negroes in Africa and carrying them for sale to the American colonies;—a fair sample of the Reformation's method of championing liberty! Modern times may point to at least two social monuments of Protestant civilization,—America's niggers and England's paupers.

San Francisco in the Misty Morning Light.

ELISE PARDOW ROMA.

As I look at the silent city In its wrap of misty gray.	'Tis the pitying hand of the Father
I wonder what joys, what sorrows, Will approach with coming day.	That e'er holdeth close the veil O'er the face of the mystic future, Lest our souls grow faint and fail.
To the hearts so humanly throb- bing With their love and trust re- born,	For the burden oft is heavy, And the weary way so long, That 'tis only His love can help us—
Still arising again from ashes Of the hopes dead yester-morn.	God above! oh, make us strong.

Chronicles of Lourdes.

MARY E. MANNIX.

Declaration of M. Francois Vion-Dury, miraculously cured on August 2, 1890.

In 1881 I was drawn for military service, and upon being examined was pronounced perfectly sound and healthy. * * * Stationed at Dijon, I was appointed on patrol service. This was about the middle of November, 1882. One night, in the midst of a blinding rain, a fire broke out in the cafe of the Hotel-de-Ville. We were ordered to assist in subduing the flames, and learned that several persons were in danger of perishing therein. We hastened to their rescue, and were met full in the face by a rush of fiery flame. From that time my eyes became so enfeebled that at the expiration of three months I could no longer see. I was sent to the hospital at Dijon, but after considerable treatment was returned to my family with a *douceur* of one hundred and eighty francs.

Every one pitied my misfortune. At different times I journeyed to Bourg, then to Belley, in order to obtain a sufficient pension instead of a simple gift which could be withdrawn at any time. The Mayor at Belley recognized the justice of my demand. "It seems to me," said he, "that you ought to consult a specialist." And he took me to M. Dor, a distinguished oculist. He examined my eyes, and gave me a certificate which was sent to the pension department with other attestations.

My mother begged me to make a Novena to our Lady of Lourdes and had sent for some water of the miraculous fountain. I yielded to her entreaties, and made the Novena, which terminated on the eve of Christmas, 1883; but, believing myself unworthy of a miracle, I dared not wash my eyes with the water.

At that time I had very little religion, and, therefore, could hardly endure my affliction. At the conclusion of this Novena, however, I was really more calm and resigned. I began to sing through the house, said my Rosary from time to time, and recited morning and evening prayers with the family.

On the eleventh of July, 1884, I received a pension of eight hundred francs with my final discharge. Nevertheless, I began to increase my efforts to obtain a larger pension. It was in the furtherance of this purpose that the physician, M. Dor, gave me the following declaration:

"I, the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine, residing at No. 2 Quai de la Charite, at Lyons, declare that Francois Vion-Dury, formerly a soldier of Lalleuyriat, Canton de Nantua (Ain) is affected with blindness

in both retinas. Even though the retina of the left eye is not entirely gone, it cannot distinguish night from day. With the right eye he can hardly count one's fingers at thirty centimetres' distance. He can do no work of any kind, and may be considered absolutely and incurably blind.

"Lyon, Sept. 16, 1884.

DR. DOR."

In the month of August in the same year, I went to Lausanne to consult Dr. Dufour, another distinguished oculist. In his absence his colleague, M. Verrot, examined my eyes and declared he could do nothing for them. At the end of January, 1886, under pressure of persons interested in my case, I returned to Lausanne a second time. There I submitted, during fifty-five days, to a painful treatment, but entirely without beneficial results.

A fourth, and last time, in September, I returned to the same place and renewed this treatment, only to learn, when it was over, that all remedies were useless. I was declared hopelessly blind.

On the Feast of the Assumption, 1887, I prayed to the Blessed Virgin again. I did not dare to wash my eyes with the water of Lourdes, because I did not think myself worthy.

My poor mother was greatly pained by my obstinacy. * * * On the twenty-fifth of January, 1890, she slept in the Lord. My sister died on the twentieth of February; my brother, aged twenty-six, on the twenty-fourth of June.

After I had put their affairs in order and solicited admission to the hospital at Confort, near Bellegarde (Ain), I arrived there on the sixteenth of July, 1890. Two or three days after my entrance, Sister Louise said to me:

"Poor man, you are still so young; it is hard to be completely blind. If you have faith, and love the Blessed Virgin, you may obtain through her intercession the favor of being able to see well enough to find your way about."

"Ma Soeur," I replied, "I am not worthy of such a favor."

"But the Blessed Virgin will not mind that; I assure you that a man paralyzed in both legs and not at all pious, has been perfectly cured."

"Ma Sœur, I am not worthy." All her exhortations only succeeded in eliciting the same response. Ten days before my cure, Sister Martha said to me:

"You are going to begin a Novena for the Feast of the two Blessed Martyrs Perboyre and Chanel. You will go to confession; you must promise something to the Blessed Virgin, and if you are not cured you will lose nothing."

And I answered, "Sister, I am not worthy of what you propose."

When she left me I thus reasoned with myself: If it be necessary to have the prayers of the children, then I am not *worthy*; I want to ask for my own cure.

The evening of that day, without saying a word to any one, I began a Novena. Every day I recited the Beads four times. The first two or three days I added two more, addressing myself particularly to the Blessed Chanel, because he belonged to that department. The words of the Curé of Lalleyriat returned to my memory. "Blessed Chanel, from his earliest years, always loved the Blessed Virgin; imitate him and pray to her with fervor."

As the Novena approached its conclusion, I began to feel more hope that I would be cured. The last day I went to recite my two chaplets in honor of the Blessed Chanel, before the statue of the Holy Virgin, at the end of the garden. * * * On Saturday I went to Confession and assisted at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; afterwards I went to Sister Martha and said: "Ma Sœur, you have spoken to me of the water of Lourdes. Will you give me a little?"

At this time I felt very nervous, and after supper I went out on the gallery in order to distract myself a little, examining my conscience anew, fearful that I might have forgotten something. After a while Sister Martha came, bringing me a small bottle of the Lourdes water. I went to bed, feeling very fatigued. I took the bottle in my hand, and would fain have replaced it again upon the table, but it seemed to me that I could not release my hold upon it. I hesitated—it was a most mysterious struggle.

"Is it possible?" I murmured. "Coward that I am, the devil shall not conquer me."

Then, with a sudden, nervous movement, I attempted to open the bottle, breaking the cork as I endeavored to take it from the bottle. It was with difficulty I removed the part which remained.

"Blessed Chanel," I said, "I am not worthy; but ask the Blessed Virgin for me that I may see."

Then, touching the index finger of my right hand to the water of Lourdes, I passed it three times over both eyelids.

"But Sister made a mistake," I exclaimed. "She has given me ammonia"; for so it felt. In order to assure myself, I put the vial to my lips. Hardly had I done so when my sight was *fully restored*, as suddenly as the shot from a gun. I could distinguish the curtains, the windows, etc.

"Simon, Simon," I called to my nearest neighbor. "I can see! Go quickly and tell the Sisters."

One of the others, who had not yet gone to bed, approached me. "If you can see, tell me how I am dressed," he said.

"You have on a knitted jacket, a cravat, and a hat."

"Well. It is true. He does see." Then he ran to call the Sisters, who came at once.

In the interval I sat up in bed, holding the phial containing the water of Lourdes in my hand.

"Is it possible?" I cried. "Can I believe it? Oh, my God, my God! O holy Virgin Mary! My dear mother—how good you are all." My poor mother, who begged me so often to do as I have done now, if she could see me, how happy she would be. Oh, what a happiness for me to have come to this house!

I threw myself upon my knees, saying: "Pray, Sisters, pray!" We prayed together, and I recognized everybody present.

"Shade the lamp," said Sister Louise; "the light may be bad for his eyes."

"No, no; let it be," I replied. "Nothing can injure me now."

They handed me a book, in which I read several phrases.

"Sister Martha," I cried. "Here are my spectacles. I do not need them any longer." I had worn them, not to enable me to see better, but because my eyes were very sensitive. They took me into the corridor. I threw myself at the foot of the altar. I kissed the ground several times. My emotion was so great that I do not remember all that happened. Those present have affirmed that Sister Louise recited the *Memorare* with a Pater and Ave, adding invocations to the Blessed Perboyre and Chanel. Hearing their names I came to myself again and cried in a loud voice:

"Pray, pray to the Blessed Chanel; it was to him that I made the Novena."

"Sisters," I continued, "go to bed and rest. I shall remain here. The Blessed Virgin has given me more than I asked." (In my prayers I had only begged that I might be restored enough to make my way about.)

And now came the Curé to be a witness of the prodigy? I was pale and trembling, the Sister wiped my forehead, and the tears streamed from my eyes. * * * They took me to the community room, where I recognized every one by the voice. Hitherto I had not seen any of them. I could distinguish all the pictures. I was particularly touched by the portrait of "Sœur Rosalie." In the picture of M. Costalain I recognized a military man with several decorations.

Sœur Gabrielle gave me a book of Meditations, in which I read several lines. "Can you see with both eyes?" she asked.

"I can see clearly with the right eye; the left eye is still a little dim."

"There can be no doubt," cried the Curé. "Let us go to the chapel and say the *Magnificat*; they also added the *Memorare*."

As may readily be imagined, that night I slept but little. Sunday morning, at half-past five, I was in the chapel preparing for Holy Communion—reading the prayers. When I was about to approach the Holy Table, the Brother Director of the Christian schools at Confort offered his arm to assist me, but I signed to him that there was no need. After the Thanksgiving the Curé again recited the *Magnificat*. At High Mass the miraculous cure was announced.

On Monday, the fourth of August, the Feast of the Blessed Martyrs, I assisted at all the exercises.

The day after, I began a Novena of thanksgiving. As it progressed, the sight in my left eye became stronger; when the Novena was finished it had completely returned. Since that time I see as well as I did when I was twenty years old.

On Saturday, the sixteenth of August, I accompanied the Curé to Bourg. From the station at Chatillon-de-Michaiele I distinguished perfectly the cross on the mountain of Mentieres, and I could plainly see, as I told the Curé, the mowers in the meadows on the heights of Confort, distant from three to four kilometres in a direct line.

FRANCOIS VION-DURY.

Signed, in presence of the following witnesses.

We, the undersigned, declare that in the preceding attestation Vion-Dury has told the exact truth. In testimony of which we subscribe ourselves,

SOUTHONNAX,

Curé de Confort.

E. L. F. SOUTHONNAX,

Vicar of Pont-de-Vaiux.

SOEUR VINCENT,

SOEUR LOUISE,

SOEUR MARTHA,

SOEUR GABRIELLE,

SOEUR JOSEPHINE,

Hospice de Confort.

Sept. 11, 1890.

C. NICOLET, Proc. Gen. de la Soc. de Marie.

"El Padre Santo" of Santa Clara.

ESPERANZA.

V.

A great many stories were told before the ecclesiastical court to show that the famous missionary of Santa Clara possessed the gift of prophecy, and that he had a wonderful knowledge of things that took place in secret, even at remote distances. Only a few of the more striking instances may be repeated here. One day Fr. Català invited everybody to take part in a Novena of Holy Masses for the soul of his mother, who, he said, had just died in Spain. Six months later the news arrived that she had passed away just at the time he had told the people.

On Sunday Fr. Magin called upon the congregation to say an Our Father with him for a person, who was then meeting with sudden death at San Jose, three miles distant. On leaving the church, people saw Nieves Garcìa approaching in haste with the information that his own sister Mariquita had fallen dead while milking a cow.

Fr. Català also foretold that San Francisco and San Jose would some day become great cities, and that San Jose would be visited by such a pestilence that the bodies of the dead would be hauled from the city by the wagon load. The latter event occurred during the cholera of 1850, twenty years after his death.

One day as he walked to Santa Cruz in company of a soldier and some Indians, one of the latter found a stone, which aroused the wonder of the natives. When the Father saw it he exclaimed: "Throw it away at once, or California is lost." Nor could it be found afterwards by the Indian. It is thought that the supposed stone was rich gold quartz, which, indeed, became the ruin of the natives wherever it was discovered; for the white man will not rest until such a country is his and the original inhabitants are driven out. This the priest doubtless foresaw, and hence his anxiety that the discovery should be put off as long as possible, though it seems to have been evident to him that this would happen in the near future, as may be gathered from his last sermon. Many witnesses declared they had heard Fr. Català in his last address to the people at Santa Clara speak as follows:

"I have been preaching to you many years that you should amend your lives, avoid sin, practice virtue, and love God in all things; but you continue in your sinful ways. Now His patience is exhausted and His anger is upon you. Just as Constantinople was taken by the Turks on account of her sins, so will California be taken by those not in har-

mony with your religion. We are situated upon a great treasure which will be discovered, chiefly towards the north. This treasure will be the occasion of many crimes and murders. There will be discord even in families: parents will stand up against their children, children against their parents, brothers against brothers, and all on account of their greed.

"People will come from all parts of the globe, whose language you do not understand; people that will teach you evil; people that will take your homes, your lands, your cattle, and will leave you nothing. When they shall come, they will build temples of other religions and schools without God. Keep your children from them. Many of you will prove unfaithful and will turn Protestants or infidels. You shall see yourselves among the wicked and the brutes. The Christians shall live in the fields, and the animals shall inhabit their homes. Things will go so far that frijoles (beans) will sell for their measure in gold, and all will be disorder for a number of years. There will be no Franciscan Fathers here; but other Fathers will come. Perhaps we shall not see it, do you hear? but our descendants will."

There is no need to ascribe the gift of prophecy to the venerable preacher on account of this discourse, if he knew that California contained gold, for in that case a little experience would show what must happen, but there were sixteen cases reported and sworn to before the Commission in which Fr. Català was said to have foretold events of sudden deaths, etc., all of which came to pass as predicted. As they do not carry along with them absolute conviction, principally because of the character of the witnesses, who were mainly Indians, we pass them by lest we tire the reader.

Only a few saints, among whom S. Alphonsus and S. Anthony are the most noted, possessed the gift of bilocation, that is, the power to be in two or more places at the same time. About a dozen such instances are reported concerning Fr. Magin Català. It was the common belief of the Spaniards as well as of the Indians the country round that the good Father could be in two places at will: give instructions away off in the mountains to some poor natives, and, at the same time, attend to duties in the mission buildings. The instances reported, however, do not appear sufficiently wonderful to compel us to believe that a supernatural agency was at work. We therefore refrain from relating any of them. Besides, there is no need to vindicate such manifestations to the holy man in order to prove that he was a favorite with God. They, of themselves, are not certain signs of sanctity.

Eight wonderful cures and other "miracles," more or less remarkable, are enumerated in the official report as having been worked before the death of the servant of God. A few of the more conspicuous and

credible may pass muster. "When I was a young man," Secundino Robles, seventy-one years of age, testified, "countless grasshoppers infested the country around about and destroyed the crops. My mother urged my father to catch some of them and fetch them to 'El Santo Padre' that he might banish the pests through his prayer. I put some into a bottle and went along with my father to the mission. When we met Fr. Magin we respectfully saluted him. 'Well, Robles, what is the matter?' he inquired. On learning the trouble he said, 'Let us go to the church.' There he put on a stole, recited some prayers over the grasshoppers, and then told my father not to kill them, but to take them back where we had caught them and let them escape. This we did, when all the grasshoppers on the land betook themselves to the seaside and died. After two days the seashore was found covered with them to a depth of three and four feet for a distance of three miles."

Once a party of Indians in crossing a desert were almost overcome from thirst. Suddenly Fr. Català stood among them. "There is water close by, my men," said he. "Go up a little distance." The men were amazed at the sight of their good "padre," but more so at the news that water was to be found where it never before had been known to exist. They believed, however, and quenched their thirst at a spring of the purest water.

Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.

JAMES CONNOLLY, CORONADO.

"The light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men."

Our olive groves are vocal with the song
 Of many a bird you loved so well to hear;
 Our Southern winter skies are warm and clear
 As when you loved to loiter all day long
 These stately palms and fragrant bowers among;
 Those too brief days of rest that you could spare
 From watching on the hill-top, in the care
 Of souls you saved by grace of pen and tongue.

No, such transition is not death, but life
 Eternal, happy, and we feel the glow,
 O, gentle spirit, of thy presence near.
 It strengthens and sustains us in the strife;
 Inspires, and saves us from the undertow,
 Uplifts us to a holier atmosphere.

Editorial.

The steady successes of the Japanese and the close following up of their advantages on land and sea points to an indefinite prolongation of hostilities. Popular expression in England, while consistently sympathetic in the Japanese cause, is tinged with genuine anxiety as to the manner in which Japan will wield the weapon of power, should she wrest it from her adversary. An Oriental "dual alliance," the establishment of an Oriental militarism, is, in England's eye, "a menace to the world"—inasmuch as Japan may imitate British "enlightened" policy—that of simply defending her "possessions"—once she has acquired them. Naturally, it is assumed that Japan's naval force will make occasional cruises to more civilized shores—for what purpose, England "deponeth not."

The efforts of the Russian Government to maintain internal peace by the initiation of industrial activities at home, as an offset to the national suspense as to the outcome of the distressing situation abroad, is characteristic of its sagacious understanding of the needs of its people. A correspondent of the *New York Sun*, writing from St. Petersburg, says:

Following the Yalu battle the Ministry of the Interior issued instructions to the Russian newspapers to refrain from commenting on its effect on the prospects of Russia's raising a foreign loan. The Council of Ministers at a series of special sessions during the last few days decided that the Government must have a large supply of ready money within the next three months. The contractors engaged in public works, which were countermanded by the Czar's recent order, as a measure of internal economy which would enable the Government to divert the money to the war chest, have been asked to prepare to resume operations. The council has taken the view that internal economy, which would reduce the wages paid to the industrial population would be dangerous, while keeping the workingmen in employment under the Government should stifle disaffection. Projects have consequently been opened for four railways in South Russia and a great extension of the iron works in the Ural province.

The Government has informed a French agent here regarding the loan that it is determined to have the money. The only question is as to what rate it shall pay.

Writers in the Russian press who are most directly under control of M. de Plehve, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, maintained that the operations hitherto amount only to movements of troops and transports and that the war has not begun yet. The Ministers themselves are com-

pletely dismayed at the evidence of the Japanese ability to sustain a stubborn attack over successive days and nights and press on despite losses. The belief that the Japanese were only equal to rush attacks where the probability that their own losses would be almost nil was the basis of the General Staff calculations, which the Ministers re-echoed.

At present the Government is absolutely at a loss what to do except to keep the country quiet, in which they have been outwardly successful. The slackness of manufactures increases the number of unemployed, whom the Ministry of the Interior requires to return to their native villages, not wishing to have crowds in the towns. The necessity of finding employment for these is an important fact in connection with the loan question.

Fourteen religious denominations were officially represented in Philadelphia recently at a conference held for the consideration of the divorce evil. Unanimous action was taken for the prevention of remarriage of divorced persons for whom their own ministers had refused to perform the marriage ceremony. Reverend William Roberts, D. D., made an earnest appeal for the recognition of the sanctity of marriage. Reviewing the statistics of divorce in many of our States, the easy terms upon which polygamous unions are legalized, the corruptions of the divorce courts, its collusions, its contagion, its monstrous profanation of human and Divine law, Doctor Roberts very justly points out that reformation, to be effective, must commence, not in the civil legislation, but in the conscience of the individual, in the religious education of the young. On this point he says:

Before any civil legislation can be enacted which will be operative and quite apart from the accord which we are seeking to secure in the marriage regulations of the Christian churches, must come the leavening of the minds of the men and women which shall lift them toward a recognition of the noblest dignities of life.

We plead for a recognition of the sanctity of marriage. We are facing a condition in our country to-day which threatens danger to the most sacred things. The very sanctuary of human life and of human love is assaulted and profaned. Womanhood, manhood and childhood, the home and the family are involved, and neither civil legislation nor ecclesiastical discipline can save them until the conscience of Christian humanity is reached.

Marriage is a holy thing. Marriage is the institution of God himself and is sanctified under the solemnities of the old sanction of our blessed Lord. This is the root of the matter. Reformation must begin here. Children must be taught it. Young men and young women must be made to feel it. Protected in purity, boy and girl, man and woman alike must be trained to look with reverent eyes upon the holiness of this estate and upon its mysteriousness as something higher and deeper and larger than can be measured or reached by the low ideas of convenience, of worldly advantage, of the gratification of passion or by the light and

easy estimate of the consent of the passing personal fancy and the mutual recognition of the civil contract.

The hope of curing and crushing the horrible tendencies to frequent divorce rests, we believe, upon impressing and inculcating such intense conviction of what marriage is and of what marriage means that it will cease to be entered into "unadvisedly or lightly"; that the festivity which accompanies it shall be sobered and consecrated by the conscious presence of Him who adorned and beautified the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, by His presence and the first miracle that He wrought; that neither man nor woman shall dare enter the precincts of betrothal without the tested certainty of love, with the full recognition of the mutual duty of service, forbearance and faithfulness which it involves.

The earnest words of Doctor Roberts suggest the necessity of authoritative teaching upon this important subject, an unflinching maintenance of the Catholic doctrine on matrimony, the indissoluble union between one man and one woman until death. The Church has maintained throughout the centuries, a firm stand against rampant licentiousness—and to-day she emphasizes her right to refuse any concessions to the frivolous and insincere who would violate the sanctity of the bond of marriage.

The following excerpt from an address to the Cardinals, made by our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, upon the eve of the Feast of Saint Joseph, reveals the tender character of his solicitude for his afflicted children in France:

"There is assuredly no lack of conflict in our days. In truth, if we turn our gaze upon the present conditions of the great Catholic family we find many solid reasons for consolation in the close and beautiful union which exists between the Episcopate and this Apostolic See, in the affectionate movement of the peoples toward the centre of unity and in the fruitful and ever growing development of Catholic undertakings in all countries. But on the other hand We have only too much reason for sorrow and anxiety when We see Catholic principles opposed with such keenness, errors pertinaciously propagated among the people—errors not less fatal to civil society than they are to the Church, and when We witness the blindness with which in some places destruction is wreaked on most salutary institutions and works, founded by the Church with so much solicitude and at such sacrifice for the moral and material advantage of the people.

"And with regard to this subject, you are aware, Lord Cardinals, of the painful events which have been taking place for some years past in France. Ever since We were raised by the inscrutable disposition of Divine Providence to the Chair of the Prince of the Apostles, We have

not failed, as Our predecessor did not fail, to give proofs of sincere affection for the illustrious French nation and of special deference toward its government.

“But, it is necessary to confess it, while We are greatly cheered by the continuous demonstrations of devotion and attachment which come to Us from the Catholic people, we are profoundly afflicted by the measures already adopted and the others that are being adopted in the legislative sphere against the religious congregations which formed in that country, by their magnificent works of charity and of Christian education, the glory not less of the Catholic Church than of their native land. As though what has already been done to their detriment were not immensely grave and deplorable, it has been decided to go still further, notwithstanding our repeated efforts to hinder it, by the introduction and advocacy of a measure which aims, by an unjust and odious exception, not only to interdict all kind of teaching to the members of the religious institutes even authorized, and that solely because they are religious, but even to suppress the institutes themselves and liquidate their property, although they have been approved for the special purpose of teaching. This measure will, as may at once be understood, have the fatal consequence of the destruction in very large part of Christian education, the chief basis of all civil society, founded and fostered by Catholics, under the sanction of the law and at the cost of the most generous sacrifices. So that we shall have innumerable children brought up, against the will of their parents, without faith and without Christian morality, to the incalculable loss of souls; and once more we shall behold the piteous and disheartening spectacle of thousands of religious, both men and women, constrained, without any fault of theirs, to wander homeless and resourceless all over French territory, or to become exiles in foreign lands. We deplore and We condemn energetically these rigors essentially opposed to the idea of true liberty, to the fundamental laws of the country, to the rights inherent to the Catholic Church and the principles of civilization itself, to punish peaceful citizens, who, while dedicating themselves under the guarantee of the law to works of Christian education, have never failed in any of the duties or burdens imposed on other citizens.

“Nor while on the subject can We dispense Ourselves from expressing Our sorrow at the step that has been taken in denouncing before the Council of State as abusive respectful letters addressed to the Supreme Magistrate of the Republic by a number of worthy pastors, three of whom are members of the Sacred College, the august Senate of the Apostolic See—as though it were a crime to address the Head of the

State to call his attention to matters closely bound up with the most imperious duties of conscience and of public welfare.

"But although this situation grieves Us to the very heart, it does not diminish Our courage—nay, We cherish the firm hope that the Lord benignly accepting Our petition and that of so many pious souls will hasten the hour of his mercies, and open the heart of those who are to-day deaf to the voice of the Church. These sentiments of trust and comfort will, We are certain, inspire, the religious of both sexes of France, the chosen children to the Church whom We follow in their sorrow with all the affection of a father's heart and with Our most fervent prayers. Let not the bitter trial of the moment shake their confidence, but let them give themselves with redoubled fervor to a life of faith and good works, forgiving all those who in any way oppose their Institutes and keeping their minds and hearts fixed on high. Tribulation is the heritage of the Church, but amid the shadows and vicissitudes of here below, faith points out for us the fair horizon of another country, where as a reward for our virtues and for our patient suffering of injury it will be given to us to enjoy in the vision of God peace and sweetness without end.

"We see, Lord Cardinals, that Our words have passed from the joy of the feast to a subject altogether different; but We have deemed it expedient that you as Our most beloved sons should participate in Our sorrows as well as in Our joys. And now wishing you in exchange for your own good wishes the choicest favors of heaven, We impart the Apostolic Blessing to you with all Our heart."

Commenting upon the insult to Catholic piety conveyed in the order of Premier Combes as to the removal of religious emblems on Good Friday, the London correspondent of the *New York Sun* says:

"It will strike the Christian world as a peculiarly dramatic demonstration of the sacrilegious spirit of the age that the French Government should select Good Friday for a revival of that cry, 'Away with him,' which nineteen centuries ago prefaced the world's greatest tragedy. Pictures of Christ, crucifixes and all religious emblems which adorned the courts of justice of France have this week been banished.

"It is difficult to understand the Government's purpose in giving unnecessary offense by announcing the execution of the decree in Holy Week. Nothing could exaggerate more the effect upon what remains of the religious feeling of the country than this action. Possibly it is hoped to exasperate the Pope into a repudiation of the Concordat, which, it is believed, the present Government would welcome, but Rome does nothing in anger or upon impulse.

"It is significant that no popular protest has yet arisen. The France

of to-day is very different from the France of a generation ago.

"Among the thousands of pictures of the Saviour upon the cross scattered through the country in various court houses many have considerable artistic and historical value. From the Paris Palais de Justice twenty-five crucifixes and paintings were removed. Several of them are famous.

"Every visitor to the Palais has admired in the first chamber of the court a marvelous triptych, which has successively been attributed to Van Eyck, Memling and Hugo Van der Goes, but which, in any case, was the work of one of the masters of the early Flemish schools. It survived many vicissitudes. From 1505 to 1793 it adorned the great hall of the Paris Parliament. After the Revolution the Paris Court claimed the work and it was handed over by order of the Emperor. In the centre is shown Christ upon the cross. To the left are the Blessed Virgin, S. Anne, John the Baptist and S. Louis, with the features of Charles the Seventh. To the right are S. John the Evangelist, S. Denis and Charlemagne, bearing the sword and orb. In the background, behind the figure of Christ, Jerusalem is depicted, while behind S. John and S. Louis is a picture of the Louvre as it existed in 1450.

"Among the modern pictures at the law courts which are well known, are the Christ painted by Bonnat, which adorns the Court of Assizes, and that by Henner in the civil chamber of the Supreme Court."

We invite the attention of our readers to the valuable character of the informational data contained in Doctor Snell's series of articles, "The Origin of the Jewish Sect," the first installment of which opens the present number. Doctor Snell's familiarity with Oriental religions and kindred subjects, his ability as a lecturer on comparative religion, his numerous technical contributions to various publications on hierological subjects, have elicited unanimous and cordial recognition from the general world of scholarship. Doctor Snell, by his indefatigable labors in the field of hierology and his extensive specialization in that direction has done, and is in a position to do, far more toward the development of hierology into a real science than any other living man. He enjoys the unique distinction of being the only Catholic specialist in that field in the United States who brings to it the combined light of the Thomistic philosophy and modern science.

Considering the importance of the subject discussed, the scientific presentation, by Doctor Snell, of the evolutionary phases of the "Jewish Sect" holds a two-fold interest for the earnest searcher for the true religion in the light of historic truth.

Despite the fact that M. Waldeck-Rousseau recently denounced in the Senate the action of M. Combes in regard to his dishonorable breach of their mutual understanding of the measure known as the "Law of Associations," that nimble-footed statesman is still pursuing the members of religious Orders in and out of France. By no means a profound thinker, he ignores future consequences, but nimbly keeps pace with present complications—drafting Bill after Bill, interpreting new statutes and revoking old ones. With amazing condescension, Combes and his Ministry have agreed to permit some of the teaching Orders to remain until the Government will have matured plans for obliterating every vestige of religious life in France.

While thousands of religious men and women have voluntarily sought the hospitality of strangers in strange lands, rather than sacrifice their sacred principles under the administration of Combes, general misunderstanding of the main points in the situation has led to an expression of disapproval of what appears to be unreasonable disobedience on the part of the Orders. This is precisely the result aimed at by the wily Combes. How could those patterns of obedience, the religious teachers, consistently refuse to adapt themselves to a reasonable law? The success of the scheme to dissolve the religious bodies in France, the banishment of their members, the *sang-froid* with which the courteous Government has "liquidated" the estates of the "tolerated communities"—the phenomenal violation of all principles of justice by the very tribunal instituted to uphold justice—has opened men's eyes to the necessity of studying carefully, not only the situation in France, the modes of legal procedure (?), but, above all, the principles at issue. While Americans have been wondering, in a mild sort of way, "what on earth is the trouble about?" and in less gentle terms have condemned the apathy of a people that would allow such things to come to pass, our judicial friends on the English side of the Channel have given some time to the illumination of the situation.

The Right Reverend Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B., in an address delivered recently at the Catholic Conference, in Liverpool, goes back to the year 1789, presenting facts that are full of interest. Excerpts from this speech will be given, from time to time, as space will permit, in response to repeated requests for information on the sources and development of the present disorders in France:

Between religion and the world, or, let us say, between the Church and the State, history teaches us—even if we had not Our Lord's own forecast of the relations to be expected—that there must at times arise difficulties more or less grave. Three solutions of the relation between them are possible: (1) there may be a national religion, (2) or a Concordat between the Holy See and the State, or (3) complete sep-

aration. All these three solutions have been tried in France since the year 1789.

The first—the *nationalization* of the Church—was tried in the revolutionary period of 1790-1794 and, of course, it failed utterly for obvious reasons. The civil constitution of the clergy was drawn up in full accord with the principles of the Revolution then in vogue; and as France had then professedly gone back to the pagan world for its patterns and its models, the official conception of religion derived therefrom was, that it was a function of the State. There was to be a *pontifex* as there was to be a *consul*, and the priest was to be a moral officer, a preaching magistrate, a *fonctionnaire* with a State license and a State status, set apart to work in the State department of religion. The scheme failed mainly because the designers took no account of the fact that all real religion was essentially something apart from the natural order: and inasmuch as it was supernatural it could not be ultimately regulated by the power of the Crown, or shaped to accord with every policy of State, or even permanently controlled by any secular authority. All history teaches us plainly that religion must exist, and always has existed, only in so far as it corresponds to a need of humanity which the State has no power to satisfy. If in 1790 the Catholic Church could have allowed itself to be absorbed into the State in the way proposed, it would have lost its vital principle. It would have ceased to be the Catholic Church. "It would have ceased to be a faith, or indeed even a thought or sentiment, and have become a mere fashion."

"From 1790-1795," says that acute writer and eminent member of the Academie Francaise M. Emile Faguet, "the clergy and the Constituents were entirely wrong in their idea of a Church." They were wrong precisely because they did not understand that religion has to do with "*country*" and not with government, and that the functions of the Government are not the same as those of "the country." The Catholic religion, precisely because it is Catholic, is universal and is the same religion existing in all countries. It assumes national characteristics, it is true, in different countries; is Spanish in Spain, English in England, and Italian in Italy; but it is the same religion in all countries, and so, if it be Catholic, it cannot be nationalized or fashioned and formed by any government; it cannot be cast into any one stereotyped mould by any secular power; it can never be made an official department of any one State.

The third solution—separation of Church and State—was tried in 1795. The idea had indeed always been prominent during the period of the Revolution, but when the actual separation came the religious *régime* of the *Directoire* lasted only two and a half years. After a brief period for consideration and experiment, Napoleon I. in 1801 entered into the *Concordat* with Pius the Seventh, by which the government of the Church is still supposed to be regulated. Some such agreement between the Pope and the temporal rulers of France, was, of course, nothing new. In one form or other, indeed, it had existed from the time of the great S. Louis. The treaty as to the government of the Church in France, between Francis the First and Pope Leo the Tenth, endeavored to remove all causes of friction by a careful division of the purely spirit-

ual sphere from the temporal adjuncts, necessary to a Church endowed with great possessions. Even up to the eve of the Revolution this method of solving the difficulties between Church and State was in force, and it was found in practice to work well. In reality it is to the existence of this Concordat that M. Hanotaux, the statesman and historian, attributes the fact that France was saved to the Catholic Church in the time of the great religious revolt of the Reformation.

In coming to his agreement, or Concordat, with the Holy See, Napoleon was certainly not actuated by any love for the religion of his country. To him it was merely a matter of State politics. It was necessary, for instance, to wipe out the great debt which the nation owed to the Church on account of the confiscations of the Revolution. This required the Pope's sanction, and this sacrifice of temporal possessions was the price paid for the measure of protection to religion secured by the Concordat, and for the guaranteed, though slender, stipends to be paid to the clergy by the State. Napoleon, too, thought he saw in the Concordat a means for riveting on the hands of the priests the chains which already bound them to the Government and fettered their practical freedom of action. Had he been dealing with any human institution this crafty plan for keeping the Church in servitude would in all probability have succeeded. Looking back, however, over the century that has passed, it must strike any reflecting mind how wonderful has been the action and progress of the Church of France in spite of its legalized bonds. Napoleon hoped to find in the clergy, so governed, hampered in their action, and kept in decent poverty, what he called a "gendarmerie spirituelle"—his moral policemen—whose duty and interest it would be to support his new imperial throne. And certainly during the nineteenth century the Church of France in ceasing to be rich, and in being mostly dependent upon the miserable State stipends, has indeed lost much of its freedom and independence of action. Its clergy would have become—or, let us say, might have become—the mere functionaries of the Government which Napoleon had looked for, but for the fact that they had in Rome and the Pope a rallying-point outside the limits of their own kingdom. As a direct though unforeseen result of Napoleon's policy, they became in fact more and more part of the great cosmopolitan body of the Church Catholic. Their very servitude and poverty is at least sufficient to account for this most significant fact, that the very name "Gallican Church" has now passed into the domain of the archæologist.

Whether under the Empire, the Monarchy, or the Republic, the great Church of France during the nineteenth century has done its duty as well, and as conscientiously, as before the Revolution. It has not, however, all been peace. At times the Church has had to fight for its principles, as it will have to do again now, with vigor and determination. The Church of Christ, for example, has always claimed, and will always claim, liberty to speak, to write, and to teach. It could not help doing so; and it defied the omnipotence asserted by the State when it claimed to stop its freedom of action in all such matters as pertained to its spiritual mission. In one thing, for instance, its protests and struggles were necessary for its very life, and caused considerable conflicts in the first half of the last century. "Liberty of association," about which we have heard so much during the past months, did not really exist in

a legal sense in France, and the Church especially suffered from this. "Association," says a great French writer, "is the form and indeed the essence of the Church's life. By definition, and etymology even, the Church is an association." The Church in France existed indeed legally as a body, but merely as a body of officials belonging to one administration. All association, whether for spreading the faith, for good works, even for the purposes of edification or teaching, was not contemplated by the law. The Church, however, never ceased to vindicate for herself this liberty "as essential to its development, its life, and its very existence." Beyond this the clergy claimed liberty to teach. Why should they not do so? As citizens the priests would seem to have the right of every son of France; and as clergy, they claimed for parents, as every Catholic priest must ever claim, the right to have their children taught as they would desire. The State also put forward a claim to control the education of its future citizens, and then came the conflict. The Church resisted the demand of the State to be considered the sole educator, first by resting on the "declaration of the rights of man" and the claim of citizenship, and then by demanding to be treated according to the principles of liberty it did not itself profess. In 1849, however, the Church indicated for itself the right of teaching: or rather the popular vote gave it to them, and it is this liberty which has now been already partially destroyed and which we to-day see wholly threatened, on the ground that to allow the Church to teach is to place too much political power in its hands. But it is indeed curious to note that the present state of affairs in France hardly seems to show that the Church has managed to possess itself of much political power, during the half century it has been occupied in education.

We may now turn to the situation of the religious Orders in France, and consider the legal status which they possessed under the Concordat and indeed until recent times. It has been frequently asserted that in the agreement made by Napoleon with the Pope, the religious Orders were purposely excluded. It is indeed true that by the legislation of 1789, and subsequent years, the French Congregations were suppressed, and also that they are not specifically mentioned in the restoration of religion under the Concordat. But it has been shown conclusively by the Comte de Mun that they are really included in the first article of that treaty which guarantees the "full and free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion." How can there be a "full and free exercise" of the Catholic religion when the Regular life is prohibited? Is not the Regular life, though, perhaps, not necessary to the essence of the Catholic faith, certainly an integral portion of its full development? Moreover, the work of the Comte Boulay de la Meurthe on *La Négociation du Concordat*, makes it certain that the Pope desired and strongly urged that the Religious Orders should be expressly mentioned in the document, and that the First Consul was unwilling to include them, not because they were thought to be prohibited, but precisely because he desired they should be regarded as purely religious societies, not needing State recognition but depending for their creation and regulation upon "a Brief (if the Sovereign Pontiff) should deem it expedient."



Some Recent Books

THE PARISH PRIEST ON DUTY, by H. J. Heuser, is a manual of practical details connected with the administration of the Sacraments and other pastoral functions according to the Roman ritual. The manual is of special value to theological students, and, on account of its brief but explicit directions in the service of the sick and dying, should be carefully studied by members of every family. Benziger Brothers, New York, have published the book in attractive form and convenient size.

B. Herder, St. Louis, numbers among his recent publications the following interesting works: **FROM DOUBT TO FAITH**, by Reverend Tournebize, S. J., an encouraging and comforting word to the humble of heart who instinctively turn to Christ, yielding an obedience to the Church in its divinely-constituted authority, thus realizing in their lives unto the edification of their neighbor, that "Faith is the satisfaction of a need as well as the fulfilment of a duty"; **JESUS CHRIST, THE WORD INCARNATE**, a compendium of spiritual considerations drawn principally from the *Summa Theologica* of Saint Thomas Aquinas; this treatise is a translation from the Italian of Reverend Roger Fredi, S. J., by Reverend F. J. Sullivan, S. J., and is, in its present form, a luminous exposition of the mission of Christ in its two-fold relation—the eternal and the temporal. The translator deserves grateful commendation from the faithful for the enduring quality of the service he has rendered in placing within their reach so valuable a spiritual treasury heretofore not readily accessible. **THE THREE KINGS**, also from the same publishing house, is a noble drama of historic interest. In five acts Reverend Frederic Ebersweiler, S. J., presents in fascinating poesy the circumstances of the Epiphany—"the manifestation of the Word made flesh, evidenced by wonderful events and the fulfilment of prophecies, the appearance of the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, the coming of Jesus Christ, who 'brings peace to men of good will,' who rejects the Jews and elects the Gentiles." The subtlety of the plot, the Oriental richness of the setting and the profoundly sacred character of the moral lesson conveyed by the object and outcome of the journey of the three Wise Men to Bethlehem, render the drama suitable for reproduction unto edification and entertainment.

In his entertaining reminiscences of Saint Sulpice, and of social life in Paris, "A North Country Curate" holds up for our admiration models of civic, social and theological virtue, in striking contrast to the effects of individual corruption in high places. He follows his intellectual hero—a Rationalist—to the mountain top of pride, thence he conducts him along the VIA DOLOROSA to the valley of humiliation, where he finds what his heart craves—peace, in the Divine gift of faith. Bright bits of humor enliven those incidents that are, necessarily, of a somber character in the narrative. The reader experiences genuine regret at parting with the genial "curate" and his inimitable companion, Malone.

B. Herder, St. Louis, publishes the book in excellent style.

WHERE LOVE IS, is admirably shown by W. J. Locke in his double romance of that title, wherein he pictures the nature of tender self-sacrifice and devotion on the part of one heroine, in contradistinction to the heartless folly and selfishness of the other. The story painfully illustrates the trend of education in upper circles of fashionable society—the worship of all that money can give, the barter of a soul's honor and a heart's affection for worldly position and the luxuries of an elegant mansion ironically styled "a home."

Mr. Locke's fine characterization of contrasting phases of society, and his strong delineation of individual traits, produce a lasting impression upon the mind of the reader.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, has brought out the book in his usual good style.

When John R. Carling sends his hero out in quest of THE VIKING'S SKULL, he furnishes all the paraphernalia for romantic adventure. Druid stories, runic rhymes, ancient mounds and underground passages whet the imagination for forthcoming tragedy. The discordant ring of the modern telephone and the interpretative genius of the "eternal feminine," however, spoils the fascinating delusion; for, when Beatrice exercises her powers of divination and ventilates her theories of "hat-pin"-ology, deciding that the Viking met his death by having his skull pierced with a "bodkin" instead of having it properly cleft by a battle-axe, she evidently betrays her feeling of resentment towards the poor Viking whose spirit wooed her sympathy upon the eventful night that the skull "tripped the light fantastic" down the stairs to seek company. The obnoxious individuals in the plot are most conveniently deported. The novel, notwithstanding incongruous details, is of the taking kind.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Calendar for June.

1—B. Alphonsus, O. P., and Companions. Martyrs. Zeal for religion. Novena of the Sacred Heart begins.

2—Corpus Christi—With most solemn Octave. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. An additional partial indulgence may be gained by the members of the Living Rosary during the octave by reciting the monthly decade. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

3—Of the Octave.

4—Of the Octave.

5—First Sunday of the month. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession, prayers. (3) C. C.; Assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

6—Of the Octave.

7—Of the Octave. Seventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

8—Of the Octave.

9—Octave of the Corpus Christi.

10—Sacred Heart of Jesus. Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

11—S. Barnabas, Apostle. Prudence.

12—Second Sunday of the month. Most Pure Heart of Mary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

13—S. Anthony of Padua, O. F. M. Invoked for the recovery of lost articles.

14—S. Basil, Bishop. Loyalty to the Church. Eighth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

15—B. Sibilliana, O. P., Virgin, (from March 18). Desire of perfection. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

16—S. John Francis Regis. Forgiveness of Injuries.

17—S. Francis Paula, Priest. Simplicity.

18—B. Osanna, O. P., Virgin, Tertiary. Silence. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

19—Third Sunday of the month. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

20—The Stigmata of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. Devotion to the Passion.

21—S. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. J., Scholastic Purity. Ninth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

22—B. Innocent the Fifth, O. P., Pope. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

23—The Ten Thousand Martyrs. Willingness to suffer.

24—S. John, Baptist. Feast of Special Devotion. Patience in persecution.

25—S. Ambrose, Bishop. (from April 4). Christian Courage. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

26—Last Sunday of the month. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

27—B. Anthony Pavone, O. P. Priest and Martyr. (from April 9). Spirit of Martyrdom.

28—S. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons. Martyr. Veneration of Relics. Tenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

29—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles. Feast of Special Devotion with Solemn Octave. Good example.

30—Commemoration of S. Paul, Apostle. Courage in professing the Faith.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Anthony of Padua, Confessor; S. Margaret of Scotland, Widow; S. Norbert, Bishop; S. John Francis Regis, Confessor; S. Juliana, Virgin. Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Crescentia, Martyr; S. John the Baptist; S. Boniface, Bishop; S. Barnabas, Apostle; S. John, Martyr. Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Peter, Apostle; S. William, Abbot; S. Paul, Apostle; S. Paulinus Nola, Bishop; S. Aloysius, Confessor.

Dominicana

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No. 7.

Pope Leo The Thirteenth.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

Where the music swells, and the soft light glows,
Some one is taking his rest;
'Tis the Dies Irae for Leo's repose;
He sleeps the sleep of the blest.

He has worn with honor the triple crown,
He has won the world with love;
There is life in death and he lays him down,
To live in the realm above.

While the battle of time has no success,
Out of the storm and the strife;
This sanctified Dean of the Prince of Peace
Leads on to a higher life.

And onward and upward the trend will be,
Till we find the blameless way;
In the fulness of time we yet may see
The dawn of a perfect day.

All hail and farewell to the Great Soul then!
That leaves us and goes before;
And peace and good-will to the children of men
Forever and evermore!

The Origin of the Jewish Sect.

THE DISCIPLES OF THE PROPHETS.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

II.

Between the Secularists (Epicurean Hellenists, and later the Herodians), who were utterly opposed to the true hope of Israel, and dreamed of complete fusion with the surrounding Gentiles and the semi-secularists (Sadducees) or liberals, who accepted only the doctrines most explicitly and universally recognized as of binding authority, on the one hand, and their bitter opponents, the ultra-legalists ("the Scribes and Pharisees"), who exaggerated the letter of the law and its minuter and more external observances, as elaborated and supplemented by the interpretations and regulations of the Scribes, and held aloof from the great body of the faithful, there stood as representing the true spirit of the Church of God, the prophetic inheritance, and the promise of the still larger Catholicity of the Messianic Era, not only the Carmelites, who in their pious seclusion took no part in public affairs, the Essenes, who lived in almost equal retirement, and the Assidaicans and devout masses of the people, but also the Egyptian Greco-Jewish school which, while loyal to the faith, brought into its service all that was best in the Greek philosophy and civilization, instead of sacrificing it to the very worst side of Paganism as the Hellenist did.

From the latter school came forth an immense mass of religious literature (now called apocryphal and pseudepigraphic), which exerted a widespread influence upon the Gentile world. One of the tasks with which it busied itself was the compilation of the traditional utterances of the old Gentile Sibyls of Persia, India, Babylonia, Phrygia, Thrace, Greece and Italy, having a prophetic reference to the coming of the Messias and the establishment of His universal kingdom.

Up till the time of Onias III, the last who was allowed to exercise the Pontifical functions at Jerusalem, the later high priests had been worthy of their exalted office; but the men then intruded into the Sacred Chair by the Greco-Syrian emperors were paganizing Hellenists.

This evil state of affairs was soon put an end to by the Hasmonaean or Machabean family (166-79 B. C.) who, with the earnest support of the Assidaicans, and animated by the spirit of Jose ben Jochanan,

achieved the independence of their country, as a condition that had become necessary for the free exercise of their holy religion. As devout as they were, they abstained from recalling either the royal line of David or the legitimate high-priests, deciding, with an inspired premonition of the speedy coming of the Messiah, to take upon themselves the temporary administration, as they were of the house of Aaron, of both the kingly and priestly offices "until a Prophet shall arise."

From the time that the Pharisees took definite shape as a party distinct from the Assidaeans there was a growing estrangement between them and the Hasmonean princes. This reached such a length in the days of King Jonathan ben Simon, commonly called John Hyrcanus (135-106) that that prince expelled from the Sanhedrim every member suspected of Pharisaic sympathies, and forbade the Pharisees to appear at court. He filled the vacant seats in the Sanhedrim with his adherents, so that the whole body was dominated by the Sadducees. When his successor, Alexander Jannaeus (*Janai ben Jonathan*) came to the throne the Pharisees were allowed to appear at court, but only one of their number, Simon ben Shatach, would allow himself to be chosen a member of the Sanhedrim, and thus be compelled to act with the Sadducees. Through the influence of Alexander's favorite Diogenes, successor of Zadok in the leadership of the Sadducees, the king soon became even a more bitter enemy of Phariseism than his father had been, and put many of the leaders of the hated party to death. Queen Saleme (Alexandra) on the contrary, favored the Pharisees, and, on her husband's death, in 79 B. C., decreed that thenceforth the presidency of the Sanhedrim should be exercised by one of their party instead of by the *de facto* high priest.

The first professed Pharisee to preside over the Sanhedrim was Judah b. Tabbai, a Judean, who had held a prominent position in the Hebrew community of Alexandria in Egypt, and who was nominated by Simon b. Shatach, who afterwards became his successor. The latter was followed, in 60 B. C., as president of the Great Council by Shemaya, (Sameas) who, with the vice-president, Abtalion (Pollion), both of whom had been pupils of Judah b. Tabbai at Alexandria, were the only members of the Council spared by Herod the Great when he massacred all their colleagues in 37 B. C., on account of their preference of even the Hasmonean dynasty to his own. They were succeeded in 35 by two Babylonians, known as the Sons of Bathyra, who resigned in 30 in favor of their countryman, Hillel, after he had won great admiration and popularity by the new rules that he had formulated for the interpretation and amplification of the Law, and which led on to the development of the Talmud of the later sectarian Judaism.

Hillel was the first to bring the oral law of the Scribes or Sopherim into close relations with the written law of the Penteteuch, and though he thus contributed, in spite of himself, to a movement which ended in apostasy from the true Religion, was a holy man animated, as were in a far higher degree his contemporaries Zachary and his son John the Baptist, Simeon the Prophet, and Anna of Jerusalem, to say nothing of the Holy Family at Nazareth, by the spirit of the Prophets, and of Jose b. Joezer, and the Assidaeans, who remained aloof from the Pharisaic movement.

Menahem, the Essene, was vice-president under him for awhile, but soon resigned and was followed by Shammai who, though probably a pupil of Hillel, represented the Pharisaic spirit in its narrowest and most bitter form. Thenceforth, the Pharisees became divided into two parties, who looked up to Hillel and Shammai as their respective masters and leaders. The *Beth Hillel*, or Hillelites, emphasized the doctrine of God's love to man and the supreme obligation of love towards God and one's fellowmen, while the *Beth Shammai* emphasized the inexorable justice of God and the duty of strict isolation, on the part of the Pharisees, from all who did not possess an equal degree of ceremonial purity, in the sense of the Sopheric regulations.

The Shammaiites taught that it was unlawful to pay tribute to Caesar, and that to remain in subjection to the Roman empire was equivalent to repudiating the sovereignty of God, Israel's only king. As a consequence of this teaching, Judah the Galilean, inspired by Shammai's disciple Zadok, led an unsuccessful revolt against the Roman supremacy on occasion of the very taxation which led to the fulfillment of the prophecy that the coming Saviour should be born in Bethlehem of Judea.

Hillel died soon after the birth of Christ, and was succeeded by his son Simon, who was followed later by Gamaliel Huzzaken, the teacher of S. Paul. Gamaliel, who is mentioned in the Acts as having pleaded the cause of the Apostles before his obdurate colleagues, is represented by an ancient tradition as having in the end become their faithful disciple.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING.

NIXON WATERMAN.

A rose to the living is more
 Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead:
 In filling love's infinite store,
 A rose to the living is more,—
 If graciously given before
 The hungering spirit is fled,—
 A rose to the living is more
 Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

Dawn on Mount Tamalpais.LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

A cloudless heaven is bending o'er us,
The dawn is lighting the linn and lea;
Island and headland and bay before us,
And dim in the distance the heaving sea.

The Farallon light is faintly flashing,
The birds are wheeling in fitful flocks,
The coast-line brightens, the waves are dashing,
And tossing their spray on the Lobos rocks.

The heralds of morn in the east are glowing,
And boldly lifting the veil of night;
Shasta and Whitney are bravely showing
Their crowns of snow in the morning light.

The town is stirring with faint commotion,
In all its highways it throbs and thrills;
We greet you! Queen of the Western Ocean,
As you wake to life on your hundred hills.

The forts salute and the flags are streaming
From ships at anchor in cove and strait;
O'er the mountain tops in splendor beaming,
The sun looks down on the Golden Gate.

July 4, 1904.

“El Padre Santo” of Santa Clara.

ESPERANZA.

VI.

In addition to instances cited in the official report of the Commission, illustrative of the wonder-working power of Father Catala, statements were made by other than imaginative Indians or Californians. It must be acknowledged that Indians and Spaniards placed implicit faith in the supernatural powers of Fr. Catala. Even after his death they continued to have recourse to him in their troubles and afflictions. The result is a long list of alleged wonderful cures and of relief from bodily and spiritual distress. The official report contains accounts of twenty-two cases, in which the remarkable interference of the dead missionary is sworn to by those that had recourse to him. If we do not quote these accounts, it is because Rome has not as yet given out any opinion, and we prefer to wait till the Holy See has spoken. Moreover, we must bear in mind that miracles are not certain evidence of one's sanctity. To make this plain, we can do no better than quote on that subject a learned Dominican writer * of our day, who expresses our own opinion more lucidly than we could hope to do.

“Miracles!” says this sound spiritual guide, “is the working of miracles necessary to be a saint? That, indeed is the opinion of the world. It is the hope of enjoying the spectacle or even the benefit of a miracle that prompts so many to visit those whose lives they despise (or pity). Sometimes they obtain it; but more often they return without the miracle. It would, indeed, be a great error to suppose that miracles are needed for sanctity. The greatest man born of woman, John the Baptist, ‘wrought no sign’ (Matt., XI, 11). On the other hand, many ‘have done miracles’ to whom the Lord will say on the Day of Judgment: ‘Depart from Me, you that work iniquity; I never knew you’ (Matt., VII, 22, 23). It is true, when there is question of canonizing any one, the Church demands miracles in addition to the acts of virtue; but in reality these are not the miraculous deeds performed by the saints since the wicked, too, may work miracles if the purpose be to prove the truths of faith or the honor of a saint. What is demanded in the process of beatification are wonderful deeds, which God has worked for their honor, that is to say, in proof of the sanctity of him who is to be elevated to the highest veneration of the faithful. Hence, when

(*) Rev. Albert Mary Weiss, O. P., in “Die Vollkommenheit.”

there is question about miracles, they may at most be looked upon as evidences and results of sanctity, but they are not sanctity itself. It is one thing to be canonized a saint, for that miracles are a condition; and another thing to become a saint. To this latter miracles contribute nothing whatever. We mean miraculous deeds, of course; for, if we take miracles in a figurative or moral sense, they surely belong to holiness. O, yes; we admit that these, indeed, create saints: we mean the miracles of mortification, miracles of a life of prayer and of grace, miracles of virtue, miracles of self-denial, of sacrifice, of fidelity, of charity. Whosoever beholds this kind of saint may exclaim with truth: 'We have seen wonderful things to-day' (Luke V, 26). It is a strong expression, but a source of much consolation, when a Pope, with whom rests decisions in such matters, declares, as Gregory the Great did: 'To me one exercise of patience is more than all signs and wonders.'"

Therefore, the unmistakable evidences of the spirit of prayer and of mortification, which Fr. Catala possessed in so high a degree, and above all, his silent fidelity to his priestly and religious duties amid the drudgery of Indian missionary life, during a whole generation, convince us far more of his genuine sanctity than the hundred miraculous things said of him, even though they were based upon the sworn testimony of sixty witnesses, more trustworthy than were his affectionate spiritual children at Santa Clara.

After suffering without complaint a painful disease lasting three years, Father Catala's life, so rich in merit, came to an end. A pious Spaniard, Jaime Monge, and the two Indians, Roberto and Gil, nursed the dying missionary. During the last night he repeatedly encouraged his attendants to keep awake, "to watch the sky and to tell him when the morning star should appear." When informed of its appearance, he said: "Tell Father Joseph to come and pray over me. The time has come." Father Viader was called, and in his presence, after a few moments, the soul of Father Magin Catala fled to its Creator and eternal rest on November 22, 1830, at the age of sixty-eight years, fifty-two of which he had passed in religion, and thirty-seven of these as a missionary in California.

The news of his death spread like wild fire, causing general sorrow among Spaniards and Indians. All hastened to the "convento" to mourn the loss of their father, guide, and support. An eye-witness says: "There was a great mass of people; nothing could be heard but sighing, sobbing, weeping, lamenting. Women fainted here and there, especially among the Indians. Some acted as though they had grown

mad with grief. They wept, they screamed, frantically stretched out their arms towards the body, and would not allow it to be buried." As everyone believed Father Magin to be a saint, they rushed towards the corpse, and by degrees, tore the poor habit into shreds in their efforts to get a particle of it to preserve as a relic. At last, habit, sandals, and everything else, disappeared, so that the body had to be clad in another habit. The priests with difficulty quieted the grief-stricken Indians with promises of some token of their beloved "padre." It was only by means of a stratagem that the Fathers managed to bury the remains after the usual ceremonies that followed the Requiem. The body was interred on the left side of the church, about a rod from the wall, and three feet from the steps that led to the sanctuary. After the tomb had been closed, the crowd slowly began to disperse, exclaiming sadly: "Our saint is gone."

It remains for us to state what the missionary companions, the Franciscan Fathers, thought of Fra Magin. This is best seen from a report which Father Vincente de Sarria, the Superior of the California missions, made to the Father Commissary-General at Madrid in May, 1816. After giving the biographical data Father Sarria says: "His conduct is mature and to this is linked a tender and religious zeal which makes his character win for him the merit of a commendable and evangelical missionary in the missionary field which, besides his own populous mission, includes in his spiritual charge the town of San Jose, three miles distant. I doubt not that this good Father could fill other offices or charges in keeping with the one he has, if his present health did not embarrass him, which prevents him from making long journeys, though he is otherwise robust." Here Sarria, himself a zealous and saintly man, intimates that Father Catala could safely be trusted with the government of all the missions. A higher proof of esteem could not be presented.

Four years and eight months later, December 31, 1820, the learned and pious Father Mariano Payeras, then *Comisario Prefecto*, or Superior of the California Missions, wrote to the same Commissary-General about Father Catala as follows: "His merit is great; his services praiseworthy; and his aptitude for the position of a perfect and apostolic missionary in both fields, among believers as well as unbelievers, and for offices in the Order, is noteworthy; but, already, he feels the weight of his years and of rheumatism, and he is somewhat incapacitated to ride on horseback." Here, again, ten years before his death, Father Magin is recommended for higher positions. Thus he possessed the esteem of those that were competent to judge his life from the proper point of view.

Father Magin Catala may never be raised to the honors of the altar, his head may never be encircled by the halo indicating that he had found a place in the calendar, and had been set up for veneration and imitation, yet we may say of him: "He was beloved by God and man; and his name is in benediction."

The Angelus of Saint Catherine's.

MATT CLARKEN.

Saint Catherine's (Dominican) Church at Martinez, California. The chimes of its magnificent bell, heard at Benicia, California, three miles distant on the opposite side of the straits of Carquinez, are charmingly attractive and suggested the following lines:

Over the river that flows to the main,
And the tides that, in guiding its current control,
From Saint Catherine's call in the sweetest refrain,
The chimes of the Angelus, suffusing the soul!

Over cypress and pine, that, bowing, are blessed
By the auster with kiss of orange and lime,
From Sanctified Galilee, raising the heart to its rest
In communion with God, comes the anthem sublime!

And the bell of Saint Catherine's, so solemn and slow,
In musical cadence, so deep and so grand,
With silvery echoes, soft, plaintive and low,
In harmony blends with the Angelic band!

O'er the current of life with its sorrow and sins
And the passions that pall and lure but to doom,
Comes the message of Love in Redemption that wins
The heart from its thrall and the soul from its gloom!

O'er the clouds that are passing and shadows that fall
On the pathway of thorns that narrow ascends
There is Light in the Faith and Hope unto all
To guide to the Heights for the crown He extends!

And the chimes of Saint Catherine's that appealing, repeat
The mystic salute to the Mother of Love,
Are preludes of joy for the life that complete,
In union with God, gains His Kingdom above!

Wilfred's Education.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

Wilfred Tyler was a sensible boy of fourteen. He lived in a rather sleepy town called Great City, though why it should so have been named, nobody but the inhabitants could understand.

Wilfred's father was a blacksmith, too poor to afford his son a special education, but very ambitious for him to have one.

"I don't see how I can possibly do it, Wilfred," he said to him one day, while shoeing a clumsy old mare belonging to a neighboring farmer. "Somehow, I think you'd make a good lawyer if you had the schooling. If things were with me as they are with Chauncey Wel-dron's father, I could give you the same advantages that Chauncey has. I s'pose he'll make his mark in law one of these days."

"I don't doubt it, father. Chauncey is a pretty bright fellow. I shouldn't know myself if I were to receive the education he expects to have."

"Mother's got it into her head that you ought to be a doctor, but I can't imagine you in such a profession. Anyway, it don't count just now, for I can't see the way clear to let you take up the studies you ought to have."

"Something may turn up," said Wilfred, cheerfully. "Anyway, I won't give up hoping."

"You know the old adage says that hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper."

"Well, I'll hope for a better supper than hope itself," responded Wilfred, laughing.

"I'm glad to see you take things that way," said his father, as he drew the file across the mare's hoof. "You don't get that spirit from me, I know."

"Mother is always like that," said Wilfred, with a degree of warmth as he referred to his other parent. "I suppose that's why I look at the bright side of things."

Wilfred left his father and went home to the cottage.

His mother was stirring hot jelly as he entered.

"You must have an appetite for your dinner, Wilfred, by this time."

"Well, mother, I think I have."

"Were you down to see father?"

"Yes. We were talking about my going to school; or my not being able to go, rather."

"Have no fear of that, Wilfred. I've been praying this long time to our Lady to send means for you to get an education. Of course, some of our requests are not always lawful, although they may seem so to us. But I'm impressed with the belief that an answer will come to us in this case, though it may not be as soon as we'd like."

"Do you really think our Lady will be the one to send such a favor, mother?"

"Why, I'm surprised that you ask such a question, Wilfred! Haven't I always taught you to have faith in God and His Mother for temporal things as well as spiritual ones?"

"Oh, I don't doubt these things. I was only wondering if it was all so easy that you only had to ask."

"One must think so. You must strive in a natural way to gain what you want, asking God and our Lady to bless your efforts with success."

The next time there was evening service in the town church, Wilfred remembered what his mother had said.

He went to the pretty, though rude, altar of our Lady and modestly asked her for the favor he so ardently desired. He placed a little bunch of wild-flowers at the shrine, then came away, curious, yet hopeful, regarding what might follow.

A month went by—a dull, uneventful month, during which he became almost discouraged. With all his hopeful nature, there were times when the prospect seemed so gloomy that he began to think he was only the victim of a boyish dream.

At last there came to the blacksmith's one day a poor young man looking for employment.

"I am willing to work for my board," he said, humbly; "at anything."

"You don't look very strong," observed Wilfred's father.

"I'm stronger than I look. During my college days I was looked upon as exceptional."

The reference to an educational institution awakened the blacksmith's curiosity, and he questioned the young man closely.

The result was that Oliver Deering was engaged. He was to stay with the Tylers until he could find a position suitable to his talents.

"You can occupy most of your time teaching my son Wilfred what he is anxious to learn."

In this way was Wilfred educated; and when his father's prosperity enabled him to go to college later for a finishing course, he realized that he had been exceptionally favored in having Oliver Deering for a tutor.

You must not imagine this is a regular story. It is but an incident in a boy's life, illustrating how one often receives through prayer a benefit under unexpected circumstances.

Magnificat:

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

My soul extols the Lord above!
And God, my Savior, doth rejoice
My heart: for He hath looked in love
Upon His handmaid's lowly choice!
Behold! henceforth all men shall call
Me blessed: for the Mighty One,
Whose name is sanctified by all,
Great wonders for my sake hath done!
He shows benevolence to those
Who reverence Him, from age to age.
He stretched His mighty arm, uprose
And scattered in His noble rage
The proud of heart in their conceit!
And that He might the low uplift
He cast the doughty from their seat,
Enriched the poor with many a gift,
And sent the rich away forlorn!
To Israel He shows His grace
As to our Fathers He had sworn,
To Abraham and all his race!

From the Ball to the Cloister.

MARY E. MANNIX.

God sometimes chooses His most favored servants in most mysterious ways.

The author of the *Life of Christ*, Jeanne de Chantal, M. l'Abbé Bougaud, Vicar-General of Orleans, relates the following fact of one of the first religious of the Visitation:

"No one could imagine how circumstances, apparently unfavorable, work, in God's hands, to the perfection of the Divine plans. Mlle. Faïre was an exquisite dancer. Her mother, having gone to Chambéry on some business affairs, the ladies of that city who heard of the grace and accomplishments of Mlle. Marie Jacqueline, gave a grand ball for the pleasure of seeing her dance. She was delighted with this opportunity of enjoying herself and justifying her reputation as a priestess of the poetry of motion. At the first notes of the band, the Governor offered her his hand to open the ball. God was awaiting her, there in the ball-room, in the midst of fashion, frivolity and pleasure. Suddenly, as she glided gracefully along to the strains of entrancing music, His Divine grace pierced her heart.

"'Poor Marie Jacqueline,' she said to herself, while the assembly looked on in admiration of her graceful measures. 'Poor Marie, what reward will you have for all this? What will remain to you after they have said to each other, 'How well she dances!' What, least of all, after your dancing days are over? Only to have the memory that once you were applauded and admired for so trifling a cause. Only that, and nothing more. What an ambition—what a recompense!'

"Her soul was profoundly touched—it had been made for higher things. She went from the ball to the cloister."

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Frederick, Bishop and Martyr; S. Ignatius, Confessor; S. Henry, Emperor; S. Eugene of Carthage, Bishop; S. Martha, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries — S.

Christina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Victor, Martyr; S. Jerome Emilian, Confessor; S. Mary Magdalene. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. James, Apostle; S. Camillus, Confessor; S. Vincent de Paul, Confessor; S. Bertha, Abbess S. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

Editorial.

A cablegram announcing the election of the successor in office of the Very Reverend Andrew Fruwirth, as Master-General of the Order of Preachers, has been received. Electors from the various Provinces under jurisdiction of the Dominican Order recently assembled in Viterbo, Italy, to elect the Master-General for the next term of twelve years. The Very Reverend Father Hyacinthe Cormiere, a native of France, is the choice of the assemblage. Having matured in experimental knowledge of the sublime mission of the great Order founded by the glorious S. Dominic, Father Cormiere, by his life of strict discipline and humble piety, is eminently fitted to adorn his exalted position as well as to discharge faithfully the duties of his high office.

We are pleased to introduce to our readers a new contributor to DOMINICANA, one whose able literary work is well known to his friends on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Matt Clarken, of Benicia, California. In his harmonious verses, "The Angelus of Saint Catherine's," Mr. Clarken conveys a deep religious message in elevated strains of Christian hope. We are pleased to announce that our readers will be favored from time to time with articles upon topics of current interest by this worthy gentleman.

Congratulations from many quarters have recently been tendered to Mr. Anthony Matre, National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, upon the effective work evident in various cities in regard to the equitable distribution of public justice, in accordance with the rightful claims of Catholic people as voiced by the Federated Societies, and emphasized by their unanimous action. In cordial endorsement of the object of Federation, the Right Reverend James J. Hartley, D. D., Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, writes:

From my heart I hope that the Federation of Catholic Societies may flourish and become one of the strongholds of the church, the home, and the school. Organization is everything in promoting any cause. Where there are so many Catholic societies, whose members should be of one mind and heart when the interests of the Catholic Church, home and school are at stake, a federation of these hearts and

minds ought to be productive of the greatest good to every Catholic interest as well as the general welfare of our beloved country.

In commendation of the Federation of German Societies, the ninth annual convention of which was held recently in Rochester, New York, Bishop Colton writes:

I admire the zeal of the German Federation of New York State in holding these annual conventions. They are the best thing to keep up the good work of the individual societies in their respective localities. It renews the life of all the branches when they come together annually through their delegates to confer on matters of common interest, for then they have the benefit of the experience and wisdom of all to guide them in their work. Your piety as a body is most creditable to you. I have always admired the fidelity of German Catholics to their faith. A German Catholic is a good Catholic or nothing. He is faithful to the teachings of Holy Church, faithful to her sacraments and self-sacrificing in the building of churches and schools and in maintaining them.

The warm words of praise uttered by Bishop Colton in favor of the Saatsverband are well merited, according to the showing of reports during the business sessions of the convention. One hundred and sixty-five societies, including a membership of fifteen thousand champions of right, is certainly an encouraging array of friends "*treu und fest*," whose fidelity will bear the test of social and political vicissitudes that call for the exercise of the noblest qualities of enlightened citizenship. Advices from States and counties this side of New York, auspiciously indicate that, westward Federation takes its way.

Referring to the Educational Conference, which will be held this year in St. Louis, the New York *Freeman's Journal* says:

The conference was organized six years ago by Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty when rector of the Catholic University, and it is due to his foresight, energy and tact that the movement stands to-day on a substantial basis, and gives promise of vigorous growth. The direction of the conference was committed by him to the present rector of the university and at the request of Monsignor D. J. O'Connell, Archbishop Glennon has appointed a local committee to make the necessary arrangements for the meeting.

The conference is now composed of three departments—the seminary, college and school departments. There will be one or two general meetings, but each department will have its own special sessions. Papers have been prepared in each department, and the programmes have been arranged. The seminary conference will be a meeting of rectors and professors of seminaries, the College conference is composed of rectors of colleges and professors, while the school conference is a meeting of diocesan representatives of parish schools, and of others in charge or directly connected with parish school work.

Responsive to the forcible articles, which recently appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* as to the propriety of availing of the opportunity afforded by the Exposition at St. Louis, of holding a Catholic Congress, the Catholic press has signified a sympathetic interest. Discussion as to ways and means point to a practicable presentation of all that bears a special relation to Catholic achievement previously to the century initiated by the remarkable transaction commemorated in the present Exposition. The *Freeman's Journal* is to be congratulated upon its spirit of enterprise in the special sense of reminding Catholics of the unique part enacted by their forefathers during the formative period of the American Nation. A revival of interest, an enthusiastic study of that interesting epoch, will lead to a deeper appreciation of the principles which contain the germ of just government the application of which has secured national liberty and domestic peace.

The thirteenth session of the Catholic Summer School of America opens on July fourth, at the charmingly ideal summer resort on the shores of Lake Champlain. Of historic note, this favored spot holds varied attractions for the visitors. The Summer School offers opportunities of pleasure in the special arrangements made for the physical comfort, mental culture and religious exercises for those who attend the session. A comprehensive literary program, covering the nine weeks' session, will be carried out. Of practical and scientific value the following subjects, developed by eminent lecturers, are announced among others of notable interest and pleasing variety:

Five lectures on Practical Phases of the discussion with Socialists, by the Rev. W. S. Kress, of Cleveland, Ohio; five lectures by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa., on The Historical Study of the Council of Trent; evening lectures by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., of New York City. General subject: Recent Biology. (1) Evolution and Adaptation; (2) Hereditary Influences and Environment; (3) Instincts and Darwinism; (4) The Argument from Design in Biology; five lectures by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Lecturer on Experimental Psychology at S. Francis Xavier College, New York; general subject: Experimental Psychology; (1) Application of the Experimental Method in Psychology; (2) Seeing; (3) Hearing; (4) Feeling; (5) Memory and Suggestion; five lectures on the Great Western Schism, by the Rev. Joseph M. Woods, S. J., Professor of Church History at Woodstock College, Md.; two evening lectures on Anglican Orders according to the decision of Pope Leo the

Thirteenth, by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P., of New York City.

Considering the noble object of the Catholic Summer School—the development of the intellectual and spiritual life through solid instruction—one must cordially applaud the immense good already accomplished by its founders and promoters. Those who are prevented from a personal attendance at the session may keep in touch with this praiseworthy institution and avail of its helpfulness through its official organ, *The Champlain Educator*, published by Warren E. Mosher, 39 E. Forty-second street, New York. Information concerning Reading Circle work, conferences upon which will be held throughout the session, may be obtained by communicating with Mr. Mosher, at given address.

In a recent appeal to the Catholic young men of America, in view of a Divine call to the Priesthood, Reverend Thomas B. Donovan, head of the college for missions among the negroes, offers for their consideration the special needs of the colored race in the United States. This vast field for apostolic workers awaits the energetic action of generous souls who especially prove their love of Christ by heroically carrying the food of the Gospel to the most needy of Christ's sheepfold. Father Donovan concludes his appeal in the following impressive words:

I cannot invite you to join us by promising an easy life in the priesthood. There is no such thing for any good priest, least of all for a missionary. But I dare affirm that the consolations of our life will give you a reward capable of compensating you for a thousand times greater hardships that it is possible for man to bear. S. Francis Xavier wrote home from India that one minute of the divine joy that sometimes filled his heart amply repaid him for the dangers and sufferings he underwent in his long voyages. The noblest souls of the Catholic Church have gone before you in this royal way of the missionary vocation—are daily going this way from all the old Catholic nations of Europe. They bid adieu forever to home and kindred; they tear asunder the sweetest bonds of human attachment; they forsake their very names and mother tongues that they may bear the banner of the cross beyond the frontiers of Christendom. They combine in this the heroism of finely constituted natures with the supernatural graces of a high spiritual perfection.

And how much more perfect is the profession of piety when it enables one to rise superior to family, race, caste and every other form of narrowness. When a man has risen above his own blood he has gone far in the conquest of self, and little remains between him and God. The young man who comes to our seminary or college with a sincere heart has put under foot one of the most powerful enemies of Christian charity—race prejudice. His faith is truly universal, strictly Catholic, and his charity tallies with it. The truly God-like man longs to be adorned with

some divine mark of universality, and there is none more significant of predestination to eternal life than that of the missionary. He has a near view of the truth. He has a broad and loving view of humanity.

Therefore, we invite our Catholic youths to consider the missionary vocation for the conversion of the Negro race in America. Make it a subject of prayer. Ask the Holy Spirit to guide you. Take the advice of spiritual men. Implore the prayers of the Mother of God. Ask the intercession of S. Joseph, under whose invocation our work is dedicated to God.

If you have inquiries to make, we shall be glad to answer them.

REVEREND THOS. B. DONOVAN, *Rector*,
Epiphany Apostolic College,
Walbrook, Baltimore, Md.

Month of May, 1904.

Through the kindness and courtesy of the author, DOMINICANA is enabled to present to its readers of this issue, some perfect gems from the poetic treasures of that truly talented and gifted poet and litterateur, General Lucius Harwood Foote. The readers of DOMINICANA will also have the pleasure of seeing, in succeeding issues, some other beautiful sentiments from the same pen. General Foote has published two or three volumes of his poems and has made translations of German poets and authors. As a contributor to the press, literary periodicals and magazines, and as a lecturer on poetry and other subjects, he has merited and maintains a position in the literary world as one of the most fascinating and versatile writers in the country. Many of his sweetest poems are especially interesting, being local in character and thoroughly Californian in sparkle and beauty. His poetical ideals are pure and of the highest and most gracefully expressed, in such happy contrast to the vulgar, artificial and dialect style adopted or affected by so many would-be rhymsters of commercial trash. General Foote has rendered distinguished service to his country as a diplomat in South America and in the Orient. He was the first accredited Minister Plenipotentiary from any western nation to Corea; he founded the American legation at Seoul; and, at his suggestion the Corean Embassy was sent to the United States, thus opening the door of that Kingdom to the enterprise of the West.

Continuing the interesting address of the Right Reverend Abbot Gacquet, O. S. B., upon the religious troubles in France, the facts treated lead up to the manipulation of M. Combes, who, from latest accounts, is adjusting matters to further partisan ends:

If other proof was wanting that the Concordat in no way contemplated the suppression of the regular Orders, we should still have the fact

that in spite of the laws of 1789, 1790, and of 1792; in spite of the silence of the Concordat; in spite of Article XI of the organic articles, the religious Congregations had already reappeared three or four years before the date of the Concordat. Houses, schools and hospitals had been opened by religious not merely in secret, not merely with the tacit recognition of the Government, but with the direct approval and encouragement of the State. "I ask of any man of good faith," writes M. de Mun, "whether in the face of these facts it is possible to pretend that the silence of the Concordat can be interpreted as meaning the suppression of the religious Congregations."

From the reconstitution of order under Napoleon as Consul, for many years, and probably for half a century, it was considered useful for religious Congregations to secure the protection of the State by obtaining *authorization* under some *ordonnance*, or patent. In this way, whether under the Empire, the Monarchy, or the Republic, large numbers of religious houses and Congregations became known as *authorized*. Side by side with these, however, there grew up others which did not desire and so did not ask for State recognition, and the tendency has been for these latter to increase in number, especially since 1877, and in consequence of the uncertainty which followed the Ferry laws of 1880. It has been suggested, and in the British press we may frequently see it asserted as incontrovertible, or assumed as self-evident, that the non-authorized religious bodies, which came in 1900 to be more numerous even than the authorized congregations, were illegal. This is a completely wrong view of their position. The laws of 1817 and 1825 only require authorization in the case of such bodies as desire to obtain State recognition for their own purposes, so as to secure the advantages which follow from the possession of the civil status or personality secured by legal existence. Until the recent law of 1901 the non-authorized Congregations, though not recognized by the State, were not in any way illicit. It is necessary to bear this in mind, because it has been the policy of M. Combes to suggest the opposite, and to endeavor to rob the Congregations of the sympathy of law-abiding people, by representing them as rebels and law-breakers who did not dare to place themselves in relation with the State. "It cannot be too often repeated," says the Comte de Mun, "that until July 1, 1901, the non-recognized Congregations were within their rights (in remaining non-authorized); their existence was licit though they could obtain no civil personality" (or existence).

Authorization then gave to the religious houses that possessed it a legal status, and it was M. Waldeck-Rousseau's professed wish in his Bill of 1901 to furnish a ready means for all religious to *regularize* their position by obtaining authorization. He was anxious—if we may accept his reiterated expressions—whilst making unauthorized Congregations henceforth illegal in France, to extend the approval of the State to all bodies which applied for it and complied with certain formal conditions, such as the making of a general statement as to the ends and object of their institutions and of the extent of their property and means of support.

Better informed, no doubt, as to the real intentions of the party now in power in France than those who relied upon the words of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and trusted to his reiterated assertions that the object

of his Bill was not to destroy the Orders, but to afford them a legal position in the State, some religious bodies at once took refuge in other countries, preferring even expatriation to the greater evils that might perhaps befall them if they asked for an authorization, which they foresaw would be denied them. It will be remembered that many, even among Catholics in this country, thought that those who thus gave up early in the struggle were ill-advised, and that events would prove them to have read wrongly the signs of the times. Unfortunately this has not been the case; but the fate of the religious who made their applications for authorization, with full faith in the honesty of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has shown how little honesty, or justice, or fair dealing remains to-day in the Government of France.

Of those that remained, fifty-four Congregations of men and a great number of Congregations of women, said to comprise in all some 6,000 houses, sent in their applications for recognition. Most of these had long been established on the soil of France. A great many of them had for three-quarters of a century openly carried on the purposes for which they were established without let or hindrance: they had been in constant and official communication with State authorities in regard to their work, and they had enjoyed the confidence and respect of the public and municipal bodies in the places where their good works were carried on. They came in good faith to Parliament to submit to the new regulations and to ask for the authorization required by the new law.

The case of some was peculiar. Their submission to the supreme authority of the State was the result of a scrupulous wish to obey the law, and they came to ask for authorization not because they thought they needed it or that they did not in fact possess it, but because they wished to show that they were law-abiding citizens in all things. Their action was the natural result of the advice given by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to the Congregations of Savoy on June 28, 1901. "I think," he said, "that it would be prudent for them, as indeed for all who are in any particular condition, to ask for the authorization which will insure them against every kind of risk." Let us take the College Anglais, Douai, as an example perhaps most of interest to us. The English Benedictines had possessed a college there for the last three-quarters of a century. The property was British and had been almost continuously in the possession of our Congregation since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Even in the Reign of Terror it had been respected as the property of the English subjects when the French religious houses were dissolved and their goods confiscated, until it was seized on the outbreak of the war between the two countries not because the monks were monks, but because they were English. On the restoration of the property after the Treaty of Paris, it was administered by a bureau in Paris as British property; and the students were, since 1826, appointed to the various burses with the full knowledge and approbation of the Minister of Interior. The existence of the college was thus constantly brought before the officials of the State, and these dealings with them alone surely constituted an authorization in itself. Moreover, not so many years ago it was necessary to obtain a lease of the buildings at Douai from the Bureau for the purpose of carrying on the school, and this lease, with several years yet to run, was approved and signed by the President of

the Republic, M. Carnot, and by the Minister of Public Instruction. As ours was in some ways considered a special position it was thought prudent to take the advice of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and to apply "for the authorization which would insure (us) against all risk." Personally, I will confess it, I never imagined that this was more than a mere matter of form and that in due course we should receive the authorization. The result you know. Our application was not even considered: we were executed with the rest *en bloc*, and the first intimation that we really received of our fate was the appearance of a liquidator at the college gates and the seizure of our goods and chattels, though we were British subjects. To-day the actual end has come. The three months of grace given to us has run out, and the College Anglais, which for so long has been associated with the name of Douai, from to-day (July 6, 1903) no longer exists. By a curious chance the hospitality accorded during three centuries to English Catholics by the French nation at Douai is violently terminated on the very day that President Loubet lands in England on his official visit.

The whole process has been as arbitrary as it has been unjust, for Douai is but a sample of an immense number of other religious houses. M. Combes arranges things as he pleases. Just as it pleased him by a stroke of the pen to close four thousand free schools, so it pleased him, in assigning to the Senate and the Chamber the demands for authorization which were to be divided between them, to hand six to the former and fifty-four to the latter. The accompanying suggestion to the Chamber of Deputies for the rejection of all of them *en bloc* was agreed to without difficulty or delay, and the "right of control of the Senate," which exists according to the Constitution of the Republic, in this case, by this Parliamentary *coup d'etat*, was ignored. The matter was made simplicity itself by the action of M. Rabier, the "Reporter" of the measure before the Chamber of Deputies. "Of what use is it," he asked in substance, "to discuss the ends and objects of the Congregations who have asked for authorization? We have no call to judge them as we do not mean to authorize them. Our intention is to condemn them and refuse their application, and so to destroy them under the new law." This was the view taken by M. Combes' majority; and all those who at M. Waldeck-Rousseau's invitation had presented themselves for "regularization" found their petitions rudely dismissed without consideration.

It would be interesting to know something of the ex-Prime Minister's inmost feelings to-day. In the Chamber and in the Senate in 1901 he defended his law on the ground that authorization would be granted or refused on the merits of each case, and he rejected indignantly an amendment which proposed the suppression of all existing non-authorized congregations. In the Senate, in reply to a suggestion that there was *parti pris* and that by the brute force of a majority the Orders would be condemned precisely because they were Orders, M. Waldeck-Rousseau exclaimed: "As to saying that Parliament will not grant authorization, in my opinion this is to make short work of its functions. Can you believe that the French Chambers, in face of honest statutes showing openly a reasonable, philanthropic end or one of social interest, will be animated by any absolute *parti pris* and will say: 'This is a Congregation, we refuse it authorization'?"



Some Recent Books

and Music

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS and THE SURD OF METAPHYSICS, by Dr. Paul Carus, published by the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, represent one of the most significant and interesting phases of modern thought. The system of philosophy which they expound is, in itself considered, only a mutilated Scholasticism put forth in the name of "modern science"; but in its relation to the history of thought it may be viewed as the first stage in the death-bed repentance of "scientific" infidelity. According to it the universe is reason (or a rational order) objectively manifested as matter and motion; the human reason being the reflection of, and, at least potentially, identical with, the (unconscious) world-reason.

The volumes before us are chiefly devoted to a powerful and successful polemic against the Cartesian dualism and the Anglo-French philosophic scepticism, especially as manifested in the Lockian-Kantian-Scottish-Comtean-Spencerian Agnosticism and false metaphysicism; but with frequent onslaughts on the doctrine of the substantiality of God and the soul.

Dr. Carus claims that his philosophy is anti-metaphysical; but it is so only in part. The vital errors that lie at the root of all his false conclusions are the gratuitous metaphysical assumptions of the eternity of matter, energy and form, and the equally gratuitous anti-metaphysical assumptions of the illegitimacy of all inquiries into the essence, origin and fundamental reason of things, so far as these go beyond or behind the subjective and objective aspects and ideal unities of matter in motion.

His doctrine of the eternity of form, by the way, which is closely akin to the Stoic-Scholastic doctrine of seminal reasons (or "spermatic logoi"), is an extreme example of "mysticism" in the very sense in which he is so exceedingly fond of disclaiming and decrying it. He rightly asserts against the Agnostics that whatever is real is essentially knowable; but makes himself an arch-Agnostic and obscurantist by truncating the cone of existence at the plane of spirit, and enucleating it at the circle of substance. Spencer admits that something is there, although we can never find out what it is; Carus does away with this "mystery and

metaphysicism" by the simple process of denying that there is anything there, or even any room for anything.

As happens in the case of other unbelievers and misbelievers, his positive premises lead by a strict logical necessity to the conclusions that he denies. If the form makes a thing what it is and causes its spontaneous activity, it is then a real life-principle, and not, as he supposes, a mere internal shape or arrangement of parts.

If forms constitute the ideal aspect of the universe, and are eternal and infinite (at least in the sense that the process of their more and more perfect manifestation through matter and motion is never-ending), they are necessarily the reflections of an Infinite and Eternal Intelligence.

If the human soul alone is capable of attaining to the formal ideas which are supra-material, and which "would be true, even though the universe had never existed," it evidently transcends the corporeal universe in its functions, and therefore in its nature, origin and destiny.

If the human reason is a counterpart of the "Cosmical Reason," it is fundamentally veracious, and does not need to be corrected by being lopped off to fit the Procrustean bed of purblind empiricism prepared for it by the toddling, half-fledged, deformed and already moribund "scientific orthodoxy" of the Occident.

In some points the negation seems largely a matter of phraseology. For example, although Dr. Carus repudiates the idea of substance, he teaches, to all intents and purposes, the Scholastic doctrine that things are substances composed of matter and form. The "substance" he repudiates is the unknowable "thing-in-itself" of Locke and Kant. But by maintaining (in opposition to the most certain data of consciousness, necessarily presupposed by all science and philosophy), the purely empiric and, as it were, accidental character of egoity, he strikes a real blow at the fundamental truth of the unity of substance.

Every system of thought, however false and evil, is made by Divine Providence to subserve in the end the cause of truth and Catholicity; and this is notably true in the case of the Carusian "Monistic Positivism" (which might be more properly denominated "Empirical Idealism"). Those who are convinced by it (with the exception of a few old fogies surviving from the generation in which scientific infidelity of the empiric type was a real power in the world of thought) will hardly fail to welcome the grand old Graeco-Gothic philosophy of the Catholic School, as soon as they chance to come in contact with it, as the natural completion and explanation of their master's system.

Those who try, like Comte, Spencer, Haedkel and Carus, to imprison the human mind in the treadmill of a Godless Nature, are essay-

ing a vain task; and the "up-to-date" anti-Christian thought of the world has already broken loose from the leading strings of such men and gone off to browse, to its heart's content, in the very deepest herbiage of "metaphysicism and mysticism" that it can find.

THE CATHOLIC GUIDE, published by Herold des Glaubens, St. Louis, contains necessary information for all persons interested in the progress of religious and educational institutions since St. Louis was created an Archbishopric in 1847. The long list of Churches, Colleges, Schools, Asylums and Societies represents a religious and intellectual activity in keeping with the spirit that animated the founders of this great and prosperous city. A map of the city of St. Louis, showing street car lines and the location of The World's Fair Grounds, has special reference value for visitors to the Exposition.

KINDLY LIGHT and A JUNE BRIDE, by Florence Morse Kingsley, are gently illustrative of the beauty of an intelligent human kindness when exercised towards the aged and afflicted. The illustrations by E. M. Nabel are admirable interpretations of the text.

The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, publish the book in a superior style of finish, with appropriately symbolic design for cover.

The first two volumes of a contemplated publication by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, of a series of three hundred volumes, to be known as "The Belle-Lettres Series," are especially welcome to students, who would know the author as he is. Ben Jonson and Oliver Goldsmith are best enjoyed in their own language. The old spelling has been preserved with certain peculiarities of the authors' punctuation. JONSON'S EASTWARD HOE, and THE ALCHEMIST, edited by Felix E. Schelling; Goldsmith's GOOD-NATURED MAN and SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, edited by Austin Dobson, L.L. D., are of uncommon literary value, as both editors are special students of these authors. The notes, based upon a careful sitting of former annotated plays, happily illuminate the text. Photographic reproductions of original title pages, portraits of actors and leading scenes in these old-time comedies revive interest in those characters, whose reputation for humor "has stood the test of time." The publishers have undertaken a literary work deserving cordial endorsement and influential support.

CONCERNING THE HOLY BIBLE, ITS USE AND ABUSE, by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon John S. Vaughan, is a series of discourses now published in book form by Benziger Brothers, New York.

The points selected for treatment by the Reverend author have been skillfully and logically developed. The Discourses are the fruit of earnest and extensive study. They are of especial value to laymen in view of the fact that so many fanciful conjectures are being just now advanced by higher critics, who seek to destroy the teaching of the Church of God and subvert her authority by "pulling to pieces" the Bible itself.

CONSOLING THOUGHTS, selected and arranged for each day in the year, by Winifred Mary Hill, and PETALS OF THE MYSTICAL ROSE, by Father Marie Augustine, O. P., booklets of deep religious import, are also published by the same house.

We have at hand a much-needed and practical volume entitled THE PRIEST, HIS CHARACTER AND WORK. The author, Reverend James Keatinge, presents in an interesting manner information concerning missionary and parish work that he has gained through years of experience. It is of special value to the newly-ordained priest and will also find favor with those familiar with the duties it describes.

A BISHOP AND HIS FLOCK, by the Right Reverend J. C. Headley, O. S. B., consists of more than thirty pastoral letters addressed at varied intervals to the people of his diocese. The subjects treated are of general interest and are developed in a practical, familiar style. The "Sacraments," "Grace," "Worship" and "Ritual" are well expounded. The addresses on "Mixed Marriages," "The Attendance of Catholic Children at Non-Catholic Schools" and on "Church Music," are of timely interest.

Both of these books may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, New York.

John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York, publishes in attractive style, the fascinating and stirring TRAGEDY, EL DORADO, a tale filled with romantic adventure. Ridgely Torrence, most happily presents, in this poetic TRAGEDY, of five acts, scenes and incidents that characterized the expeditions in the mad quest for gold in the early part of the sixteenth century. New Spain, fabulous for its hidden treasures, is the field in which the delusive phantom—gold—lured so many to an evil doom. In rhythmical cadence of sustained power, Mr. TORRENCE graphically paints his soldier hero, and with charming *naïvete* satisfies the readers' interested expectation that he may develop the tenderness of the faithful lover. The poem is irresistible and strikingly impressive.

THE WOODCARVER OF 'LYMPUS, an attractive figure, naturally considered, in his fortitude under physical disability, fails, however, to inspire that sympathy which is awakened only by example of a moral heroism exhibiting the sublime qualities of faith and hope—a perfect resignation in suffering, to the will of an all-wise Heavenly Father. The authoress, M. E. Waller, vividly describes natural beauties of scenery in an isolated mountain district of Vermont. The characters, introduced to the reader, mainly for the uplifting of the simple mountain folk, while manifesting a cultured philanthropy, fail to satisfy the cravings of the spirit. Again, we miss the supernatural element in the story.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, have brought out the book with a handsome cover design; the frontispiece, "The Old Vermont Stage Coach," is effectively reproduced from a drawing by C. C. Emerson.

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has published many interesting booklets, among which we note MEDITATIONS OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD, by the Rt. Reverend Joseph Oswald Smith; SPIRITUAL COUNSELS FROM THE LETTERS OF FENELON, selected by Lady Amabel Kerr; A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT SAINT JOSEPH, and a biographical sketch of LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Among recent publications of Benziger Brothers, New York, notable in charm of incident and graphic in character delineation, are CARROLL DARE, by Mary T. Waggaman, and HEARTS OF GOLD, by I. Edhor; both stories are beautifully illustrated and give glimpses of old-world scenes that are fraught with historic associations ever interesting to students.

Music.

Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, have recently published for piano solo: (1) LADY ROSE TWO-STEP AND MARCH, consisting of the usual lively, well-marked rhythm and sprightly melody; (2) FANDANGO, a bright, bubbling Dance Espagnole; both compositions are by Samuel S.

Aronson; three transcriptions of the popular old songs: NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST (Meditation) of medium difficulty, by Eben H. Bailey; OLD BLACK JOE, easy arrangement and fingered by Frank H. Parker; MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, with easy variations, by Louis Raymond. Of four-hand arrangements are: MURMURING ZEPHYRS, THE LAST SMILE (Wollenhaupt), both by Chas. Wils; for voice: MY DREAMS OF YOU, by Samuel S. Aronson, a simple, sweet little melody; FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME, a contralto solo in A flat, by H. P. Danks, is a lovely, heart-searching melody; THE CITY OF ZION (Sop. or Ten. in E flat; Mezzo-sop. or Bar. in D; Alto or Bass in B flat), a sacred song of fair scope and compass; IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE, by J. W. Parson Price, pleasing and of easy compass; two songs by Robert Coverly: No. 1, LOVE'S ONE STAR, for Sop. or Ten. in A flat; No. 2, MY HEART IS A ROSE; THE AULD NEST IS TOOM (EMPTY), a simple little Scotch ditty with Scotch diction, by Horatio C. King; JUST BEYOND (Vocal Duet) for Sop. and Alto with solo interspersed, by W. C. Williams. Wm. A. Pond & Company's OCTAVO SACRED MUSIC: No. 21, TE DEUM IN F, is a good English Hymn of that name with soli and choruses, by H. E. Parkhurst; No. 9, BONUM EST CONFITERI IN C, in English, using the old tenor or C clef, by H. P. Danks; No. 17, THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH, male Qt., by A. H. Taylor; No. 12, BENEDIC ANIMA MEA IN D, by H. P. Danks; No. 2, JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL, solo and Qt., by H. P. Danks; SECULAR OCTAVO MUSIC, WAITING (Millard) for male voice, the same also for mixed voices, by C. F. Shattuck.

J. Fischer and Brother, New York, have published some Masses, in Gregorian style, for unison voices, written by Henry Dumont; accompaniments by A. E. Tozer; Fischer Ed. No. 2488—MASS ON THE FIRST TONE (Royal Mass); No. 2489—the same Mass, harmonized for four mixed voices by A. E. Tozer; No. 2490—MASS ON THE SECOND TONE; No. 2491—the same, harmonized for four mixed voices. In set 1, there are five Masses for unison voices; set 2, the same Masses harmonized. These Masses are short, the words of each part of the Mass being used but once; they are thoroughly Gregorian, being written in the traditional whole, half and quarter-note notation only.

Calendar for June.

- 1—B. Anthony Neyrot, O. P., Priest and Martyr. Repentance.
- 2—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers. Anniversary of the death of Reverend Father Vincent Vinyes, O. P., Second Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.
- 3—First Sunday of the month—B. Mark of Modena, O. P., Priest. Love of Neighbor. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.
- 4—Our Lady the Refuge of Sinners. Confidence in Mary.
- 5—S. Anthony Maria Zachary, Priest. Modesty. Eleventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.
- 6—Octave day of the Apostles Peter and Paul. Votive mass of the Rosary.
- 7—B. Benedict the Eleventh, O. P., Pope. Reconciliation.
- 8—S. Monica, widow (from May 4) Perseverance.
- 9—S. John of Cologne, O. P., and companions the Martyrs of Gorcum. Votive mass of the Rosary. Third Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.
- 10—Second Sunday of the month. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity.
- 11—BB. Ignatius Delgado and Dominic Hernares, O. P., Bishops and Martyrs of Tonquin and their companions.
- 12—John Gaulbert, Abbot. Forgiveness of injuries. Twelfth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic. Anniversary of those buried in Dominican cemeteries. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians, members of the Holy Name Confraternity and Tertiaries; C. C.; assist at office of the dead; prayer.
- 13—B. James of Voragine, O. P., Bishop. Peacemaking.
- 14—S. Bonaventura, O. F. M., Cardinal Bishop and Doctor of the Church.
- 15—S. Henry, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Fidelity.
- 16—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit, prayers. Fourth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.
- 17—Third Sunday of the month. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 18—B. Ceslaus, O. P., Priest. Missionary zeal.
- 19—S. Vincent de Paul, Priest; Founder of the Vincentians or Congregation of the Mission, as well as of the institution of the Sisters of Charity. Thirteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.
- 20—B. Jane of Portugal, O. P., Virgin (from May 12). Sympathy. Votive mass of the Rosary. Anniversary of the death of Pope Leo the Thirteenth.
- 21—Jerome Emilian, Priest and founder of the Congregation of Somascha. Solitude.
- 22—S. Mary Magdalen, Protectress of the Dominican Order.
- 23—B. Jane of Orvieto, O. P., Virgin. Recollection. Votive mass of the Rosary. Fifth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.
- 24—Fourth Sunday of the month. S. Camillus of Lellis, Priest; founder of the Congregation of Regular Clerks for the care of the sick.
- 25—S. James the Greater, Apostle. Contempt of the world.
- 26—S. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin. Fourteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.
- 27—B. Augustine of Bugella, O. P., Priest. Penance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 28—B. Anthony of the Church, Priest, O. P. Punctuality.
- 29—S. Martha, Virgin. Sister of Mary Magdalen. Horror of Sin.
- 30—B. Mannes, O. P., Priest. Brother of S. Dominic. Contemplation. Sixth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.
- 31—Last Sunday of the month. S. Ignatius of Loyola, S. J., Priest and Founder of the Society of Jesus. Obedience.

The Causes of Unbelief.

You believe not, and you conclude from this that faith is impossible; for my part, I conclude that you do not what is necessary in order to arrive at faith, and I will prove it in a few words.

The first cause of incredulity is voluntary ignorance. Faith can no more than science be acquired without a certain application of mind. When the mind is not applied, it is inert, it ceases to be a power; it is, as regards the object before it, as if it were not. What are mathematics to an intelligence which has never reflected on the laws of number, of quantity, and of motion? What is philosophy to a man who has never asked himself what is being, what is an idea, what is the absolute, the relative, cause, or effect? And for the same reason, what is faith to a soul which has never seriously thought upon the necessary relations of the creature with God?

Let me ask you, at what age and after what studies did you decide that religion is an error? Was it at forty? No, you decided it in the flower of your age, at the moment when, casting off the apparel of childhood, reason and passion celebrated together their joyous advent to the agitated surface of your being. Up to that time, simple and submissive, a pious worshipper of the thoughts of your mother, you had questioned nothing, denied nothing, you lived by a faith as pure as your heart. But scarcely had the double puberty of man caused its sharp sting to be felt by your senses and your intellect, when, without taking time to mature your power, and impatient of the mysteries of Nature and the mysteries of God, you became ashamed to believe, while at the same time you lost that other shame which is the divine guardian of innocence. Incapable of any act worthy of a man, you passed judgment sovereignly upon God and man; you doubted, denied, apostatized, despised your fathers, accused your masters, summoned before your tribunal the virtues and sorrows of ages—in fine, you transformed your soul into a desert of pride. Then, this ruin completed, you chose for your end one of the ambitions of man, the glory of arms or that of letters, or still less high, as chance led you, and every effort of your faculties was directed towards the idolatry of your future. You learned no more than to be one day the effec-

tive hero of your dreams; you sacrificed your days and your nights to this egotistical image, reserving of them but a secret and unknown part to the other egotism of man, voluptuousness. And never, during this sad and checkered dream, did religion appear to you but as a futile souvenir of your early years, a weakness or a hypocrisy of humanity. You did not deign to give to it one hour of study, or one desire; and if sometimes, attracted by a celebrated name, you opened a book or crossed the threshold of a basilica, you did so with the haughtiness of a mind which had judged, and had no idea of reversing its decree. O confidence of youth in error! O security of souls who have yet seen of life but the early dawn! Oh, how good God has been in not calling you away in that hour of ignorance and enchantment! For already you are no longer subject to its crude certitudes; time has brought back to you doubt and the obscure presentments of truth. You see that your unbelief was born of a puerile act, and that, for your honor and your repose, it needs a ratification.

This second labor it is, this labor of return and examen, which lays the foundation of faith in man, and maintains it in humanity. Faith is also, indeed, a gift of childhood; it strikes its root into the soul which has just been born; but it is the slow action of life which brings it to maturity. When man has seen man during long years, when he has known his feebleness and his misery by experience which no longer permit him to doubt, and already the grand figure of death places nearer to him the final prophecy, then naturally his gaze becomes more profound. He discerns more clearly the trace of the divine, because he knows better what man cannot do, and, moreover, the wearisomeness of present things evokes in him a relish for things unseen. Therefore it is that a writer, whose name escapes me, has excellently said: "At twenty, we believe religion to be false; at forty, we begin to suspect that it may be true; at fifty, we desire that it may be true; at sixty, we no longer doubt its truth." Light and life progress with equal pace, and death, in disabusing us of all, completes the progressive revelation which commenced in our regard on the lips of our mother. The child and the woman are the vanguard of God; the man of mature years is His apostle and martyr; you young men, you are but the deserters of a day.

I know well that voluntary ignorance does not by itself explain the sad phenomenon of incredulity, and that there are men versed in the things of religion who attain not the happiness of faith. The examples of this are rare, but I have met with them. They are the victims of a passion the most obstinate of all, namely, the pride of science. The pride of science is the infatuation of a spirit inebriated with itself, which admires itself in what it knows, as did Narcissus in his lake, and which, regarding any limit as an insult to its capacity, proposes to treat with God as an equal with an equal. It studies not through love of truth, but in order to oppose it; it delights in creating clouds, in discovering a grain of sand which may serve as a blasphemy, and which it may cast at heaven. If it look up to the stars, it is in order to get from them the secret of the world's eternity; if it descend into the bosom of the earth, it is to seek arms against some great biblical fact; if it interrogate the necropolis of Egypt or the ruins of Babylon, it is only to hear there a voice which denies some most authentic tradition. Its science is but a bitter strife between itself and God.

Who could remain true while possessed by such a passion? Who would accept it as judge? Faith is an act of confidence; it supposes the sincerity of an upright and loving heart. But those of whom I speak would not believe even mathematical demonstrations if their aim and conclusions were truths of religion. Like Jean Jacques, they would prefer declaring themselves fools to declaring themselves convinced. And in truth this is not an imaginary picture. Interrogate the recollections of your conscience. Have you never been filled with joy on discovering in history or in nature something which appeared to you to be marked with an anti-Christian sign? Have you never clapped your hands when somebody said to you, Here is an argument against Jesus Christ? *Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.* Such is the first condition on which you are to arrive at faith. In vain does the sun appear in the firmament, if his light be for us but a reason for refusing to gaze at him.

Finally, a third cause of incredulity is depravity of morals. I do not mean to say that every weakness of our poor flesh is an obstacle to faith, since faith is itself the principle of chastity, and Jesus Christ has uttered against the Pharisees these divine words: *The harlots shall go*

into the kingdom of God before you. There is a humble vice, a vice which knows itself, which despises itself, which strikes its breast. I will not say that it is dear to God; but God can forgive it as He forgave Magdalen. There is, on the other hand, a vice poisoned with pride, a vice which exalts its head, which laughs and mocks; this God hates, and it is an almost invincible obstacle to faith, for it is the union of two perversities which naturally exclude one another, and of which the junction destroys in the soul the last resources of good. Pride alone is so insupportable to God that He prefers humble vice to proud virtue. How great must be His hatred of vice inflated with pride? Now nothing is less rare than this lamentable disposition of the heart. Slaves though we may be of the vilest propensities and most shameful practices, we clothe ourselves in the pride of a conscience without reproach, and we appeal to our honor, our probity, our genius, and we cover with the name of amiable weaknesses the prostitution of our every sense to voluptuousness. We employ a half century in perverting around us the ignorance of youth and the beauty of virtue; and after having precipitated into abjection a number of souls of whom we do not even deign to respect the ruins in our memory, instead of saying to God with St. Peter, *Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord*, we complain of the little light which God has imparted to His works, and we impute to Him our misfortune in not knowing Him and serving Him. Do you think that miracles are due to such complaints, and that God is in fault in replying only by unrelenting silence? Oh yes; *the harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before us*, because nearly all were victims before they became mercenaries, and they are moved to raise to God, from the depths of their abasement, that suppliant glance of meekness and humility which is more than a feeling of remorse, if it is not yet a virtue. God will hear them; He hears the faintest sigh of sincerity, and He speeds every tear which commences to flow for Him. But the pride of ignorance, the pride of science, the pride of vice, He despises all three; He bears with them until that day when the angels will sing for the second time, in presence of the whole assembled universe, the hymn of God made man: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!*—Lacordaire.

Dominicana

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SISTER M. XAVIER, VISITANDINE.

It is of the day as with life, its greatest pleasure is its morning.—
Malherbe.

CHAPTER I.

The first of March, 1764, a joyous sun shone over the park of Versailles, rejoicing everything around. The early violets were beginning to peep above the dry leaves and sprouting vegetation; already were they filling the air with their delicious perfume, and as they turned their faces to the clear blue sky, they seemed to welcome it as the sure presage of Spring's happy return.

A party of four persons were descending the beautiful avenue that led from the basin of Neptune to the gate of Trianon. They were evidently Germans; and though they presented a very patriarchal aspect, one could not help seeing, from their respectable bearing and genteel appearance, that they belonged not to the class that ventured out so early in the morning. The father and mother walked arm in arm, while the two children ran in advance of them, playing, jumping and capering as if they were trying to see which could be the more active and graceful. They were, indeed, as gay and happy as the birds. The elder, a girl of about thirteen years, was attired in a suit of blue velvet, trimmed with swan's down; her face was one to attract by its beauty and freshness; the little boy, four years younger, was still more charming, commanding instant admiration. They enjoyed their romping to their hearts' content.

"Leopold," said the mother, "are you sure that it was nine o'clock that meinherr Heinrich told us to be at the gate of the little Trianon?"

"Yes, my dear wife," replied the father, "and we are a half hour behind time; but Heinrich is a German and will wait for us. Were it one of the hot-headed Frenchmen, always so impatient, he would be gone long ago."

"I see him!" cried the little boy; "I see our friend Heinrich!"

"There he is; there he is," and the child ran to meet the good old friend, casting himself into his arms. It was, indeed, Heinrich, clad in royal livery, as he was one of the household of the Dauphiness, Maria Josepha. Catching up the boy, the old man said: "Here at last, Wolfgang Mozart; I began to think you were not coming; what detained you so long?"

"Why," answered the boy, "those lazy people of the inn would not get out of bed to give us children a little breakfast, and mamma would not allow us to depart without it; she and papa are fasting; it is Lent, you know, and they did not care so much for themselves."

"Ah, well, it is time enough; only I wished you to be here and see the conservatories before the arrival of the King."

"Oh, the King!" cried Wolfgang; "he caressed me so much yesterday that I know he will be delighted to see me again. Do you know, my dear Heinrich, that the Queen kissed me and she gave to Nanerl lovely earrings of pearl and gold; and see my beautiful new watch; it strikes. It was given to me by Madame de Tesse, in recompense for the sonatas I dedicated to her."

"O, Heinrich!" exclaimed Nanerl, who now joined her brother, "look at the lovely ring that Madame Victoria gave me yesterday."

Leopold Mozart and his wife approached, and, after the usual words of salutation, the children ran off to play, leaving their parents to chat with Heinrich.

"Ah," said the latter, "I see your success is on the increase; I assure you there is nothing spoken of at court but the talents of your children; what pleases me most is to see them so innocent and good; they are just as childlike as when I knew them at Solzburg. All the glory they receive does not turn their heads, dear children."

"That is the truth," said the old Mozart, "and I give thanks to the good God every day of my life for keeping them as they are; surely there is something surprising in their precocious talent. When they return home in the evenings, laden with presents, praises and applause, what do you think Woferl does? He comes to kiss his mother's hand and mine, then embraces his sister; we say prayers, then sing a little melody composed by Woferl when only four years old; both get our blessing and retire to their little beds, to dream, as Woferl says, of God, their parents and music."

"Dear child," replied old Heinrich, moved almost to tears, "may our Lord ever watch over them and preserve the flower of their innocence and piety. I should be sorry for them to meet with anything in Paris or at the court that would tarnish their virtue and simplicity. Let

me tell you," continued the old man, "I watched them from afar when they were playing on the clavichord in presence of the court yesterday, and it seemed to me that I beheld two angels in the midst of comedians."

"You speak well, my dear friend," exclaimed the mother, "for I assure you that I see nothing but masks in this country; I will not honor them with the name of faces. Men and women are painted like the puppets of Nuremburg; their false and treacherous eyes, forced smiles and mechanical movements are to me disgusting. It is only the Queen and the young princesses that have Christian figures, and they are the only ones, too, that know German."

"You can afford to speak thus of the ladies of France," answered Heinrich, "for I declare to you they are saintly princesses."

"I do not doubt it," replied Madame Mozart, "but they are so reserved and timid, so cold that they almost freeze me. Madame Louise is the most amiable, but then she keeps the position of the least and last, and always hides behind her sister Adelaide. Oh, it was very different in Vienna last year, it was far nicer there. Imagine, Heinrich, the Empress taking Woferl upon her knees and kissing him as if he had been her son! And what do you think? One day he asked for one of the Archduchesses to become his spouse, indeed he did."

"Oh, that was too much!" exclaimed Heinrich, with a hearty laugh.

"Well," said Leopold Mozart, "it happened this way. The Emperor told the boy to go and perform on the clavichord. In obedience the child ran, and in his haste tripped upon the floor and fell full length. One of the archduchesses, about his own age, ran to lift him up and sweetly inquired if he was hurt. 'O, no,' said Woferl, 'but you are so amiable and lovely that I would like to espouse you.' Shortly afterwards he demanded her of the Empress; and you can imagine the amusement that the incident created."

By this time the party had reached the conservatories and Heinrich advised them to take off their wraps, as it would be very warm under the glass. "Just think," said Heinrich, "how the strawberries, and bananas die here in winter, unless kept under glass!" On entering they were dazzled by the beauty of every thing they beheld, especially the royal plants. It is true, the conservatories were not so extensive as those of Mr. de Fleury in the Jardin des Plantes, and in which we may still see some precious remains of those royal collections; but everything was well arranged and in elegant taste; we hardly see such in these modern times. Grapes and cherries ripened together; plums and apricots, mingled with well laden coffee trees; in fact, every species of tropical fruit and flower could there be seen. Birds from Bengal and America in gilded cages en-

joyed there the temperature and perfumes of their native countries, warbling together their native songs, some plaintive, others merry and lively.

Leopald, his wife and daughter, were enjoying the fruits and flowers, while Wolfgang remained fixed to the spot where the birds were singing; he would not leave what he called the "delightful concert of the terrestrial Paradise." He was so wrapt in listening that he scarcely heard his sister calling to him to come, that the King had asked for him.

"Hu--s--h," said he, with finger on his lips, "listen!" A little Bengalese had become more familiar than the others and approached him while warbling her song. There was so much melody in it that Nanerl was enchanted and quite forgot the message on which she had been sent; she stood in silent ecstasy by the side of her brother.

Louis the Fifteenth had entered the conservatory by a door quite opposite to the one of which Heinrich had given him the key. He was accompanied by the old gardener, Claude Richard, as well as by several of the courtiers, among them the old Duke de Richelieu, who was powdered, painted, and musk-scented as though he were a young coquette. The King showed some surprise at seeing the Mozart family, but accosted them with his usual cordiality and inquired for the young musician. Claude Richard was a little piqued at the respect shown by his Majesty to the new-comers, and soon turned his attention to the flowers, saying; "Sire, there is something new at the Trianon; come, let me show it to you." The King preceeded in the direction indicated and stopped near a pretty looking bush with oval leaves, odoriferous stems and flowers of a dark red, which emitted a singular fragrance. He complimented Richard, saying: "And where did this come from?" "It is a Carolina shrub," answered the gardener; "it was brought from Spain by my son Anthony last year."

"Well," said the King, "it is some consolation or compensation for what I lost last fall by the 'Treaty of Paris' that Choiseul obliged me to sign.* It is a pity, my old Richard, that you cannot be my Prime Minister;" then, turning aside, he added: "'After me will come the deluge!' But, tell me, what do you call this flower?"

"Mr. de Jussieu says it is the *Calycanthus Floridus*, Sire; but, I should like to give it a French name; will you not be the godfather and select something suitable?"

"I am not very inventive, Richard; suppose we call it the anemone tree, though that is a long name and hardly appropriate to a shrub whose flower is so fragrant. It has first, the scent of the pineapple, then the strawberry or banana, and what else? Does it not seem to you to be

*In 1763, France ceded to England, all her possessions in North America, with several of her Islands in the Western Archipelago.

worthy of crowning Pomona and bearing her name? What say you, Monsieur de Richelieu?"

"Oh, Sire," cried the old duke, wriggling; "Pomona is furiously old. The beautiful lady that appeared at the last court-ball in costume, deserves, more than the antique goddess, to be honored with the name of a lovely flower; I propose, then, to call it Pompadora."

"Charming! delightful! adorable!" exclaimed one and all, excepting old Richard, who was busy readjusting a vase of flowers that had been upset by the whirling around of the duke.

"It is settled," said the King; "it shall be Pompadora." He then broke off a small stem and put it in the button-hole of his coat. "Let us continue," he said, "our visit through the conservatories." Leopold and his wife remained at a respectful distance from the royal party until the King asked again for the little musician. "He is with the birds," replied the old Mozart.

"Stay," said the King, "I wish to take him by surprise," and signing to his suite not to follow, he went on tiptoe and stood behind a mass of camellias, listening to the children's conversation.

The Bengalese had stopped its song; Nanerl endeavored to insinuate her own sweet voice by way of coaxing the bird to re-commence. "Bis! Bis!" she repeated in vain; at length her little brother reminded her that the poor bird was tired, saying: "Nanerl, would you have the poor little thing to sing itself to death? That is for men to do in their foolishness. But, what a beautiful sonatina it dictated to us! I wish to take notes of it, and please lend me your pencil, Nanerl."

"Here it is," kindly replied his sister, "but I have no tablets."

"That is bad," said Wolfgang, "but I will remember it. O Nanerl, if the King would only give me this little bird, how happy I would be!"

"Fie, Wolferl, it would be of no use to you; for did you not hear Mr. Richard tell mamma that the Bengalese could only live under the glass of the conservatory?"

"You would not, I am sure, wish to kill the bird."

"O, my no," said Wolferl, "not for the world; after all, the robin of Salzburg is preferable; for, as you know, Nanerl, it is free and can pour forth its song everywhere. Nanerl, have you yet composed anything?"

"Yes, my little brother, I made up a minuet on seeing a lovely yellow rose striped with red. I shall play it the moment I enter the house."

"You will not have to go very far," said the King appearing before the children. "You must come with me to the music-salon and let me hear the minuet of the rose and sonatina of the Bengal bird."

Taking the children by the hand, his Majesty led the way to the royal drawing-room, all the courtiers following.

(To be continued.)

The Origin of the Jewish Sect.

The Crime and Punishment of the House of Shammai.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

III.

When the Messiah came, for whose advent all the world had been looking for two thousand years, several members of the Sanhedrim belonging to the school of Hillel, like Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, recognized and welcomed Him; but the influence of the School of Shammai had so permeated the whole body of the Pharisees that, as a class, they brought down upon themselves His severest condemnation, and, under the leadership of the Beth Shammai ("the Pharisees of the stricter sort") were the chief instruments of the great judicial crime by which he was condemned to a felon's death. The corrupt and mercenary acting high priests, who, after the accession of Herod the Great, had been appointed and deposed in rapid succession according to their ability and willingness to flatter, serve and bribe the Idumæan princes and Roman governors, and were, therefore, almost without exception, members of the extremely worldly parties—Sadducees, Herodians, or Helleno-Romanists—became only too glad to gratify at one and the same time their own hatred of the loyal devotees of the religion of whose interests their whole career was a betrayal, and the class-spirit, and enmity to the purely spiritual Messiahship, of their traditional foes, the Pharisees, whose power, as the controlling element in the Sanhedrim, made their favor worth bidding for.

The Messianic call was heeded, slowly at first, but afterwards with greater and greater rapidity, by all the faithful of Israel, whether Hillelites, Assidæans, Platonizing Hellenists, Essenes or Carmelites, who were not too much entangled in the worldliness of Herodians on the one hand or the ultra-legalism, exclusiveness, ceremonialism, and rigorism of the House of Shammai on the other.

In spite of the violent opposition of the usurpers of the high-priesthood, and especially of the dominant element in the Sanhedrim, to the "Israelites indeed" who submitted themselves to the teaching and the authority of the Messiah (the Christ) and the Messianic priesthood established by Him, and, in spite of the fact that the Mosaic economy was recognized by the faithful as having been replaced by the Messianic economy for which it was the preparation, the Christians, or Messianic

Jews, continued to participate in the Mosaic rites until these were abolished by force of circumstance through the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem and the closing, immediately afterward, of the pro-temple, or Pontifical chapel, at Onion.

The stricter Pharisees themselves were the instruments of Divine Providence in bringing about this destruction, for the party of the Zealots, who practically applied the republican and nationalistic doctrine of the School of Shammai, continued their agitation after the failure of their first revolt under Judah of Galilee, and about the same time that Saint Peter and Saint Paul watered with their blood the Holy Mother Church of Rome, the nationalists of the School of Shammai gained control of the Sanhedrim and precipitated a general revolt of the non-Christian Jews (exclusive of the Herodians) against the Roman government.

This revolt was headed by Eleazar ben Ananias at Jerusalem, followed by his fellow-citizens Eleazar ben Simon and Simon ben Ezra, and by John of Giscala and Judas b. Jair in Upper Galilee, and Justus b. Pistus and Jehoshua b. Sapphira at Tiberias. A still more extreme faction of Zealots was headed by Eleazar b. Dinar, originally from Alexandria, who treated all friends of Rome as outlaws, his followers Simon b. Gioa, and a band of professional assassins called the Sicarii, or Daggersmen, headed by Judah of Galilee's grandson Menahem, followed by his cousin Eleazar b. Jair. A large part of the Idumeans, or Edomites (that whole nation having become proselytes during the Machabean period) took part, headed by Jacob b. Susa and Simon b. Kethlo. Even the Sanhedrim itself was too moderate for the ultra Zealots, who massacred most of the Hillelites and friends of peace among its members and dissolved the whole body permanently.

The Christian, and even the great body of the people who had not yet recognized either the Messiahship of Jesus or the authority of the Scribes, held aloof from the revolutionary movement, and after the Roman army had overrun all Palestine and confined part of the Sicarians in their fortress of Masada, the rest of the revolutionists took refuge in Jerusalem, where the Jerusalemite, Galilean, Sicarian and Idumean Zealots warred with each other for supremacy and thus facilitated the ultimate capture of the city by the army of Titus.

Before the siege of Jerusalem the temple school had been carried on in the city of Jerusalem by Jochanan ben Zachai, a pupil of Jonathan b. Uziel, who, though the son of a fanatical Shammaiite, was himself one of the eighty principal disciples of Hillel. Jochanan had no sympathy with the anti-Roman spirit and policy of the Zealots, and during the siege he contrived, by the connivance of a friendly Zealot named Ben Batiach, to have himself carried out as a corpse by his disciples Eleazar and Joshua.

Titus gave him permission to establish a school at Jobneh or Yamnia, on the sea-coast between Joppa and Ashdod, and there the few surviving Pharisaic representatives of Biblical and Sopheric learning soon gathered around him.

The faculty of the school founded by him gradually usurped to itself the name and function of the Sanhedrim and even larger functions: for it assumed to legislate for the whole anti-Apostolic Judaism, while the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem had never claimed any authority outside the Hewnstone Hall at the temple, the executive functions being exercised by the *de facto* high priests. This body devoted itself to developing the traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees, and opposing the tendency everywhere manifesting itself among the members of the Hebrew race towards submission to the Apostolic College which inherited the eternal kingship and priesthood of the God-Incarnate, in which the royalty of the House of David found its apotheosis and the Pontificate of Aaron its consummation.

Hitherto the Pharisees, especially of the School of Shammai, had been a party with schismatic tendencies within the Church of God, but, by the organization of the Jabnian Sanhedrim and its substitution of a new worship for the Temple sacrifices (which had been Divinely ordained through Moses and given an infinitely higher and more real and universal form by Jesus Christ, the Supreme Victim, of which all lesser ones both among Jews and Gentiles, had been symbols) they established a definite nucleus of an openly schismatical and heretical body. Judaism, which had previously signified the true Church of God, considered as the religion professed and propagated particularly by the tribe of Judah, which, especially after the Assyrian Captivity of the Ten Tribes, had been the dominant part of Israel, remained for some time the common designation of the Messianic or true Jews (commonly called *Ebionim*, Nazarenes, or Christians, and by their anti-Messianic brethren *Minim* or Minaeans) and the anti-Messianic, sectarian or Rabbinical Jews. It was not until the number of Gentile proselytes in the Christian Church had become so vast as to be out of all numerical proportion to its Hebrew nucleus that the term Judaism came to be the exclusive designation of the Rabbinical Jews who, by their repeated insurrections, had kept themselves in view as the exponents of Hebrew and Judean nationalism.

The supreme heads of the new Sanhedrim or anti-Messianic college set up by the Scribes and Pharisees against the Apostolic College received the new title of *Nasi*, meaning president or prince, and to their names was ordinarily attached the honorific prefix of *Rabban*. "our master," while to all the authorized teachers of the highest rank among the sectarian Jews was given the title *Rabbi*, "my master," which no teacher

save our Lord himself, had previously received, so far as history records. The subordinate teachers were called elders or ancients (*zaken*), and from their ranks the rabbis were chosen. A regular ordination was given to these officers in imitation of that used among the Christians.

But even then there was only an incomplete separation between the true children of Israel, or Christians, and the apostates under the leadership of the rabbis who perpetuated the traditions of the Shammaian-Pharisaic group. The Messianic or Christian Hierarchy, under the Apostolic College centering at Rome (to which it had been transferred from Jerusalem after having its temporary seat at Antioch), and the anti-Messianic neo-Jewish leaders who set up the standard of spiritual revolt at Jabaneh, were, as it were, centers of crystallization, which only gradually drew to themselves the devoted allegiance of the wavering masses of the people.

The sectarian Jewish teachers of this period, who were called *Tanains* (Tanaites) by their spiritual posterity, but *Deuterotes* (inventors of a "secondary" Judaism) by the faithful or Christian Jews, still disdained, in the spirit of the Beth Shammai, the masses of the peasantry, between whom and the strict observers of the Rabbinical regulations (called *Chaburim*) a bitter hatred existed. Thus despised by the Pharisees, the common people continued to hear gladly the Gospel of Christ, which was the consummation, completion and explanation of their ancestral religion; and so much did they appreciate it that the Galileans alone, when in later times almost the whole Orient fell away, adhered steadfastly to the Church of God, without an instant's deviation. Their descendants, the Catholics of the Syro-Maronite rite, may even be found any day on the streets of our principal American cities.

Christ and Saint Catherine.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

"Behold these chaplets, one of flow'rs
 I culled in Heav'n's unfading bow'rs,
 And this of thorns; the choice is thine
 And Thou forever shalt be Mine."
 But Catherine, seeing how the Head
 Of Christ with thorny circlet bled,
 Cried: "Thou art bleeding for my sake,
 So I the crown of thorns will take."

Saint Rose of Lima.

About the middle of the sixteenth century a family of Spanish origin settled in Lima. The head of this family, Gaspard Flores, though descended from the aristocracy of Toledo, had been born at Porto Rico, and in his youth had followed the military career. His fortune, owing to political disturbances, had greatly declined, and he was at this time hardly in easy circumstances.

His wife, a Peruvian, named Maria Olivia, had already presented him with ten children, ere Rose, the subject of this little sketch, destined by God to become the first saint of the Western Hemisphere, first saw the light of day. The birth of this child took place on the twentieth of April, 1586; and, contrary to all former experiences, her mother suffered no pain in bringing into the world this child of benediction. The little one was privately baptized on the day of her birth, and was carried to receive all the sacred ceremonies at the font on the following Feast of Pentecost, called by the Spaniards "The Pasch of Roses." The name of Isabel was conferred on the child by her maternal grandmother, who was her sponsor. But a circumstance that occurred soon after caused this name to be exchanged for that of Rose. When Isabel was about three months old, it chanced one day that her mother and several other women were sitting by the child's cradle, when all at once they perceived a beautiful rose descend upon the face of the infant, as if to caress her, and then disappear. Maria Flores took the child into her arms, and covering her with kisses, exclaimed: "My sweet heaven-sent flower, in future you shall be called by no other name but Rose." This event was, however, destined to become a fruitful source of trouble and suffering to the child; for, when she answered to the name of Rose, her grandmother, who greatly resented the change of names, was much displeased, and would often punish her with blows of the rod; whilst if she responded to that of Isabel the rod changed hands, and it was her mother who then chastised her. Thus, from her earliest years, did the future saint commence her apprenticeship in the school of suffering. Her fortitude was carried to heroism even at the tender age of three. It so happened that one day her thumb was caught in a heavy cupboard door which some one shut hurriedly. Her mother, who was near, ran to disengage the hand, and Rose hid it at once in her apron uttering no cry, nor even changing color. The thumb had, however, been badly crushed, and an abscess formed. The physician who was called in declared a painful operation necessary. Rose at once held out her little hand, and whilst the nail was being cut away, and the finger laid open with the lancet, she stood im-

movable, with a smile on her face, encouraging those around her with words of sweetness. The doctor was amazed, and would often say that never in all his long experience had he seen anything to equal the fortitude of that child of three.

Ten months later another abscess formed behind her ear, and again with the same courage Rose went through a terrible operation, which caused other wounds to open in the head. Yielding to some inexperienced advice her mother dressed these wounds with mercurial ointment, thus causing atrocious agony to the child, who lay in her little bed trembling with pain, yet uttering no complaint. When asked if she suffered she answered, "Yes, a little." But when the next morning the bandages were removed and the head was found covered with inflamed and running sores, her mother exclaimed in alarm, "My poor child, how could you have endured such suffering and asked for no relief." At first the little girl was silent, but at length replied, "My pains were bearable; those of the crown of thorns were far worse," indicating as she spoke a picture of the "Ecce Homo," for which she had a tender devotion. These sufferings were not sought for by Rose, but sent her by God; but when He withheld them from her she imposed others on herself, so ardent was she to imitate Him, whom at the tender age of four, she spoke of as her "Well-beloved."

To aid her in these practices she made a confidante of an Indian servant named Mariana, and would often insist on her loading her shoulders with heavy pieces of wood, or make her strike her, or even tread her under foot. Another trait in the early life of Rose is thus recorded. When she was about four and a-half, her mother began to teach her to read and write. But, though the child studied with industry and goodwill, her mother soon complained of fatigue and weariness in her task. One day, however, Rose, who had hardly then mastered the alphabet, laid an open book on her mother's knee, from which she read fluently, at the same time showing her a beautifully written page which she had just finished. Maria was stupefied, and inquired by what means such a marvel had been accomplished? With charming *naivette*, and without appearing to think it strange, the child replied, "I asked the good God to teach me to read and write, mother, so that you might not be troubled, and He has heard my petition." The talents thus miraculously conferred on her were made use of by Rose to further her progress in perfection. She now assiduously studied the life of Saint Catherine of Siena; adopting her as her mother and resolving to follow faithfully in her footsteps. So we read that when five years old, enlightened by supernatural grace, she, like her saintly mistress, consecrated her virginity to God by vow.

The most cherished wish of Rose was to become a daughter of her beloved Patroness, Saint Catherine of Siena; but so many obstacles presented themselves that they appeared almost insurmountable. The Daughters of Saint Clare had newly founded a house in Lima, and a pious lady thought she should be doing a good work if she procured the entrance among them of the holy daughter of Maria Flores. The nuns consented to receive her, and Rose was then informed of the plan. She begged for time to reflect, and consulted her mother, who gave a decided refusal. This would have been final with Rose, except that her director, judging that so pious a maiden would be safer in the cloister than in the world, counselled her to renounce her attraction to the Third Order, and enter amongst the Poor Clares. Accepting this advice as the will of God, Rose, one Sunday, secretly left the house, accompanied by one of her brothers who was in her confidence. On her way she entered the Chapel of the Rosary to beg the blessing of our Lady, but hardly had she knelt down, than she felt as if riveted to the ground. She tried to rise, but in vain, and her brother, using all his strength, failed to move her. Then she comprehended that God did not approve of her design, and turning to the image she cried, "O my Mother, if you deliver me, I promise to return home, and there remain until you order otherwise." At these words the statue of the Madonna smiled upon her, and life and strength were restored to her limbs, so that she rose, and returned whence she had come. Her desire to enter the holy Order of Saint Dominic, however, daily increased, and one day, as she and some other pious girls were adorning an image of Saint Catherine for a procession, a black and white butterfly hovered round Rose, passing and repassing before her with great persistency. At the same time an interior light gave her to understand that by this sign God authorized her to assume the black and white livery of the Order. Without further delay, therefore, she asked the consent of her parents, which was not refused, and on the feast of Saint Lawrence, 1606, she received the habit from the hands of her confessor, Father Alphonsus Velasquez, being then twenty years of age.

Soon after Rose had assumed the habit of Penance, Gonsaloo de la Massa, Collector of the Royal Revenue, and a friend of the Flores family, considering that the life of a Tertiary in the world was neither high enough nor sure enough for Rose, whom he held in great esteem, pressed her to enter among the Carmelites, promising to provide the dowry and remove all obstacles. Fearing to displease him by direct refusal, Rose consented to refer the decision to four eminent theologians of the Dominican Order, and to abide by their opinion. It so happened that two were for the Carmelite, and the other two for the Third Order; and as each

party held tenaciously to their own opinion and would not yield the point, Rose declared she would abide as she was. But the enemy of souls, though defeated, resolved on another scheme. He suggested to the young girl her unworthiness to wear the habit she had gained at the cost of so many combats. "To be white without," he said, "and black within, is pure hypocrisy—you wish only to be thought a saint." And, in fact, when the modest young girl walked through the streets clad in her black and white vesture, people pointed her out to one another, and compared her aloud to the Virgin of Siena. Deeply pained at such homage, the poor girl dared not go out, and knew not how to act. In her anguish she sought the help of our Lady of the Rosary, and kneeling before her altar, all her trouble vanished. Her countenance regained its serene beauty, whilst a soft light encircled her head like an aureole of glory. Some Tertiaries who were present gazed with rapture on the spectacle, and Rose perceiving them, said joyously: "Have courage, my sisters. Let us praise God whose goodness has united us together by the indestructible bond of charity." Satan was now finally overcome, and many times after this did her confessor perceive her features to assume during several instants the likeness of Saint Catherine of Siena.

Though penance played so large a part in the life of our saint, it was, as we have before said, but a means to her end, perfect conformity to her Spouse. Like all the saints she attached far more importance to the practice of interior virtues and especially cherished that of obedience. It was the law of her life, and she never transgressed an order, or infringed in the slightest degree any rule.

One word must be said of her zeal for souls, which, like a true daughter as she was, of Saint Dominic and Saint Catherine, devoured our saint. She would sigh as she gazed on the lofty mountains of her native land, and thought of the souls perishing there. She wished it had been her lot to go amongst sinners, barefoot and crucifix in hand calling them to repentance. Her prayers and austerities were offered for them and for the Apostolic men who labored for their conversion. She had resolved to educate for the priesthood some good and intelligent youth, who might thus through her means plant the Cross of Christ amongst the heathen, and in whose merits she would thus participate. Death alone prevented this project from being carried into effect.

The April of 1617 had now arrived; and Rose, who was well aware of her coming departure, gave warning of its near approach to her friends, the La Massa. She then paid a last touching adieu to her beloved Rosary Chapel, after which she went to her little hermitage, and after kissing the ground began to sing sweetly the joys of the celestial home to which she was hastening. Wrapt in ecstasy she beheld in a won-

derful vision the Saviour of mankind apportioning with a scale to several souls (herself amongst others) a certain measure of suffering and of grace. Her portion of suffering was very large, and signified those she would endue in her last agony. But her measure of grace was in equal proportion; and though her nature shuddered at the knowledge thus vouchsafed her, she abandoned herself in advance to Divine Providence, On the thirty-first of July she was still in health, but about midnight of the following day she was found senseless on the floor, and hardly breathing, with her limbs quite rigid. She was carried to bed and her confessor summoned. When she came to herself he ordered her in virtue of obedience to declare to the physician what she suffered. Thus constrained, she replied, "It seems as if burning iron rolls over me from head to foot, a sword of fire pierces my heart, and fiery iron balls burn in my head, which also receives violent blows. The very marrow of my bones is consumed with fire. These tortures will in time cause my death. Let the will of God be done." Though paralyzed in all her limbs, Rose still retained the perfect use of her reason and speech. "Lord," she murmured, "strike and spare not." On the twenty-third of August she received the last rites of the Church with wonderful joy. Why should she not rejoice? She had the assurance of her eternal felicity, and knew that no purgatory awaited her. Her father, old and infirm, was carried to her bedside for a last farewell, and her mother, bathed in tears, knelt near. Respectfully kissing their hands, Rose said, "I am leaving the life you gave to me; I beg of you to bless me." And knowing the great grief her mother felt, she added, "Lord, I commend her to Thee; suffer not her heart to break with sorrow." This was her last petition to her Spouse, and wonderfully was it answered. Towards midnight, wasted by the consuming fever, Rose drew near her end. Full of joy she awaited the summons of her spouse. Then she bade them place a blessed candle in her hand, and remove the pillow, that, like her Saviour, she might die on wood. Thus she gently expired, saying: "Jesus, Jesus, be with me." She was in her thirty-second year.

Memories.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Some of the heart's best memories are dropp'd within the past:
As deeply as the pearl of dew in the violet's hollow set
As if it were but yesterday, sweet hours have returned
As joyful, new, as lovely, as if we lived them yet.

Saint Louis The Ninth, King of France.

The name of the great Saint Louis the Ninth, King of France, is so gloriously interwoven with the accomplishment of valiant deeds whose influence extends even to our own time, that we may profitably review the brief story of the life of this Christian man, loyal knight and warrior King.

Louis, son of Louis the Eighth and Blanche of Castile, was born at Poissy, in 1223. Impressed at an early age by his pious mother that she "would rather see him dead than commit one mortal sin," the boy conceived a deep horror for all that would offend God. Responsive to the careful guidance of his devoted mother, in Louis was developed a purity of heart, a sweetness and gentleness that won the unbounded love of the people. Combined with these qualities was an innate love of justice and a firmness of will which rendered him inflexible in decision when right and duty were confronted by wrong-doing or vascillating hypocrisy. Brave and fearless, faithful to his lofty ideals of gallant knight-hood—the service of Christ by purity of life and readiness of sword in defence of justice and truth—Louis the Ninth became the exemplar of all that was best in his age.

During the minority of her son, Blanche of Castile defended his inheritance against the attempts of Henry the Third, in 1230, to regain former English possessions in France. When Henry again invaded France, in 1240, he found in Louis a champion leader in the art of war. To his able generalship in the battles of Taillebourg and Saintes may be attributed the defeat of the English forces and the renunciation by Henry the Third of his claims to possessions in France.

In 1244, the year in which the Chowahesmans were storming the City of Jerusalem, the King fell dangerously ill—so ill that his life hung in the balance for days. Suddenly awakening from a heavy trance he called for a crucifix and vowed himself to God in his services for the recovery of Jerusalem. Upon regaining his strength, Louis placed himself at the head of fifty thousand Crusaders, including two thousand eight hundred knights. He arrived in Cyprus, where he received a royal welcome from the King, Henry of Lusignan.

In May following, the royal fleet, consisting of eighteen hundred ships, sailed for Egypt; nine hundred of these were scattered by a storm, the remainder, with King Louis, reached Damietta in safety. The Saracens, upon the landing of the Christian forces, fled in terror. When

the rest of the fleet was gathered, King Louis, in conjunction with the English Crusaders, under William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, determined to set out for Cairo. An impetuous attack upon Mansurah was followed by disaster. Robert of Artois, brother of Louis, with his troops, and William of Salisbury with nearly all of the English, were slain. Cut off from the van of the army by the rising Nile, the Crusaders, ten thousand in number, were surrounded by Mamelukes and forced into Moslem captivity. The King and his nobles were ransomed for one hundred thousand livres, upon condition that Damietta should be evacuated.

The ransom was paid in 1250 to the Mameluke rulers, who succeeded to power after the death, in battle, of the last Sultan of the house of Saladin. The King, with the remnants of his army, sailed to Syria. Cæsarea, Sidon, and Jaffa experienced the beneficence of Saint Louis. The cities were rebuilt, prisoners released, children freed from captivity and local institutions advantageous to the Christians were established. Having made a pilgrimage to Nazareth, the King was called to France to mourn the death of his saintly mother, the great Blanche of Castile.

Indefatigable in his enterprise for the good of his people, Louis the Ninth exerted an enlightened prudent policy in all that concerned the administration of internal affairs. Towns flourished in industrial pursuits, cities were benefited by the abolition of the right of private feuds and judicial combats, and new paths were opened for a popular and perfect legislation in an improved system of administrative justice. The King was the recognized arbiter of cities; his institutions partook of the character of his political, religious and social virtues. "His reputation for impartiality, his love of peace and justice made Louis the Ninth the first prince in Christendom, the peacemaker in every European quarrel, and rendered France in his day the chief power in Europe."

In answer to the appeals of the Pope in behalf of the Christians of Jaffa, Antioch and other places in the East, Louis the Ninth undertook a second expedition to the Holy Land. In 1270 he set out with his son Philip, the kings of Navarre and Flanders, and a great many barons who had made extensive preparations for the recovery of the Christian Cities. The fleet was carried by a storm to the shores of Sardinia. The Crusaders, hoping much from the conversion to Christianity of the King of Tunis and relying upon the promised assistance of the King of Sicily, Charles of Anjou and brother of Saint Louis, decided to sail directly to Tunis. After sixteen days the fleet anchored in the harbor of Tunis. After a stubborn encounter with the Saracens, who were compelled to

flee to the neighboring mountains, the French encamped upon the site of the ancient Carthage to await the arrival of re-inforcements.

The intolerable heat of the climate, the lack of pure water and proper food brought on an epidemic that carried off half of the King's army. Louis himself fell a victim to the deadly disease. Realizing that recovery was impossible, the holy King prepared himself for death. Having discharged his duties of king and father by sending his greetings to his son and successor, Philip, Louis received the last Sacraments on Sunday, August the twenty-fourth, 1270. As he lay upon his couch of ashes, the words, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem" were often murmured. Towards morning he was heard praying for France and for his people. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my soul," were the final words of this august monarch whose brief earthly career was marked by valorous deeds in defence of truth and justice. After the death of the King the contemplated attack upon Tunis was abandoned. Victorious in two battles the re-inforced Crusaders concluded a ten-years' truce, secured the liberation of many Christian captives and returned to Europe. Thus ended the eighth and last European expedition for the recovery of the City of Jerusalem, an expedition marked by the sacrifice of noble lives in a holy cause, in which the figure of the great King, Louis the Ninth, stands as the embodiment of all that is noble in Christian chivalry.

A Miracle of Saint Dominic.

MARY E. MANNIX.

When, at Saint Sixtus, Dominic, day by day
Drew all the world to hear his accents sweet;
A woman, Gotadona, coming home
Found her child dead, and through the streets of Rome
Ran with him in her arms until she reached
The Saint, who on that morning *faith* had preached,
And weeping, laid the dead boy at his feet.
Gently he looked at her a little space
Then lifted up his eyes to that high Heaven
Whose minister he was, and on his face,
A light shone, only to God's chosen given.
Tense was the silence in the holy place.
The child stirred, smiled, instinct with breath,—
Summoned by Dominic from the grasp of Death.

Editorial.

The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven, celebrated by the Church on the fifteenth of August of each year, recalls in a particular manner, the last glorious privilege accorded by Heaven to the Mother of the Redeemer of the world. Beloved companion of Christ's chosen Apostles, exemplar of every heroic virtue, comfort of the Christians of Jerusalem, perfect model of the infant Church, Mary yearned to break the earthly bonds that separated her from the companionship of her Divine Son. Obedient to nature's law, although her soul was never touched by sin, Mary by her apparent death entered into celestial beatiude for all eternity. In the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—the re-union of her body and soul in Heaven—we bless the goodness of Almighty God, that in Mary's anticipation of the general resurrection of the entire human race, she may plead in favor of our happy passage through the portals of death, that our purified souls may be re-united to our bodies made glorious through the mercy of God, that we may sing, with her, His praises for all eternity.

In recording the death of our Reverend John Patrick Callaghan, O. P., we sincerely deplore the passing of a good man and zealous missionary priest. The deceased, who died in Stockton on June nineteenth, of hemorrhage of the brain, was a native of Longford, Ireland. At the time of his death Father Callaghan was in his seventy-fifth year; more than thirty-five of these had been devoted to the service of God in arduous missionary work. Having completed his theological studies in Rome, Father Patrick came to California in the early sixties. Ordained Priest at Benicia in 1865, he immediately engaged in active works of charity among the people of the widely-scattered stations in Contra Costa and Solano counties. The difficulties attendant upon the discharge of his priestly duties in these sparsely settled districts developed in Father Patrick a singular benignity, which was ever manifested in his paternal tenderness towards the various members of his flock. He never complained of physical discomfort but continued his self-sacrificing labors up to the period of the brief illness that preceded his death. Revered for his honest priestly character, admired for his unswerving fidelity to sacred convictions, tenderly loved for his genial sympathy and indulgent tolerance,

Father Callaghan will long be remembered in the grateful prayers of those for whose spiritual interests he labored so devotedly during his lifetime. Wonderfully edifying was his Christian life, singularly consoling is his Christian death. For

Why should the Christian fear to die?
 Why shun the grave with gasping breath?
 For God, our Saviour, conquered Death
 When forth He breathed that mighty cry!

Sweet Death! Thou art an angel bright
 Illumining ev'ry phase of Life;
 And hushing ev'ry sound of strife;
 Then guide my footsteps thro' the night!

Thou opest wide the Golden Gate,
 A starry crown is on thy brow;
 And thou art beckoning even now;
 I know I have not long to wait!

O welcome me with smiles and love,
 And lead me to my Saviour's Feet
 Where I, once more, near Him may greet
 My father and my own above!

In 'an able critique entitled "A Jesuit and the Drama," Doctor Maurice Francis Egan takes occasion, in referring to the subject-matter under consideration, to allude to the praiseworthy literary work of our late lamented Father O'Neil. Introducing his subject, Doctor Egan says:

"In replying to the old question, 'What shall we read?' Father O'Connor, S. J., implicitly points out the rules that should guide us as to what plays we should see. The question as to reading is asked year by year and as patiently answered by those who are supposed to know; but there is still a demand for an answer to this question in a permanent form. The Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P. (a prince among men, who can be mentioned by no friend without the pang of loss), met this need. His work was cut short, and his friends on this earth regret that he did not live to continue it."

In quoting the words of Doctor Egan, we feel that we voice the sentiments of thousands whose regret at the deprivation of Father O'Neil's uplifting helpfulness intensifies with the knowledge that his

days were shortened in his unselfish endeavors to teach men the splendid opportunities of which they might avail themselves in the loving perusal of good books. "Poor, indeed," says Father O'Neil, "is he, who, though possessing all else of material things, fails to secure his rightful inheritance of the writings of immortal men whose quickening spirits breathe and pulsate in their works, long years after their dust has mingled with their mother earth."

Having pointed out the means by which we may secure for ourselves the privileges of our birthright, left in the literary treasures of noble souls, Father O'Neil reminds us of the great end to be attained in the exercise of the duty of reading. While reading may prove to be a most refreshing entertainment, it should be dominated by the idea of mind-building, soul culture and the development of the spiritual. Father O'Neil would impress upon the mind "that the great, the fundamental, the natural reason *why* we ought to read, springs from our being, and seeks our perfection; tends to God and seeks His glory."

To the question, "*When we ought to read?*" Father O'Neil replies in his book entitled "How, When, Why, and What We Ought to Read:"

The question: When we ought to read? is relative; the answer must vary with circumstances. Here only general suggestions are available; precise directions fall to the lot of the teacher. Some ought to read more than others. By many the value of time is seldom considered; others know how to use what are called spare moments. I think with pleasure of dear old Alban Butler, the author of the "Lives of the Saints," astride his easy-going horse, a book under each arm, and another diligently perused; and of Gladstone, of whom it is said that he is ever ready with some book, advantageously to fill any gaps that interrupted duties may leave in his busy days. Saint Jerome advised Eustochium to read till sleep would overcome her, so that the sacred page might receive her reclining head. And in the Acts of the Apostles, we find an example of time well employed, in the case of the eunuch who read while he was driven in his chariot. The reward of this diligence was his baptism by Philip. It is not expected that many will follow these illustrious examples, and it is quite as certain that the vast majority of men will continue to waste time and to deprive themselves of constantly recurring opportunities for mental and spiritual culture. However, we may give a more definite answer to our question; and speaking in a broad sense, we may say of reading what our Blessed Master said of prayer, that we should always read and never grow faint. A literal interpretation of this saying would be absurd; it is the spirit we must catch. As prayer is con-

stantly maintained, not by formal exercises, but by the uprightness and devotion of one's heart in dedicating all to God, so we may read always, not in mere printed books, but by studying intelligently ourselves, nature (Saint Bernard's great book), the life around us, men, happenings, the world, the warp and woof that are ever in the shuttle of time, weaving our varied experiences. (a)

But beyond this, every man and woman should scrupulously devote some time to book reading every day. Daily we ask for the bread of the soul and that of the body; daily, too, should we nourish our minds. He who refuses to do this cannot long maintain an active intelligence. Such a man's observation (if he has any) will be without point or profit. He will not know himself, though this is his proper study. The lessons of experience will be lost on him; he will never fully develop. Stunted and dwarfed, he will be a failure among men, and a disappointment to God.

The examples are numerous of men in the intervals of their work, and of women during leisure moments left by household cares, who attained a considerable degree of culture by diligently employing these spare hours in reading. It is also a good method, where practicable, to have some one read to you while you may be otherwise employed. Do not read when you are fatigued, except the reading be light and refreshing. An attempt at serious study, when we are physically and mentally exhausted, brings no benefit, but rather occasions a dislike that may degenerate into disgust. This would be a serious hindrance at other and more favorable times. Saint Thomas directs us to leave prayer when nature grows weary. I think the rule is applicable to reading. Do not be deterred, at odd moments from snatching a glance at a good book, through fear that you will never be able to attain proficiency. Such a method is not recommended as a rule; but as an opportunity for those whose leisure hours are few, I should strongly advise them to seize and to employ every advantage of this kind. Do not calculate the result; it will be gradual, but effectual. Worry not for the "sum total." Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Use the time that is at hand.

I shall make no attempt to fix rules. Value time; cultivate a taste for good reading; realize your special needs, and you will not require a teacher to tell you how often you should read. Relish will stimulate desire, and a good use of time will furnish many occasions. (b)

(a) A certain philosopher once asked St. Anthony how he managed to live without books. "My books," answered the saint, "are all creatures; some are ever at my hand; I read them when I will."

(b) In his *Essays of Elia*, Charles Lamb relates an amusing incident that carries with it a pertinent moral. "I had been invited, quite unexpectedly, to join a party whom I met near the door of the playhouse, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Stevens's 'Shakespeare,' which the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went

Commenting upon the intense bigotry that inspired the rejection of the motion to amend the wording of the English accession oath, the *New York Freeman's Journal* says:

"The Duke of Norfolk's motion in the British House of Lords that the Royal accession oath should be so altered as to omit the parts declaring certain tenets of the Catholic Church to be "superstition and idolatry," has, of course, been rejected, an amendment by the Earl of Jersey that "nothing should be done to weaken the security of the Protestant succession" having been carried. Needless to say, the security so desired would not be in the least weakened by the Duke of Norfolk's proposal, which though it had been accepted, would still leave quite sufficient in the oath to guarantee and insure the Protestantism of the occupant of the throne.

"But this is not enough for the British bigots. They must not only have Protestantism ascendant, but have insult to the religion of millions of Catholic British subjects stereotyped in a Royal declaration. Moreover, they would have their King proclaim on oath what everybody well knew he did not believe. King Edward Seventh did not and does not believe Catholics to be idolators and the bigots knew and know it, yet they insist on having it in the oath, and they (the English) insist, too, in claiming to be and persist in posing as the models and pioneers of religious liberty and toleration."

John Bull "*won't 'av it!*" Just now he prefers "*'alf an' 'alf!*"

While the literary world is singing the praises of "America's foremost author," comparatively few have remembered that the splendid energies of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter are being exercised in a Godlike charity that transcends human understanding of the reason of its sublime heroism. In her devotion to Christ's poor, garbed in the habit of the Order of Saint Dominic, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, known

with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the door opening—the rush, as they term it,—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamplight. The clamor became universal. 'The affectation of the fellow,' cried one; 'Look at that gentleman reading, papa,' squeaked a young lady, who, in her admiration of the novelty, almost forgot her fears. I read on. 'He ought to have his book knocked out of his hands,' exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on, and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved as S. Anthony at his holy offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins mopping and making mouths at him in the pictures, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight as if he were the sole tenant of the desert."

The practice in religious communities of having one read while the others eat, has much to recommend it on the score of economy in time, though it may not stand the test of hygienic criticism. See Esther vi. for an instance in the life of King Assuerus, in which the reading of the chronicles of the kingdom to the sleepless monarch was the remote occasion of great blessings to the Jewish people.

as Mother Mary Alphonsa, holds a unique place. In her exquisite tribute to "the charity of Hawthorne" published in *Men and Women* for July, Mother Alphonsa, while but faintly outlining her self-sacrificing work, unconsciously emphasizes the spiritual value of a philanthropy based upon Christ alone, viewed in the persons of His poor.

We can offer no higher encomium of the character of Hawthorne than that interpreted for us in the words of his noble daughter:

Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne said more than once of her husband, that she "had never known anything like his charity." She meant quite as much that his judgment of other people was charitable, as that his actual aid given to them was very considerable, if their need was under his observation. But this generosity of his in giving made a very great impression upon me, and I remarked to myself that he would have been willing to give away half his means upon occasion. The record of his profound sympathy for others is easily mined from the printed page, in his account of his consular experiences in England! he gave to his fortune-wrecked callers at the consulate the fraternal pity and entire expression of compassionate interest, which is so seldom met with, and therefore refreshes the anxiety of the distressed as the unexpected breeze of an August day surprises the pedestrian, seeming to come straight from heaven. He also gave the relief of shining coin to those who were hungry or dismayed by their circumstances, and who could understand nothing so well as the eloquence of cash. He even went so far, when Consul (at a time when the American Consulate was important), as to jeopardize many thousands of dollars of his revenues, to aid American justice in a matter of public marine.

Having always been led to observe this trait of unbounded brotherhood in my father's reckoning, it seemed a matter of sequence to find in his writings a few passages which brought this heroic fellowship to a culminating force of expression; and it seemed equally natural to act upon his fervent principles of kindness.

In all the eight years of my endeavor to help a few of the destitute, I have had the remembrance of my father's attitude toward the poor and the sick; not ignoring the poor who suffer most in body and disaster, but giving them that cordial greeting which is so often withheld from physical misfortune, and which my father usually withheld from the scions of fortune at its highest exuberance.

The inadequacy of my own attributes to effect anything of consequence did not deter me from pressing on into a distinct work for the poor, which could at first touch but a handful of misery, and which set out frankly to act only in an humble and trite manner, when assisting the forlorn; for my father's charity had pointed out in his writings and his reminiscences that the simplest physical contact of kindly ministration, the most childlike gentleness of smile and word, was perhaps worth more to a destitute sufferer than a place of magnificent proportions, enclosing a retinue of stern attendants, with the drifted leaves of hapless invalids at their feet; and more (valuable teaching for such uninspired instruments as myself), that it is the stagnation of individual energy, on this point of fraternal charity, which makes the philanthropy

of the race to-day, if many-sided in its interests for the poor, yet but a cold structure, untraversed by the hearty presence of consecrated friends. In short, I felt that the wealth and energy of present charitable schemes, innumerable, active and lavish as they were, had seldom stooped low enough beside the poor to feel the sod upon which, so to speak, they lay, damp with their blood. That sends a thrill to the marrow, and the fraternity in us wakes and really pities.

In so invictorious a campaign against crass mercy, I realized that my poor capacities would be prominently irreverent toward—good generalship.

I was enriched by a slight practical equipment for the work—I had the income from the copyrights of my father's books. It was a delicious sensation to use this small revenue for the poorest poor, as he would himself have given it, if free to do so.

The editor of *Men and Women* has requested me to mention these facts in the magazine at a time which calls especial notice to my father's views and character. I rejoice to explain that I have launched, in trembling diffidence as to my ability, a charity that originated, speaking humanly, in his heart; and that will eventually, I believe, be carried to nobility by some finer capacity than mine. Very thankfully, as may be perceived, I bring forward here this mention of the cancerous patients harbored by two Homes of the Servants of Relief, supported by the public's mercy at the appeal of our band of consecrated women, both male and female cases, welcomed to our thresholds, if they are but ill and destitute enough. We beg for our patients very much as the monks and friars—men were the aggressive servants of distressed fellow-beings when Christianity was in flower—begged in early times; we now imitate "afar off," in more senses than that of time, the saints about whom we read; we are hardly to be recognized as imitators of the simplicity and austere self-immolation of S. Dominic, S. John of God, Father Damien, and a shining host of spiritual examples. Nevertheless, were Nathaniel Hawthorne to enter these cancer-homes, he would not only bring to them the healing gift of his unshrinking sympathy; but he would find a quality of mercy in them which he would recognize as a root planted by his most sacred convictions, though by a single flower, alone, in the twilight of half-aroused comprehension.

In an editorial comment upon the result of the official investigation conducted by the *non-partisan committee*, appointed to inquire into the matter of Combes' temptation to accept an offered bribe of one million francs, in exchange for a trifling concession to the religious of the Grande Chartreuse, the *Western Watchman* says:

A full and fearless report was promised and expected. Well, it came in on Tuesday, and it was to the effect that no attempt had ever been made to bribe the Premier; no million francs had been offered him by the Grande Chartreuse or anybody else to influence the vote of the Chamber on the application of the Law of Congregations; that neither he nor any one authorized to act for him had ever been tempted by any

one authorized to represent any religious body in any way touching his official action; in other words, that the whole story was a gigantic hoax. It was an absurd anti-climax to months of solemn head-shaking.

The Commissioner General to the World's Fair was involved in the scandal and he was hurriedly called to Paris to testify before the committee of investigation. When the report of the committee was read a humorous Deputy rushed to the platform with a huge wreath of laurel and attempted to place it on the brow of the vindicated official, to the infinite amusement of the whole house.

It must be borne in mind that Premier Combes asked for an investigation, not on the ground of rumors reflecting on his official conduct, but for the far more serious reason that those rumors were well founded, as it was true that an attempt had been made to bribe him. Combes appeared in the role of an injured innocent and a chaste Susanna defending herself against the charges of her would-be seducers. The full import of the report can be understood when viewed from this standpoint. The committee, in reporting that the Premier had never been tempted with a bribe, declared him an imbecile and a trafficker in very cheap virtue. No wonder the friends of the government were in an instant uproar. The French are very quick to grasp an absurd situation, and one more absurd than that of Tuesday last cannot well be conceived. A vote of confidence was proposed and passed with loud and long peans of praise for one who was strong enough to resist a temptation that was never offered and vanquish a foe that never appeared on the field. The absurdity of the vote was too much for even Combes, and he rushed from the Chamber by a side door.

For a time we were inclined to believe that an attempt had really been made on the virtue of the doughty Premier, but by men who needed him to complete their combination of plunder. Combes and his Socialist supporters are not above a bribe. We now believe that no bribe was ever offered. But we are just as convinced that a bribe was solicited and the investigation was the result of chagrin over the failure of the corrupt scheme. When Combes could not get himself bribed he would punish the men whose virtue accused his venality.

This opera bouffe performance of Tuesday last will work the downfall of the present diabolical government of France, if anything can. The French are merciless jibers. The phantom of that laurel wreath will haunt the Combes ministry until it rushes discomfited from the scene of their nefarious exploits. It may not be in a day or a month; the French are not disposed to take a really good attraction off the stage, and as long as Combes continues to make them laugh he may continue to be Premier. But his doom was sealed last Tuesday. That vote of confidence did the work.

Upon the conclusion of the public religious ceremonies, in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel, which were held under the auspices of Italian Catholics, in Jefferson Park, New York, on the fifteenth of July, His Grace, Archbishop Farley, said:

"When I saw the Holy Father he was most warmly touched by my

recounting the progress of the Italian people in this great country. He exhorted me in the most eloquent language to take particular interest in his fellow countrymen's welfare here. In this I have been most watchful, especially in the immigrant of to-day, who is tempted and sometimes led astray in his religion upon arrival here.

"I do not say it is wrongful on the part of other denominations to endeavor to entice the Italian immigrant into their churches, for they are working in good faith and with their own religious zeal in what they think is right. But it is not right to deceive the poor, unsuspecting immigrant from Italy into entering other denominations upon his arrival in this country. It is that I am most anxious about with you. It is this that the Holy Father wants guarded in this country. He feels that the Italian in America has the greatest field and future, but he wants with the success of the world to go in the faith of Jesus Christ and the holy Catholic Church."

The following touching incident, related in the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard and Times* of July ninth, while it excites commiseration for the unfortunate victims of a *Combes* policy, it points also to the necessity of alertness in the consideration of the methods that have brought matters to this pass:

There is sorrow among the veterans who are pensioners of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris. Since the foundation of the Invalides by Louis the Fourteenth, nuns have acted as nurses to the veterans, but the other day the nuns had to depart to be replaced by lay nurses. Some of the nuns of the Invalides had been in the place for a great number of years and were well-known figures, especially Sister S. Angelique, who had nursed in the Invalides for sixty-five years. Another nun had been there forty-five years, and seven or eight others between twenty and thirty years. When the nuns departed they filed past the old veterans, who shook hands with them and many of them were crying. When it became known that the nuns would have to go, an officer who had been a pensioner of the Hotel for over forty years, and who had made over his pension rights to the institution, withdrew and went to live with his relations.

Religious Troubles in France.

The subjoined continuation of the Right Reverend Abbot Gasquet's explanation of the origin and development of the religious troubles in France singularly emphasizes the scientific diabolism of French politics—in which M. Combes figures as grandmaster:

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speeches also, that were posted up in every commune of France, bear witness to his engagements and to his reiterated promises in the matter. The electors, on the strength of those declarations were assured again and again that the Government had no thought of suppressing the Congregations, and that it was in fact pledged to authorize those that would obey the new law and take the necessary steps

to legalize their position. It is a complete misrepresentation to say, as the English papers have so frequently done of late, that M. Combes was returned to power with a large majority on purpose to decree the abolition of the religious Orders, and that in refusing to grant the authorization asked by them, he was merely carrying out the mandate he had received. This issue was never before the country at all; on the contrary, the electors in every part of France had before their eyes, in the bills posted up by the authority of the Parliament, M. Waldeck-Rousseau's own promises in regard to authorization, and his indignant denials that any measure of suppression was intended; and, if they had any doubts upon the matter at all, they were set at rest by like pledges on the part of those they sought their suffrages.

In an eloquent passage of his pamphlet on the situation, M. le Comte de Mun describes the result of the complete confidence in the justice and honest dealing of Waldeck-Rousseau and his successor, M. Combes.

"The flood (let loose by the former) is passing on its way, sweeping on in a sad and glorious medley, towards the obscure paths of proscription, confiscation, and exile into which those others had already preceded them whom the first blast of the tempest had uprooted. It is a crowd of innocent victims we see; a body of men of all ages guilty only of being faithful to the name they bear and to the habit that clothes them. They are there, fifteen or twenty thousand of them, up to the last moment wholly occupied in serving God, in praying to Him, in teaching His law, in educating the children of the people, in serving the sick and visiting the poor, or in spreading abroad in every land under the heavens the name of Jesus and that of France."

Then come the nuns. Already the refusal of authorization has come upon them as upon their brethren in religion. Thousands of poor unfortunate ladies have been turned adrift into the world whose only fault is that they have associated to serve God in prayer and good works. Thousands of them have grown old in the cloister and are thus unfitted to begin life again. Most of them are poor and unable to support themselves in any new sphere of work, and still less able to begin life afresh in any new country where they can enjoy the liberty to serve God which is denied them in their own. In all parts of England, our bishops tell the same tale of the piteous stories of these exiled ladies who, without means of any sort, or with means of the slenderest kind, have applied and are applying to them to be permitted to set up new homes in our midst, in the vain hopes of being able to earn their bread by a little teaching, or a little nursing. It would be cruel not to undeceive them at once, but these numerous requests have of late added greatly to the anxieties, as the need of refusal has to the sorrows of our bishops. What is before these ladies no man can tell, and already we hear of nuns whose only course has been to seek dispensation from the vows and to hope to find the necessities of life in taking up work in domestic service, or in serving as shop-women behind the counter of the Parisian millinery establishments.

Even when by the force of the law the monasteries and convents have been closed, the Congregations dissolved, and the inmates dismissed, the unfortunate religious frequently finds himself or herself still under the iron heel of the law. If he preach or lecture after his secularization,

which as a priest he has surely a right to do, he can be prosecuted as recalcitrant and punished. By M. Combes' circular of April last the bishops were directed not to allow ex-religious to use the pulpits of their dioceses, and their refusal to be bound by such an arbitrary exercise of authority has been punished in certain cases by the suspension of their very inadequate salaries. In one case with which I am acquainted, two secularized religious were received out of charity by the Superior of a diocesan college as assistant teachers; immediately the college itself was closed by orders received from Paris. In another instance two nuns belonging to one family, after obtaining dispensation from their vows, were received into their father's house. Here incautiously they began to busy themselves in works of piety and, this becoming known, they received a visit from a commissary of police, who informed them that two ex-religious living together, according to the law, formed a "Congregation."

Hundreds of other instances could be given of the harsh and deliberately cruel treatment which has been meted out to the members of the dissolved congregations. Taking the figures given by M. Waldeck-Rousseau in the debates of 1901 as correct, there were seventy-five thousand religious to be dealt with, in the category of the non-authorized Congregations. But matters will not stop here. Religious life in France is doomed to destruction unless something unforeseen interferes to stop M. Combes' anti-clerical policy. Already the word has gone forth that the Government does not regard previous authorization by the State as anything more than an approval accorded for a period. What the State has once authorized, says M. Combes, it can at some future time, if it thinks proper, declare to be non-authorized. This being so, we may at any time expect to see the members of the now authorized bodies, numbering some fifty-five thousand religious, added to the list of the proscribed, which means that their property will be seized by the State, and that they will be cast out into the world.

Nor, we may be sure, will that be the last act in the tragedy now being enacted before our eyes in France. Already it has been made clear even to those who might have had any doubt previously about M. Combes' object, that the suppression of the religious Orders is merely an incident in a general campaign against the Catholic Church. The two circulars addressed to the bishops of France last April directing them what preachers they were to employ in their pulpits, and ordering them to close all churches and places of pilgrimage which were not strictly parochial, are in themselves plain indications of the lengths M. Combes is prepared to go; just as the almost universal refusal of the bishops to obey these mandates is proof that they understand the situation in the same way, and are ready to suffer any pains and penalties rather than be unfaithful to the duties of their sacred charge. What possible explanation, too, can be given of M. Combes' prohibiting the priests of Brittany and of the Basque provinces to give religious instruction to the children of their parishes or to preach except in the French tongue, except that he desired to put a stop to religious teaching of all kinds, seeing that multitudes of the parents and children of these districts only understand the Breton or the Basque languages? The words of the

Bishop of Orleans addressed to the religious of his diocese on March twenty-fourth of this year, represent no more than the truth. He advised them to remain at their posts and keep open their schools, their refuges for the sick and aged, their creches for infants and their private hospitals, until they were turned out by force.

"Reverend Mother," he continued, "the object of attack by the decrees against the Congregations is not you and your communities, but God Himself. It is impossible now to make a mistake on this point. It is against God and Christianity that all this persecution is directed. It is not because the sisters of S. Vincent de Paul wear a grey dress; it is not because the *Sacre Couer* nuns wear a black one, that they are being driven from the teaching profession. The reason, and the only reason, is that you all, sisters and nuns alike, teach the Christian faith. God is the enemy. God is to be exiled from the soul of the young child. . . . It is not difficult to foresee what the future conduct of our present masters will be. Yesterday they drove out those religious Orders who did not ask for authorization. To-day they are driving out those who did solicit it. To-morrow they will close all the teaching establishments which are at present authorized. The day after they will close the central houses, the *maisons meres*, whither they are now forcing you to go. The Congregations of France must understand that, as long as the present state of things continues in the political world, their case is pre-judged and hopeless and that they must endure much desolation and bitter trial.

Since the Bishop wrote these words events have justified his forecast. M. Combes is carried along on the flood he has let loose. There were indications that even he, like the real originator of the mischief, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, would have wished to pause in his career of destruction, and would, temporarily at least, have closed down the flood-gates. The very financial condition of France should be sufficient to make him desirous not to add to its burdens. Having already to face large annual deficits in the revenue of the country, it is hard to understand how any statesman can contemplate the additional expenditure necessitated by the suppression of schools and hospitals and asylums which the religious had supported. An immediate expenditure of over £1,000,000 for the building of new schools; of £190,000 for fitting them up; and of something like half a million yearly for the payment of new teachers in them, is the official calculation of what M. Combes' policy in regard to schools is going to cost. Then it has been stated on authority that there are at least 250,000 old and invalid people who have been hitherto supported by the charity, clothed by the charity, served by the charity of the religious. These can hardly be left to starve on the roads and in the fields of fair France. What will they cost the nation? What is the least? Shall we say £10 a head? Even then we have a yearly expenditure of £2,500,000 and no provision made for sheltering them. Nothing less than madness and a senseless hatred of religion, could have initiated so suicidal a policy when, as is obvious to the most superficial observer, the public revenue, in spite of the high rate of taxation, does not nearly suffice to meet the current and necessary expenditure. And yet this is only the beginning.

Beyond the mere monetary question, there is also the serious doubt raised by competent men as to the possibility of the Government's being

able to furnish proper teaching in secondary schools to replace the professors they have exiled. M. Brunetiere, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, stated his belief that the prosecuting policy of the Government will cost some millions of francs for secondary education. As for primary education M. Combes' law destroys some 1,650 schools, and the teaching brothers alone instructed some 300,000 children. M. Ferdinand Buisson, an authority well known and recognized in France, considers that a grave peril to the State has been created by the necessary appointment of inexperienced, ill-educated, and unnamed teachers to take the posts rendered vacant by the present policy of the Government.

But the grave injury inflicted upon the State by the laws against the Congregations is not our concern as foreigners. We are interested, of course, only, or mainly, in the religious side of the question, and the other matter is important only as showing how the Government, with full knowledge of the cost, determined to persevere in its work of destruction, and is thus betraying its animus and its real motive. It was obvious enough in the debates which accompanied the passing and the execution of the law. "Whether just or unjust," "whether it will be costly or even ruinous to the nation," we will have the law of suppression, so said the party which *en bloc* so ably supports M. Combes. What is it that impels them? There can be no doubt whatever. It is passion, and it is hatred; and their hatred is not merely against religious life, but hatred of the Catholic religion; of Christianity; and even of God Himself. It is the spirit of M. Paul Bert—forgotten though he may now be—triumphant and in activity. Already the body of governmental supporters in the Chamber are clamoring for a denunciation of the Concordat with the Pope. What that may mean the future alone can tell. Whilst some on the Catholic side would welcome the rupture, as giving the Church freedom of action and an initiative it does not now possess, others see in any denunciation of the Concordat the beginning of yet greater religious difficulties. They point out—with what truth it is impossible for us, strangers, foreigners, as we are, to say—that, as planned by the enemies of the Church, the abolition of the Concordat would mean that every diocese and every parish in the country would fall under the Law of Associations, which has struck and destroyed the religious Orders. No bishop could administer any see, and no parish could employ any priest to administer the Sacraments of the Church, except by the authorization of the Chamber of Deputies and according to any conditions it might impose. The Archbishop of Albi declares that if M. Pressense's Bill for the abolition of the Concordat is accepted, not only will the Church lack bread; but that she would suffer from want of cohesion. The Archbishop of Toulouse thinks that its revocation "would condemn French Catholicism to a long period of anarchy;" and the Archbishop of Aix, whilst calling attention to the fact that it is for the Pope to settle what is to be done, says that "there is every reason to fear that the separation of Church and State would only result in reducing Catholics and their institutions to a kind of outlawry." What that will mean I need not stop to point out.

Calendar for August.

- 1—S. Peter in chains. Patience in affliction.
- 2—B. Jane of Aza, mother of our holy father, S. Dominic. Simplicity.
- 3—S. Peter Celestine, Pope; founder of the Celestines (from May 19). Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 4—Our Holy Father S. Dominic; founder of the Order of Preachers and Institutor of the Most Holy Rosary.
- 5—Our Lady of the Snow. Confidence in Mary.
- 6—Transfiguration of Our Lord. Seventh Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday. Votive Mass of the Rosary. Novena in honor of the feast of the Assumption commences.
- 7—First Sunday of the month—S. Cajetan, Priest; Founder of the Theatines—known as the Confraternity of the Love of God. Novena in honor of S. Hyacinth commences. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.
- 8—B. Augustine Lucera, O. P., Bishop. Contemplation.
- 9—B. John Salerno, O. P., Priest. Love of Neighbor.
- 10—S. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr. Love of Poor.
- 11—Octave-day of Our Holy Father S. Dominic.
- 12—S. Clare, O. S. F., Virgin; First Abbess of the Poor Clares. Poverty.
- 13—S. Hippolytus and Companions, Priests and Martyrs. Repentance. Eighth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 14—Second Sunday of the month—S. Emyglius, Bishop and Martyr. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.
- 15—The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. Holy day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians, Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 16—S. Hyacinth, O. P., Priest. Zeal.
- 17—B. Emily, Bicchieri, O. P., Virgin. Purity of Intention. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 18—S. Rochus, Priest. Disinterestedness.
- 19—S. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, Bishop; Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Conspicuous by his sanctity and learning.
- 20—S. Bernard, Abbot. Doctor of the Church; Founder of the Order of Cistercians. Love of Purity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 21—Third Sunday of the month—S. Joachim, Father of Our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 22—Octave day of the Assumption.
- 23—B. James of Mevania, O. P., Priest. Peacemaking.
- 24—B. Bartholomew, Apostle.
- 25—S. Louis, Confessor; King of France. Submission to the will of God.
- 26—S. Philip Beniti, Priest; Servite. Charity to the sick.
- 27—S. Joseph Calasanz, Priest; Founder of the Congregation of Regular Clerks of the Mother of God for the education of poor children. Tenth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 28—Fourth Sunday of the month—S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor of the Church; Founder of the Order of Augustinians. True Repentance. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.
- 29—The Martyrdom of S. John the Baptist.
- 30—S. Rose of Lima, O. P., Virgin. First canonized saint of the New World.
- 31—S. Raymond Nonnatus, Priest, of the Order of Our Lady for the Redemption of Captives.

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Dominicana

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A Saintly Dominican—Very Rev. Pere Doussot.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARY E. MANNIX.

On the seventeenth of March of the present year, there died, in exile, at Vichauet, Belgium, the venerable religious who is the subject of this sketch. Born at Epernay, in 1830, his father was a disciple of Voltaire. There were only two children, one a daughter and foundress of three Carmelite convents, the other a Dominican. At the hour of her death, his saintly wife, who had sacrificed her entire life in endeavoring to effect his return to God, made her husband promise to read daily a chapter in the Following of Christ. M. Doussot kept his word, and wrote on the margin of the little book various sarcastic annotations, by which his infidel spirit wished to revenge itself against the persuasion of his heart and the re-awakening of his faith. A born magistrate, honoring justice by his incorruptible impartiality, he was, above all, a kind father, encouraging his children to cherish the memory of their sainted mother.

His son Gaston, after most brilliant studies, entered the Normal School; his daughter became a Carmelite. A strange proceeding, one would say, for the children of an infidel. Left alone in the world, he finally allowed himself to be conquered by these beautiful examples, contributed, later, to the foundation of Carmel de Meaux and died while making the exercises of a Retreat composed by his daughter, needing, he said, "no other preacher."

Gaston Doussot, the son of this extraordinary man, so profoundly tender and generous at heart, shared all the ambition of his sister to gain his father's soul at any price.

His course at the Normal finished, this companion of About, of Sarcey, and many other contemporaries of the same class, with whom he lived on terms of friendly intimacy, became assistant director of a school in Paris. But God had called him to a higher destiny. He had attended the conferences of Lacordaire, like all the young university men of his

time, and sacrificing his promising worldly career, he fled at length to Chalaes. The word is used advisedly, for at first his father was bitterly opposed to this step. Later, however, melted by the sublimity of the sacrifice, and consenting to write to his son at Flavigny, he sharpened the point of his Voltairian pen in the address of his first letter, "To M. Gaston Doussot, *Jacobin*."

Having been ordained priest, and filled with apostolic zeal, the young religious placed himself at the disposition of Reverend P. Jandel, for the English Missions. It was he who erected the Woodchester convent and imparted to the preachers of that district the first ardors of a soul never content with ordinary sacrifices. This was the dominant note of his life.

Gifted with an aptitude for many things, he mastered the English language in a few months. He had been heard to speak Italian, English, German and Hebrew in the same conversation. When Reverend P. Jandel became General of the Dominican Order, he at once began to make use of the resources of this ardent soul, this vast intelligence, this devoted heart. He summoned him to Rome and confided to him the direction of the Novitiate of Santa Sabina. He there formulated the regular observances which were the preliminaries of the restorative work of the Dominican Provinces now embracing the old and the new world.

It was a curious spectacle, the life of these young men; French, Spanish, Italian, Polish, German, Belgian, Dutch, Portuguese, and even Chinese, sometimes speaking in their own tongue, sometimes in Latin, and ever finding in the soul of the Father Director a vibrating and sympathetic tone. He led them along the way they had chosen, partly by persuasion, above all by renunciation, knowing how to await the hour of grace, and also that wherein the cross should most profoundly assert its sovereignty, but knowing how, at the same time, to heal the wounded soul.

With profane as well as sacred studies he formed the minds of his disciples, and it may be said he was ever as alert in science as in doctrine. He had what may be called the Catholic sense in a supreme degree. A patient exegetist, sometimes even daring in figurative or prophetic interpretation, a distinguished Hebraist, he knew where every verse of sacred Scripture, or the passage which indicated it might be found. Often at night, after a day of arduous labor, when he needed all the rest he could obtain, he would lie on his bed reading Isaiah, instead of taking his well earned repose.

* * * * *

During the Garibaldian campaign Reverend P. Jandel thought it prudent to disperse the novices of the Aventine; and it was thus Pere Doussot became a military chaplain. It was then that the friendship

between him and General de Charette became one of perfect intimacy in the practice of an equal heroism—that of the priest and of the soldier.

Pere Doussot knew every one of his charges, and his French hopefulness, his indefatigable zeal, helped potently to sustain them later in march and combat. At Patay he said Mass before dawn and gave Holy Communion to Louis and his followers before the celebrated battle, calm and collected as at the battle of Maus, where, during a whole hour, he stood upon a hillock in the midst of a fusilade, giving absolution to the troops as they passed. He pursued the same course at Patay with the brave men whose conduct caused Emperor William to exclaim: "Oh, what courage!" Verthamon fell after a hundred others, holding in his loyal hand the banner of the Sacred Heart. Pere Doussot seized it and traversed the enemy's lines protected by this sacred palladium. Made prisoner and released, it was proposed to Charette to name him for the Cross of Honor; but the General replied: "The Cross for Pere Doussot? He does not want any but the Cross of Calvary, and that is the only one worthy of him."

There remains of this rude campaign a vivid image which can never fade, perpetuated by the painting of Emile Lafout, representing the last Mass, and Pere Doussot giving Communion to those who were about to die for their country and their faith.

Peace concluded, this man of camps and battle-fields, was transformed to the Convent of Mazieres. Sent as Master of Novices some time afterward to Marseilles, he began to experience a profound desire for solitude, and he even thought seriously of Chartreuse. Later he was sent to Prouille to direct religious vowed to the cloister and contemplation.

He arrived there in 1881, Later the new Bishop, Mgr. Billard, arrived at Carcassonne. Young still, ardent, believing in truth and sincerity and goodness; incapable of thinking that every one was not like himself, he affiliated from the first day with Pere Doussot, no longer the chaplain of soldiers but of monks. It may truly be said that these two men made the majestic pile of Prouille. Those blocks of granite so firmly seated on their hidden foundations, which form the white marble of the Basilica, are the emblems of the interior temple of the soul which grew so faithfully and silently under the direction of the patient architect and workman—the director of souls. For twenty years he was identified with the history of this glorious monastery.

Very soon after the arrival of the Bishop, began those great pilgrimages of the Rosary which revived the ages of faith in the hearts of those who participated in them. No one who saw them will ever forget the immense crowds covering the vast plain, winding along the side of the hill, upon whose top stood an image of the Blessed Virgin, led by

cardinals and bishops, each and every one of the vast multitude carrying his Rosary in his hand. But the mutterings of the tempest were soon heard reverberating to the accents of prayer, and the place of Mary's pilgrimages succumbed to the devastation.

And then Pere Dousset dwelt *alone* at Prouille, until the fatal order "to disperse himself" was received. One must live in these times of liberty to realize that such a decree is not a comedy. He tore himself away from his dear solitude, from his Basilica, from the tomb of the pious bishop whose labors he had shared, whose trembling descent to death and worse than death he had sustained unto the end.

He was now free to go "into exile." But he had still a mission to fulfil. Survivor of his sister, Mother Elizabeth, a Theresa of the nineteenth century, reformer and founder of Carmel as was the great saint of Spain, he took the Carmelites of Meaux, Fontainebleau, and Epernay to Belgium and established them there in a state of peace and security—to which his own soul, intensely longing for peace and solitude, was now, in his last days, a stranger. There, at Vichenet, after painful suffering from pneumonia and an affection of the heart, he gave up his valiant soul to his Maker, dying in exile, far from his double patrimony, France and Prouille.

The following is the order issued by General de Charette to the Pontifical Zouaves:

DEAR COMRADES: The Reverend Pere Doussot, our beloved chaplain, has just rendered his pure soul to God. He was one of the glories of our regiment. It was he who said the Mass at Saint-Peravy-la-Colombe on the morning of December 2, 1870, at the request of General Louis. There were fifteen at this Mass; in the evening six were dead and nine wounded.

In 1871, at Rennes, before separating, we all consecrated ourselves to the Sacred Heart, under the shadow of our banner stained with the blood of our comrades. And Pere Doussot was with us there also.

After the disbanding of the troops he returned to the Convent of Notre Dame de Prouille and there prayed day and night for France and his dear regiment.

Driven from France with all his confreres, he died at Vichenet, Belgium, offering the sufferings of his long martyrdom for those whom he had loved on earth.

In him I have lost a very dear friend, and, I repeat, the regiment one of its purest glories.

Let us not weep for him, but entreat him to pray for us, with those comrades to whom he is now re-united on high, that when we have fin-

ished what God has given us to do we may join him and them, and Popes Pius the Ninth and Leo the Thirteenth.

CHARETTE.

"Weep not for such as he, the blood they shed,
The tears let fall from their world-weary eyes
Are rays of glory round each sainted head
And pearls that mark the way to Paradise."

Lucis Creator Optime.

From the Latin of S. Ambrose.

D. J. DONAHOE.

Divine Creator of the Light,
Who bringing forth the golden ray,
Did'st join the morning with the night,
And call the blessed union, day;

Thou Living God, whose mighty word
Made time begin and Heaven move,
Hear, Thou, our tearful prayers, O Lord,
And warm us with the light of love.

Lest evils should our souls oppress
And keep us from Thy law divine,
O, guard us by Thy saving grace,
And let our wills be one with Thine.

Still may we seek Thy heavenly seat,
And strive eternal life to gain;
O keep us in Thy mercy sweet,
And cleanse our souls from earthly stain.

Most gracious Father, hear our cry,
Hear Thou, O Co-eternal Son,
And holy Paraclete on high,
Forever reigning, three in one.

The Origin of the Jewish Sect.

CORRUPTION OF THE BIBLE.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

IV.

Within the Tanaite sect itself the two tendencies of the schools of Hillel and Shammai still survived and commingled. At the death of Jochanan b. Zachai, who was a Pharisee of the moderate or Hillelian school, his chosen successor, Eleazar b. Arach, insisted upon removing the seat of the Council to Gimso (Emmaus), whereupon his colleagues forsook him, remaining behind at Jabneh, where they chose as Nasi Gamaliel b. Simon, grandson of Gamaliel the elder.

Gamaliel sought to mediate between the strict or ultra-Shammaian school headed by Eleazar b. Hyrcanus, of Lydda, and the broad or Semi-Assidæan school headed by Joshua b. Chananya of Bakirin. Under his administration the hostility of the school of Shammai to proselytes was greatly mitigated, and in other respects the doctrines of the two schools were merged together.

Gamaliel's severity led both of the extreme parties to unite against him, and he was for a while deposed in favor of his young pupil, Eleazar b. Azariah, who was greatly influenced by Joshua. During that interval the Rabbinical College took up anew the questions at issue between the schools of Shammai, Hillel and Egypt regarding the canon of Scripture. A number of the books held sacred by the Christians, and forming a part of the Alexandrian-Jewish canon, but long a subject of dispute among the Palestinian Pharisees, were for the first time formally rejected. These included all of what are now called the Deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament (subsequently thrown out by the Protestants, under the name of Apocrypha, on Rabbinical authority), and also Ecclesiastes (*Kohelleth*) and the Canticle of Canticles (*Shir Hashirim*), which had been rejected by the School of Shammai but accepted by that of Hillel; though these two books, in spite of the decision, were subsequently recognized as on a par with the proto-Canonical Scriptures.

But even yet the victory of the ultra-Rabbinists was not complete; for Gamaliel was succeeded in 117 by Joshua b. Chananya, in spite of the conservative (Gamalielian) party headed by Jochanan b. Nuri, succeeded in making several of the numerous changes he advocated in the ordi-

nances, in the direction of a breaking down of the requirements of the Sopheric and Rabbinical law. Moreover, Eleazar b. Hyrcanus, the ultra-Shammaiite leader, was for some time under the ban of excommunication, and after his death his disciples, Josiah and Jonathan, of the School of Daron (in southern Judea) and their successors maintained themselves in isolation from the Rabbinical College, following their master and Shammai in opposing the developments and mitigations of the Sopheric regulations and exegesis which originated in the school of Hillel, but had now been accepted by the whole Rabbinical body. Their principles descended through obscure channels for several generations, and finally were made the basis of the Karaite sect in the eighth century.

But while the Hillelian principles of interpretation threw those of the Beth Shammai into the shade, the Shammaian nationalism was destined to attain for a while an almost complete control in the Rabbinical College. The Zealots who had survived the fall of Jerusalem had given rise to revolts in all the lands in which the Jewish race was powerful, including Babylonia, Egypt, Cyprus, and Cyrenaicum. In 116 and 117 another general rising of the Jewish nationalists took place, which, like the preceding ones, was promptly suppressed, and when Gamaliel II. died the Rabbinical College was obliged to take refuge at Usha (*El Uz*) in Upper Galilee.

In 131 the whole of Judea rebelled again under Simon bar Kosiba, who claimed to be the political Messiah for whom the Pharisees had hoped, and was recognized promptly as such by the most influential members of the Rabbinical College, headed by Rabbi Akiba (a Roman proselyte and the greatest of the Tanain), who, applying to him certain of the Old Testament prophecies, hailed him as Bar Kochba (son of a star), by which title he became commonly known.

The destruction in 134 of the new Jewish commonwealth founded by him was followed by a violent persecution of the Jews throughout the Roman empire and the putting to death of a large number of the leading Rabbis, including Akiba himself, for the violation of the emperor Hadrian's decree forbidding the teaching of the Rabbinical law and the ordination of Rabbis.

Up to this time all Christians had been considered by the Roman imperial authorities as Jews, but the Christian teachers Quadratus and Aristides now submitted to the emperor a memorial setting forth the facts that Christianity and Rabbinical Judaism were two distinct religions, and that the Christians had not taken part in any of the revolts of the Pharisaic and Rabbinical Jews, but, on the contrary, had just been suffering a most bloody persecution at the hands of Bar Cochbar and his officers for their refusal to co-operate with the revolutionists.

The Aurora.

SISTER M. XAVIER, VISITANDINE.

CHAPTER II.

The Children meet Madame Pompadour.

It was to the elegant octagonal pavilion of the chateau, from which there is such a beautiful landscape of the little Trianon and its surroundings, that the king invited his party to accompany him. Attached to it were four lengthy halls in front that communicated with the main one by large glass doors; from each hall a handsome flight of steps led to the grounds below. The pavilion proper was crowned with balustrades and statues and had been lately erected. The marble-tiled flooring, the sculptured wainscoting, the high windows and the platform painted in fresco, all of which we now see blackened and decayed from time and humidity, were then in their brilliancy. Alas, for this world's grandeur!

At the moment of entering the drawing-room, sounds of the clavi-chord were heard. "Oh," said the little Mozart, "there must be a musician here; some one that rises as early as we. Can it be the Queen?"

They entered, followed by the King. A lady who still bore traces of beauty, though a little faded, and who was attired in laces and lilac silk, trimmed with knots of green watered ribbon and strings of pearls, was sitting at the instrument. She rose at their approach and made a profound reverence. The King saluted her with an air of familiarity. In a few words he related the conversation of the two children, and requested the little girl to play her minuet. Without hesitation, Mary Anna improvised a most charming minuet, which was greatly applauded. So pleased was the handsome lady that she gave the child a lovely silver-gilt bonbonnier filled with almonds.

"Now," said the King, "it is little Mozart's turn; come Wolfgang, give us the Bengal-Sonata."

Mozart perched himself upon the stool and began to prelude with unusual ease. His hands were so small that his fingers could not make the octave, but his performance was so easy, delicate and expressive that every one was in wonder.

"Listen," said he, "I am now going to play the Bengal's song"; and without contortion or grimace, and as tranquil and simple as a little bird that sings her song alone in the woods, he preluded in sol minor, and went off into sonata so melodious that his audience could scarcely breathe.

When he ceased to play, all cried out, "Again, again!"

Louis XV, removing a ring from his finger, handed it to Madame Mozart, saying: "Your son, Madame, is a prodigy." The mother wept with joy.

"Truly," said the handsome lady, "I had no idea that any one possessed such a facility for improvisation;" turning to Wolferl, she sweetly said: "Have not the flowers given you some inspirations, my little one? I am sure if your sister composed so beautiful a minuet upon the rose, you can give equally as fine a one upon this flower." She presented the branch of pompadora the King had just given her. Mozart opened his large and sparkling eyes, and, not well understanding the French language, his father acted as interpreter for the lady, who was no other than the Marchioness de Pompadour. Wolfgang regarded the flower with a somewhat disdainful air, and at length said: "If this were a pretty flower, I would honor with a composition; but it is neither pretty nor fine."

"Oh," said his sister, "but Wolferl, it has a perfume." The boy took the flower in his hand, smelt it, and exclaimed in bad French: "Oh, the vile thing! It smells like the strawberry, then a melon or banana; and at last, if you touch it, it is a rotten apple." Casting the flower upon the table with a significant grimace, he exclaimed: "Oh, fudge, I would not be bothered with such a thing." The marchioness turned away, and pretended to be looking over the leaves of a music book.

"Wolferl," said his father, in a low tone, "play a hunting air." The child obeyed, and when he had finished a charming fanfare, the Mozarts took their leave of the King, who tenderly embraced the children. Wolfgang approached the marchioness to give her also his child-like embrace, but she haughtily turned from him.

While on their way from Versailles, the little maestro said to his father: "King Louis XV is almost as amiable as our Emperor, but who is that lady so haughty and proud? The Empress Maria Theresa kissed me, the Queen of France also, and she finds herself too great a lady to imitate them. Who will espouse her? Leopold having recourse to his snuffbox, Nanerl withdrew him from the embarrassment by saying: "Oh, she is foolish; that is all; don't think of it any more, Wolferl, but come and help me to gather violets for mamma. The meadow is covered with them."

The afternoon of the same day was spent by the Mozart family in rendering music to Madame Tesse, after which they went to take collation in the inn of the "White Cross," rue de la Paroisse. The children being fatigued, their parents sent them early to bed. About eight o'clock, Heinrich entered in haste, crying out: "Quick, quick; come quickly to

the chateau. The Dauphin and Dauphiness, for a wonder, did not go to the play to-night, and are passing the time with their children. They have been playing games, and Madame, the Countess de Provence having won a *discretion* from the Dauphiness, requires to hear the young Mozart perform on the chapel organ. Come quickly, my children; and perhaps you will imagine yourselves once more in Vienna."

They hastened, and were soon in the portable chairs Heinrich had provided for them. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Dauphin, whose apartments were on the lower floor, under those of the Queen, looking out upon the southern parterre. It was there that the Grand Dauphin, father of the Duke of Burgundy and of Philip V of Spain, had lived, and of whom it could be said, as of the son of Louis XV, "Son of a king, father of a king; yet, never a king."

Louis of France and his amiable, cultivated, and pious wife, Maria Josepha of Saxony, lived in the sweetest union. Though occupied with their children, they found time to be charitable and benevolent, and to give to the court many examples of lovely virtues. But the courtisans secretly scoffed at them, and showed the respect due to them only through fear of the King. Sometimes, when the open doors of the Dauphin's apartments allowed the strains of the beautiful voice of the Dauphiness, accompanied by the clavichord or organ, to be heard, these envious people would shrug their shoulders and say: "Listen to those sacristans."

When the Mozarts were introduced to the Dauphin, they found upon his knees the eldest of his daughters, Madame Clotilde, the future Queen of Sardinia; she was then about four years old. Madame Elizabeth, still younger, had gone to sleep. Maria Josepha, without being beautiful, pleased by her intelligent expression and the sweetness of countenance, as well as by her gracious and dignified manner.

The Dauphin was tall, well proportioned, and strikingly like the King, and though not then suffering from the malady that carried him off the following year, he evidently evinced a prophetic sadness, a forecast that is often upon the brow of one whose white hairs will not wear the crown.

Near the Dauphiness, her three sons were seated, each of whom expected to reign over France, viz: the meek and peaceful Duke of Berry, afterwards Louis XVI; the studious and spiritual Count of Provence; and the self-willed Count d'Artois, whose mischievous tricks had already made him celebrated at court.

When the young princes beheld Mozart and his sister, they united in a joyous exclamation of welcome. d'Artois immediately proposed a party from Colin-Maillard, but the Dauphiness opposed it.

"My children," said she to them, "you know you must retire at nine, and now it is past eight. We will have but little time for listening to Mozart on the organ."

"O mamma Dauphiness," exclaimed d'Artois, "you would be a perfect princess if you did not always know the precise hour. You are, indeed, too rigid."

"Fie, my brother," said the Duke of Berry, "you should not speak thus to our mamma Dauphiness."

The mother paid no attention. While the Dauphin was giving welcome to Leopold Mozart and his wife, she conversed with the children in German, and the accents of her maternal tongue rejoiced the good princess.

"Let us go to the chapel," said the Dauphin, rising; "it is a torment to listen to music in the midst of conversation. I wish to hear Mozart in silence, and in a place worthy of his talent." He gave the order, and, taking his spouse by the hand, they left their apartments, preceded by two valets bearing flambeaux, and followed by Md. de Marsan, the governess, who led the little Clotilde by the hand. Then followed the three young princes, the Duke de la Vauguyon, their governor, and the Mozart family, the good Heinrich being the last that he might close the doors. Passing through a labyrinth of galleries, vestibules, and staircases, they arrived at the tribunes of the royal chapel. Heinrich lighted the torches of the organ tribune. All the other parts of the edifice received but the light of the rising moon, consequently the elegant pilasters, the splendid paintings, and the magnificent decorations, as rich as harmonious, were lost in the shadows of night.

The valets went for two large chairs in the tribune of the King, and brought them near the organ for the Dauphin and Dauphiness; all the others took folding seats. Leopold Mozart approached the organ, and found the case of the keyboard locked, and it was impossible to open it without the key.

"What a blunder," exclaimed the Dauphiness; "we must get the key from the organist. Where is he?"

"I will go for it," answered old Heinrich. "Stop," said the Duke de Berry; "I have another means," and, drawing from his pocket a small screw-key which he used with remarkable skill, he removed the board, and in five minutes the organ was in readiness.

"O Berry," said his mother, "I did not know you possessed such a talent. Just think of a son of France working with screws and lock-hooks!"

"Distinguo, mamma," cried out the Duke de Provence; "Berry is

an artisan, but not a picklock. There is a difference. Any way, we are indebted to him for hearing Mozart to-night."

"What shall I play for your Highnesses?" asked Wolfgang.

"A dancing air," replied the Count d'Artois; "I like nothing else."

"In the church!" said the mother. "Now Artois, if you say another word you will be sent to bed. "My dear Wolfgang," added the Dauphiness, "improvise a beautiful prayer to the Blessed Virgin."

"I will," said the boy, "on condition you will allow the angel I behold to come and stand before me." He made a sign to the little Princess Clotilde. Madame de Marsan, taking the child by the hand, led her near the organ, and stood beside her. Clad in pure white and blue, her angelic smile, bright blue eyes and flaxen curls, gave to the Princess more the appearance of one of Heaven's messengers than of one of the world which she was destined to become. Wolfgang fixed his wondering gaze upon her, and his performance surpassed all that he had hitherto given. It drew tears from the Dauphin; the little princess did not move; and it was only after the last vibration of the organ had died away that the incorrigible d'Artois exclaimed: "It is charming, but I would like to have something gayer. Look at me, Wolfgang, and see if you cannot get up something that resembles me."

Wolfgang leaned to his sister, saying in a whisper: "I have a great mind to give him 'Dodo, l'enfant do'; but oh, I am so tired and dying for sleep! Help me, Nanerl."

"Remember our soirees at Vienna, last year, and the beautiful Archduchess you wished to espouse, and you will succeed," said his sister, smiling.

The young musician nodded assent, and, after a moment's reflection, his eyes flashed, and the animated expression of his countenance showed the conception of a divine inspiration. Turning to the young princes, he said: "Listen, if you please, your royal highnesses; I am about to give you my masterpiece, composed in honor of the Angel of Vienna, and which I have named 'Marie Antoinette of Austria.'"

His audience was spell-bound. Solemn silence prevailed, while the light of the moon, increasing through the stained-glass windows, rendered the scene one that could scarcely be forgotten.

It was the first time that Louis XVI had ever heard pronounced the name of her who, in a few short years, was to share his crown and his martyrdom. It is with history as it is with summer; a rosy and serene aurora often ushers in a day that is to be closed with storms, tempests, and a darkness impenetrable and horrible to behold.

The Bride of the Sacrament.

EDITH R. WILSON.

The golden light of morning
Is flooding all the East:
It falls on the carven altar,
And halos the vested priest;

In the church of the Madalena,
With its frescoes quaint and old,
With its gloom of heavy arches
And its gleam of burnished gold,

The sound of the Matin office
Has died upon the air,
And naught is heard but the mur-
mur
Of Eucharistic prayer;

The "Domine non sum dignus,"
As the priest uplifts his hand,
And offers the Bread of Heaven
To the veiled and white-robed band.

But the little child, Imelda,
Kneels lonely in her stall,—
Her dark eyes full of sorrow,
As ever the hot tears fall.

Her childish heart is heavy—
For prayer has been withstood—
She may not kneel at the altar,
Nor taste of the Angel's Food.

But none may still her longing,
And none her prayers prevent,
As she sends a swift cry upward
To the Christ of the Sacrament.

The dear, dear Christ Who gath-
ered
The children at His knee,
And clasped His arms about them
Of old, in Galilee.

And still her pulses quicken—
Her little hands are pressed
Closely, and yet more closely,
Above her throbbing breast.

"Dear Lord, I am not able
Thy Sacrament to take,
But, in my heart, I pray Thee
Thy dwelling place to make.

"When others bend before Thee,
I may not kneel beside;
For still the Bread of Angels
Is to my lips denied.

"Yet, dearest Lord, in pity,
Draw near me from above:
Am I too young to greet Thee,
Yet not too young to love?

"Grant me this one sweet favor,
For thy dear Mercy's sake;
Or else, with love and longing,
My very heart will break."

And lo! the priest stands trem-
bling—
The Host hath left his hand;
And he bows before the wonder
He may not understand.

In a gleam of golden glory,
He seems to see it now
Flash through the vaulted chapel
To rest on Imelda's brow.

He sees the dark eyes lifted,
He sees the sweet lips part,
And he hears the cry of rapture
That wells from the glad child-
heart.

The white-robed band bend o'er
her,
But the little life is fled;
With the Kiss of the Lord upon
her,
Straight to His Arms she sped.

* * *

They close her eyelids softly,
And worship the Saviour mild,
Who gave Himself in His fulness
At the prayer of a little child.

And ever they muse on the wonder
That day to their convent sent;
While they name the child Imelda,
The "Bride of the Sacrament."

In The New Wood.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Like the fabled stairs of Fairyland, with their golden balustrades, a natural series of gentle inclines wooed me from the dusty roadside into the welcome shade of the beautiful, living woods. Wondrously soothing to the eye were the many beds of green; sweetly musical to the ear were the murmurings that re-echoed from the heart of the ancient forest; cordial in joyous welcome was the melodious burst of song that filled the air with greeting. Thrilling with responsive sympathy, with strangely awakened senses, and a visibly quickened pulse, I contemplated the gorgeous scene before me.

Scarlet blossoms, so beauteously bright, so smilingly serene, seemed to open their lips to impart messages of joy; tiny flakes of snow, seemingly caught in leaves of dark green, faintly convey the idea of the exquisite delicacy of white buds that shyly clung to the taller plants; a golden vine tenderly intertwines itself in a mysterious, scroll-like form about the ample base of a tall maple whose weighty branches took on bright and varied tints, reflected by the red sunlight.

Sweet messenger of immortality, the violet, in her royal bloom, emerges from the passing snows, and exhales her fragrance in loving promise of a living hope. Pierced with many a golden arrow, the gorgeous sunflower stands, and, from his giant height, benignantly returns the salutation of his Quaker-like sisters, who nod their daisy heads in recognition of his exalted position in the forest dell.

The beautiful rose, wandering from the confines of cultivation, wields her sceptre in this magnificent wild. Disdainful of her envious neighbors, a band of Gypsy poppies, she smilingly exacts from all the homage that is her due. Unmoved, however, by her beauty, rests the patriarchal dandelion, bearded and worn by his uninterrupted meditation. The ivy turns to the oak, encircling it in a sympathetic embrace. The marigold sports with the passing breeze, while clouds of gleaming petals, wafted by some fairy hand, lovingly caress the upturned star-like blossoms that nestle among the trees.

The red flush of the descending sun now gradually fades, and shadows hover o'er leaf and bloom. Silvery gleams light up the solemn pines that guard the flowery mead. A solemn stillness reigns; a feeling of awe steals over me as I reflect upon the beauty of God's creation.

A Vision.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

The smiling prospects of my future were o'ercast by shades of sorrow. I sat me down despondingly, complaining of my lot. "Indeed," I murmured, "life is fraught with sadness; better far to die in childhood, when all nature smiles and flowers bloom beneath our feet." Just then methought I heard a rustling dress which fanned my face and shed a perfume as of violets. And looking up, I saw a beauteous maiden clad in robes of silvery brightness; in her hand was an anchor; on her head was a golden star. "Take courage, fainting heart, and play the man," she said in accents sweet as blended voices borne from distant choirs. "My name is Hope; I come to cheer thee; follow me." She led me o'er a flowery mead until we reached a dusty road. "The mead we have just passed was what remained for thee of childhood's path, bestrewn with daisies, lit by morning's purple beams. The road thou seest lying straight before thee, long and dreary, overshadowed here and there by spreading branches, is the wide highway of life. Its terminus is yonder where the earth and sky embrace. Thy pilgrimage is short; but often will despair assail thee. But in thy hours of darkness call on me and I will comfort thee. But that thy heart may never fail thee, ere departing I will show thee my dear sisters, Faith and Charity." She led me onward still. Upon the road we met a multitude of wanderers who, weak and weary, trudged along. But as we passed they glanced at Hope and smiled and journeyed bravely on.

We reached a humble cottage, which we entered. There we saw a dying man surrounded by his little children. At his pillow stood a maiden dressed in dazzling raiment like the sun. She held aloft a cross and said: "Dear children, and thou, also, gentle youth, believe in God and in a reign of happiness which dawns when Death gives way to Life." And as she spake the sunbeams fell aslant and filled the room with splendor. Down the sunbeams gleaming bands of angels hied, and in their midst a lovely maiden, wearing on her breast a locket fashioned like a heart, encircled by bright flames. Her name, Charity, was seen engraven on a coronet of gems entwined with roses. If the radiance shed by Hope was as the moonbeams, and that of Faith as vivid as the noonday sun, Charity emitted rays like those which flood the amber sky at sundown.

Accompanied by the heav'nly messengers, she sang a welcome to the parting soul in strains so sweet, so ravishing, my spirit reeled. They bore him upward joyfully along the mellow sunbeams, singing blissful melodies, and entered thro' a golden gate.

Here I started from my reverie. Those rapturous accents, oft returning, fill my heart with peace, and still I journey ever onward till I reach the Golden Gate.

Florence.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Florence, more beautiful than thought can reach
 Thy artist monks their lowly cloisters made
 With rare creations in whose light and shade
 Seraphic forms move radiantly and teach
 Such truths divine of loveliness that speech
 Can never paint, nor the hard hand of trade
 Efface. On thy maternal breast they laid
 Their heads, their fame upon thy altars, each.

Around thee close the sunlit Appenine
 His sheltering arms in pristine fondness flung,
 As the young mother clasps her first-born child,
 When all was pure from the great hand divine,
 At the first dawn, and hoary time was young,
 And God on the new birth of beauty smiled.

On the Arno.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

How lightly Fancy dips her golden oar
 Into the Arno, and far up ascends
 To where the vocal river sparkling wends
 Through matchless beauty crowning either shore—
 To Florence, mother Queen of Arts, that bore
 Those masters of all time, whose canvas lends
 A glory such as only God extends
 To His creative few forevermore.

Giotto here first gave eternal life
 To art divine—his touch gave Dante's face
 The unfading glow that centuries of strife,
 Nor ages dark nor vandals could efface—
 Nor the foul thrust of coward envy's knife—
 Giotto, Dante, first of all their race!

The Philippine Islands.

In volume fourteen of the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, published by the Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio, interesting documents ranging from 1605 to 1609 are presented which explain the causes of internal troubles in the Islands. The papers bearing upon the Chinese revolt in 1603, its far-reaching results detrimental to the good of the country, and the measures adopted for preventing a recurrence of similar troubles are graphic in detail. The collection of documents relating to the work of the Dominicans in the Philippines continued through the trying difficulties of hazardous voyages, delays and sickness, are high testimonials to the unconquerable spirit of patience that animated the friars in their hope of benefiting the souls of the heathens. The letters of Diego Aduarte, one of the most noted Dominican missionaries of the far East, whose labors to reinforce the religious in the Philippines were peculiarly hampered by the rigorous formalities of the Spanish government at that period, will command general interest. In his official report of 1605 Aduarte represents the difficulties that attended his undertaking from the outset.

The embarrassing situations in which the religious are placed from the moment of setting out from Valladolid until their arrival at their destination were of a nature to daunt less enthusiastic laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

Aduarte speaks of the inadequacy of the appropriation made for the support of the religious, the ingenious exactions of the registry officials, the inconveniences to which the religious are obliged to submit in Valladolid, Sevilla, and Sanlucar before commencing the ocean voyage.

Having arrived in Nueva Espana, at the port of San Juan de Luca, almost worn out by the hardships of the voyage, the religious are again harassed by the peculiar circumstances of governmental strictures under impecunious officials.

The closing part of Aduarte's report, we give in full; in its simple directness, quaint originality and fatherly earnestness is reflected the character of the great Dominican whose practical eye discerned the unreasonableness of the regulations that not only retarded his missionary work, but which seemed likely to exhaust both the physical and spiritual endurance of the religious whom he conducted. Concluding the reports by describing his experience in Mexico, Father Aduarte says:

In Mexico, which is the Court of Nueva Espana, is the fifth stopping-place, where all the difficulties which have been experienced at the court of our lord the king and in the city of Sevilla are renewed; because here one has to deal with royal officials in order to obtain money,

and with the officials of his lordship, the viceroy, regarding the formalities necessary for the second embarkation. And both classes of officials make themselves so much the owners of the poor religious who has need of them that, when they again commence their demands here, he would, even if he had the patience of Job, need all of it because of the many occasions which are here offered for his losing it. Although I arrived at Mexico burdened with the expenses of the journey, and had no food and no place from which to get it, the royal officers are not obliged to pay a single maravedi until all the party have passed through their registers. This will be done when they please. They inquire from the religious where their homes are, and who are their parents—a very unpleasant thing. One requires great assistance from Heaven in order not to resent it bitterly. They put so little confidence in his word and oath that what they do not see with their own eyes it is not worth while to swear to them. It happened on the day that they registered me, that I did not have with me three religious who were lying sick in the city of Los Angeles, which is on the route hither. Although I told the royal officials of this and swore it *in verbo sacerdotis*, that did not avail to make them give me the subsistence which I was obliged to send to those sick men. After this, since the stay in Mexico is long, lasting for almost a half year, they asked money wherever they paid the tri-yearly allowance, and for every warrant they changed ten pesos, which comes to eighty* pesos. The payment is made in silver, to exchange which for current money causes a great deal of loss. Thus all these pilferings consume the little which is given to the religious. I pass over the fact that it is impossible to collect money due and hearing many rude answers and sometimes insulting language. At one time, when I was making such claims, one of the Mexican accountants uttered to me, before respectable witnesses, an insult which cut me to the heart, because I felt it as a man; and if he had uttered those words to one of his slaves, it might have wounded him.

At the port of Acapulco is the last stopping-place. I do not even know what happens there, for at the time of writing this report we have not arrived there, but I have sufficient evidence that it must be the most burdensome of all. It is about three months since I have had three religious there, being obliged to send them in advance that they might prepare what is needed for the voyage. One of them, with my power of attorney, requested the royal officials there to grant them a house, as is usual and customary, that they might collect there the shipstores which are on the way from Mexico, and might lodge the Friars there when about to make the journey. They presented for this purpose your Majesty's decree, which I possess, and the officials replied that they would not grant them the house without a command from the viceroy. I sent this to them, and they made, I know not what additions, and so have sent it back to me. During the two months and more that have been occupied with these demands and answers, the poor Friars have slept on the ground, without having any one to take them into his house—except that being taken ill they were received into the hospital. It is with all these hard-

* In the official transcript the text reads *que son 80 pesos*; but as in half a year but two of these tri-yearly payments would be made, it seems more probable that it was intended for 20 pesos.—Translator.

ships and difficulties that this voyage, so much to the service of God and of his Majesty, is taken, besides those experienced in the voyage itself, which are enough to make the heart of the bravest tremble.

His Majesty requires, in spite of all this, that all of the religious who go from Espana to Philippines must proceed thither, without permission being granted for any one to remain in Nueva Espana; but there are no means less suitable to gain that end than obliging them to pass through so many difficulties. They come out of them so much grieved and humiliated that their courage and good will in serving his Majesty has come to an end. To transport them by force is no profit to the royal service, much less to the service of God, it does no good to the cause of religion, as I said in the beginning. Besides this, if your Majesty is pleased that we religious shall pass through so many registries without having our word or oath believed in them, because of the fraud that might exist in the amounts allowed to us from his royal treasury, if we are not to be trusted in this matter, much less shall we be so in regard to the relief of his conscience, for which he sends us to those regions. Hence it seems that sending us might be dispensed with; the more since his Majesty entrusts this matter to royal officials to whose direction and commands he subjects us religious. They, perhaps, supposing that by showing themselves rigorous in a matter of such piety they are likely to be regarded as zealous for the protection of the royal treasury in all other matters, draw the string until it breaks.

But it is evident that there are royal officials in the Indias who maintain princely houses, perhaps without having inherited means for this from their parents. With regard to them it is plainly known that they serve the king plainly for their own advantage; yet his Majesty trusts more to them than to disinterested religious who ask for nothing but their food and lodging on the road. If this costs much it is because the journey is tedious. Although at this point it might be said that the accounts of the royal officials have to be audited in due time and are therefore more to be trusted, I, who have seen much of the world and know also what is the fact in the matter—it is, that he who goes out of office richest at the time of residencia, goes out best justified; hence, for fear of that he never fails to make his profit. I do not mean to say that there should be no order or system in regard to the grant allowed by his Majesty to the religious for their missions; but I mean that his Majesty should command his officials to believe them at least on their oath, and that when they are obliged to give their oath they should not be annoyed, as they have been hitherto.

The only objection to this is the irregularities of the commissaries who have taken religious to the Indias. These, it is said, have obliged his Majesty to impose such restrictions in this matter, and as a safeguard against irregularities which may occur in future—because there have been commissaries who have taken fewer religious than the king provided for, thus defrauding the royal treasury by spending on a few that which was allowed for many. To this I reply, first, that there is no fraud upon the royal treasury, inasmuch as the allowance made by it for four is insufficient for the support of three, as appears from the previous statements of what happened to me in Sevilla. Hence there is not in this the evil design which seems to exist. The second point is that, as

a result of these oppressive orders, the condition of things is sure to become much worse, since many more friars are certain to remain in Sevilla and Nueva Espana, even after they have received money from the royal treasury for their shipstores. After this has once been paid none of it can ever be restored to the royal treasury, even if a great excess were left, since whatever should be restored to the treasury, of all this that has been obtained from it with so many documents and precautions, would not go to it, but to its officials. This would be the more true inasmuch as they, however justified they might be, would be unwilling to accept the things in kind, for fear of being obliged to give an account of them afterwards. This might subject them to great danger of loss. Above all, if the commissary were to reveal this matter to the officials they would put an embargo on the whole affair, and he would undergo the risk of being unable to undertake the voyage. This happened to me once, for, being very fond of following truth and honesty, I told the royal officials of this City of Mexico that two religious of my company had received permission to remain here, as that was expedient for the service of God, and of his Majesty, and declared that I did not require living expenses and ship-stores for them. The officials, in place of trusting me, at seeing that I proceeded without fraud or falsehood, cut off the provisions for all my company, refusing for more than twenty days to give me what his Majesty had commanded to be allowed for the support of the religious. Thus I was almost on the point of being unable to make the journey; for I used upon their living in Mexico all of the ship-stores which I had provided for the sea. Accordingly, in their desire to prevent two from remaining here, they incurred the risk that all of us might be compelled to remain. I stated this to the royal officials and to the viceroy in a petition, but gained nothing by it. This is the kind of inconvenience which follows from practicing honesty with regard to the decrees of his majesty.

As for the aforesaid, I Fray Diego Aduarte, vicar of the religious of Saint Dominic, going to the Philippines, swear *in verbo sacerdotis* that it is true, and I sign it with my name. At Mexico, January 20, 1605."

FRAY DIEGO ADUARTE.

Later information on the subject of this expedition shows that, of the thirty-eight religious who sailed from Spain with Fray Aduarte, in 1605, but twenty-six reached the Philippines in 1606, several having died on the way, the others having been prevented from embarking for lack of accommodations.

My library shelves are the avenues of time. All the world is around me. All that ever stirred human hearts, or fired the imagination, is harmlessly here. Cities and empires are put into a corner. Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all the blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon.—*Gilbert de Porre.*

Editorial.

The month of September holds for the devout client of Mary four occasions for the consideration of her joys and sorrows, in sympathetic confidence that her powerful aid will not be wanting when human efforts will have failed to assuage the grief that flows from temporal disappointments and afflictions. Especially fitting in its glorious halo of autumnal radiance, typical of the fullness of promise that the maiden through whom Salvation should come to a sinful world, is the day set apart for the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, on the eighth of the present month. Joy and thanksgiving fills all hearts, for the "Gate of Heaven" opens wide with the advent on earth of the Queen of Paradise. Verily, Mary is the cause of our joy, and in honoring her holy name we are reminded that while she is our star of hope in the midst of spiritual dangers, we owe her a special tribute in honor of bitter tears we have caused her to shed by our ingratitude to her divine Son. In commemorating the feasts of Mary's Nativity, her Holy Name, her Mercy, and her Seven Dolors, let us enter into the spirit of her sublime resignation that we may partake of the merits of her patient suffering, that we may rejoice in her glorious triumph throughout eternity.

Writing in the *Catholic Missions* of the impulse given to industrial pursuits in the City of Osaka, Japan, Reverend Father Walter gives in that connection a most interesting historical review, which we reprint with pleasure:

The factories, works, and cotton-mills have multiplied prodigiously during the last twelve years. Cotton-spinning constitutes the principal industry of Osaka, but the city is equally celebrated for its woollen manufactures, its muslins, paper-mills, printing works, musical instruments, distilleries, brass foundries, banks, and its arsenal in which cannons are made and all the accoutrements of war. A circular railway connects the extremities of the city; at the same time a great number of big lines branch off in all directions. There are no less than fourteen stations, that of the north which is called *Umeda* (plum-tree fields), is the largest and grandest of the Far East. It is built entirely of iron and granite, and has a covered platform on both sides of the railroad of over five hundred yards in length.

The people of Osaka, so practical in many things, at first had forgotten to ornament their town. There were neither public places, nor trees, nor parks, except the gardens of Teramachi; no monuments of any

kind except the telegraph posts. When, later on, they wished to repair their omission, they could not find available space. They were therefore obliged to lay out their parks in the country. The gardens of the great temple of Sumiyoski were purchased, situate at a distance of six miles to the south of the town, and the picturesque valley of Mino, fifteen miles in a northerly direction and far away from any station.

Osaka has always been a pleasure resort. The rich and populous district of Dotombori in the south of the town, is almost exclusively reserved for theatres and such like places, plays and representations succeeding one another there every day from morning until night, and from night until morning; and would to God that all were innocent amusement there! Is it astonishing that the Gospel should meet with such difficulty in penetrating these masses plunged in sensuality? In a total population of thirteen million souls, the diocese of Osaka counts 4,300 Catholics; the city itself possesses three parishes, with 1,000 Catholics.

Still further obstacles stop the progress of the true faith. Japan is now passing through a period of transition; the old system has disappeared; new Japan is entirely fashioned after the West. People's minds are occupied with politics and social reorganization; they have no time to think about their souls. On the other hand, for the last fifteen years, Japan has been laboring under a reactionary spirit against everything foreign. This spirit has not been able to stop the civil and political evolution; but it has paralyzed the movement towards the Church. To complete the misfortune, the part which France has played in the expulsion of the Japanese from Manchuria, after the Chino-Japanese war, has awakened visible distrust against Catholic missionaries. Nevertheless, the progress of the faith is constant and real; the grain of mustard-seed will become in time the great tree of which the Gospel speaks, for the Japanese are still the intelligent and highly gifted people whom Saint Francis Xavier found in these Isles in the sixteenth century, and the fruits of grace which they then produced will be reproduced in the time fixed by Divine Providence.

The castle of Osaka is the wonder of Japan. To get an exact idea of it, we must consult history, for the castle of to-day is only a shadow of the former one. And as we must turn to history, let us begin at the beginning. Formerly, then, before the age of gold, the age of bronze, of iron, even before the age of stone, be it polished or cut—in a word, in the time of the gods—Amaterasu Amikami, the great deity who gives light to the world, gave birth in the highest heavens to *Amatsukiko hoho minigi no smikoto*—that is to say, to His Majesty, the son of the sun, great prince of abundant golden ears of rice. The princess sent him to govern the vast expanse of earth stretched beneath the firmament.

"I make you ruler," said she, "over the plains clothed with luxuriant reed, over the country rich in fresh ears of rice. You and the emperors, your descendants, shall rule in the land, and the prosperity of your throne shall be eternal as the duration of heaven and earth is eternal."

She spoke, and the celestial emperor, accompanied by a glittering court, descended from heaven and touched earth upon the summit of Kirishimayama, a mountain to the south of Kuishu, where the people to this day show to pious pilgrims the imprint which was made in the rock when His Heavenly Majesty's foot first smote the land of Japan.

His son espoused *Tayotama him*, princess of the sea, who was none other than a crocodile, according to the *Kojiki*, the oldest Japanese book, which was written in the year 712 B. C. On the other hand, *Nihonghi*, written in 720, claims that she was a dragon. Between two such respectable but contradictory authorities the critic dares not attempt to decide.

Jimmon Tenno (celestial sovereign of divine valor), grandson of the princess mentioned above, and founder of the Japanese empire, became dissatisfied with Kuishu—it was too small for his swelling ambitions—so he gathered his faithful followers about him, crossed the seas, disembarked at the mouth of the Yodogawa, and raised a temple upon the summit of the neighboring hill, where was to be built later the castle of *Hideyoski*. Thus was Osaka cradled. Soon the emperor set out upon the conquest of central Japan, and the city was left for a long time in obscurity and neglect. During the fourth century of the Christian era, the emperor Nintokon established his residence there, and thenceforth, for many generations, it was the capital. For centuries the city was engaged in a struggle of supremacy with Sakai, a seaport with a more favorable situation. During the civil wars of the fifteenth century, the latter city fell into the power of a bonze who built a citadel upon one of its hills, and terrorized the country for miles around. The influence of Sakai steadily waned afterwards.

During the fifteenth century the power of the bonzes was at its highest. Their monasteries became fortresses, fortified by high stone ramparts and surrounded by deep moats. Their arsenals were filled with arms. Safe within their protecting walls, they chanted hymns before sumptuously ornamented altars, drank *sake*, gorged themselves with good food, plotted treason, and incited civil wars, when it was to their own interest, and escaped all the consequences of their actions by the reverence which the people entertained for their sacred characters. The chief stronghold of these priests was situated at Hiyeixan upon Lake Biwa. As many as three thousand temples were built here, with a great number of other monuments.

The bonzes were finally conquered by Nobunaga, the powerful chief of Owari (1534-1582), by whom Japan was pacified and unified. He made himself master of the central part of Hondo, and extended his protection to Catholic missionaries. His projects were opposed by the bonzes, who did not wish the restoration of good order. Nobunaga resolved to wipe them out, and marched against Hiyeixan. Then he laid siege to Osaka. The citadel was formed of five enclosures, each fortified by a stockade. For two months, the struggle had continued, the besiegers advancing little by little until only two of the inner fortifications remained uncaptured. Twenty thousand bonzes had perished. The survivors, in order to escape the fate of their companions, surrendered, and their lives were spared. But they never afterwards recovered from the blow which they had received; their power was broken. The bonzes have ever since regarded their conqueror as a demon incarnate who was sent to earth to destroy their faith.

Nobunaga was assassinated in 1582. Toyotomi Hideyoshi, the first of his generals, succeeded him, and took the now famous name of Taikosama. He continued the work of pacification which had been

inaugurated by Nobunaga, his great ambition being to surpass his former master in all things. As the latter had built a castle upon the shore of Lake Biwa more magnificent than any ever before seen in Japan, Hideyoshi resolved to raise a grander one. He determined to make Osaka the site of the structure he contemplated, for this city was the key to the whole country.

With the following excerpt, we conclude the Very Reverend Abbot Gasquet's explanation of the causes of the Religious Troubles in France:

What, however, is of interest and importance for us to try and understand is how this state of affairs has come about. France is, by name at least, a Catholic country, and there is hardly any doubt that the country as a whole disapproves of the persecuting policy of the present Republican Government. The power, however, has been captured by a small but well-organized body of French Freemasons, who have long prepared for the time when they would be in a position to make and administer the law. Something must be wrong somewhere, when it is possible for 36,000 (which is the utmost number of French Masons) to coerce a nation of 37,000,000. Masonry in France, it must be remembered, is undisguisedly anti-Christian and anti-religious. It will be within the memory of most here that the English Masons broke off all relations with their French brethren, when these latter formally expunged the name of God from their charter and documents. When French Masons hold the power, then, it is to be expected that the nation will witness anti-religious legislation, which, should they think themselves strong enough, will stop at nothing. The danger ahead was long ago foreseen by Cardinal Newman. "Hitherto," he says, "the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force, when I was young, that: 'Christianity was the law of the land.' Now, everywhere that goodly framework of society which is the creation of Christianity is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going, everywhere; and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be *forgotten*. Hitherto, it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure submission of the masses of our population to law and order; now the philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. . . . As to religion, it is a private luxury, which a man must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others, or indulge in to their annoyance." Strangely enough, these last words re-echo the expressed sentiments of a Frenchman who the other day declared that the open churches, the Catholic symbols, and the places of pilgrimages were too aggressive to be long tolerated, and that the people in power would never rest till they had obliged people to keep their religion to themselves, and not obtrude it upon their neighbors.

Several causes have contributed to facilitate the capture of supreme power by the anti-religious party. The weight of the official votes is very considerable. Every one connected with the Government in any way, from the Prefect of a Department to the smallest shopkeeper with

a tobacco license in the smallest village, has an interest, and a direct interest, in keeping the Government in power; their own position depends upon it. Recognizing the great importance of the official vote, it has been the persistent policy of the Republican Government for a long time past to increase the number of the *fonctionnaires* by every means in its power. To-day these pocket-voters, who can be relied upon, form a very large body. Then, the tyranny exercised by the Government over their officials is undoubted. Any act of religion, or any support given to Catholic charity, or any sympathy manifested for the Clerical party in any way, is duly reported to headquarters and goes against a Government *employe* when the question of promotion comes to be considered. Public life is made incompatible with religion. It is difficult to credit the lengths to which this is carried. A friend of mine has a brother in the French navy; he has mounted in his profession with considerable distinction, and has had the command of a torpedo-boat. He has been informed within recent times that it will militate against his career if he goes much to church. He may go without difficulty when he accompanies his wife and child, but unless thus unofficially with his family, he should avoid going if he wants to rise in the service. Even when he goes with his wife, he is advised not to take a book of prayers with him, so as not to make a parade of his religion!

How is it that a people, the majority of whom are at least nominal Catholics, stand by and allow this kind of thing? I fear it must be said that the curse of the Church of France has been, and is, apathy and indifference. The Catholic party has, no doubt, identified the Catholic cause too much in the past with the monarchy, and when the Pope would urge all to rally to the existing form of government, it is to be feared that they have indeed retired from their old organizations, but have not thrown themselves into the working of others. They have shut their eyes and slept while the godless organizations have prepared their way, silently but surely, for the governmental *coup d'etat* which they have so successfully carried out.

At the bottom of all, however, is Apathy—the curse against which Montalembert raised a warning voice forty years ago. At the great Catholic conference at Malines, on August 18, 1863, he spoke on this important subject in the presence of Cardinal Wiseman and two or three thousand Catholics. Under the sceptical and indifferent government of Louis Philippe, he reminded his fellow-countrymen, “the clergy had regained a little of the legitimate influence which the favors accorded them at the Restoration had caused them to lose.” What use, he asked, had they made of it? Had they organized themselves? Had they taken their part and share in public life? or had they been living in the past and looking for a return to what they might love and revere in the Middle Ages but which had gone for ever. Before answering the questions his thought had suggested, he uttered what we must consider to-day as almost prophetic words of warning to those who would rest in their apparent security. “If there should happen to-day,” he said, “a new revolution, one shudders to think of the reprisals which would be exacted from the clergy for the illusory alliance which has apparently existed now for some years between the Church and the Empire.”

The orator then went on to criticise the attitude of Catholics:

"Everywhere," he says, "they are inferior to their adversaries in public life, since they have not yet taken their places in the great revolution which has brought into existence the new society, the modern life of the people. They experience an insurmountable embarrassment and timidity face to face with modern society. It causes them fear. They have not yet learnt to know, or love, or use it. Many of them still belong to the old *regime* heart and soul, and count not the cost; that is, they belong to a *regime* which admits neither civil equality, nor political freedom, nor liberty of conscience. This old *regime* had, no doubt, its high and great mission. I do not pretend to judge it, still less to condemn it. It suffices to know one thing, but that is everything: it is dead! It will never come to life again, nor any part of it."

Then, after insisting that it was useless, criminal, hazardous in the extreme to hanker after the past and neglect the duties of the day, Montalembert added:

"It is not sufficient that the renunciation (of the past) be tacit and even sincere. It must be known to all and recognized by all; it is necessary to protest frankly, boldly and publicly against any idea of returning to a state of things, the very thought of which only serves to irritate and disquiet modern society."

Had these weighty words of the great Montalembert been listened to, things might have been very different for the Church of France to-day. Unfortunately, their whole drift and tenor was misunderstood and misrepresented, with the result that it seems to have been almost a point of honor for the clergy to live in the unreality of the past and for the Catholic laity to refuse to take their positions as citizens of a great republic. We can all of us remember the time, not so long ago, when not to be a supporter of the monarchy and monarchical ideas was regarded by our French friends as the mark of an indifferent and even bad Catholic. To such a pitch was the hostility to the existing form of government carried that men, just because they desired to show that they were true to their religion, would not even vote for those who were to represent them in their Parliament. I well remember staying some years ago with an excellent Catholic family during the progress of an election, and being amazed at the obstinate determination of the father to take no part in returning any representative to Parliament; and this is but a sample of what we have all of us heard on all hands. To use a homely expression, the Catholic party have been "cutting off their noses to spite their faces," while their adversaries have been working and organizing and consolidating their forces. Now there is a call for action. "We Catholics have been asleep for years," writes the editor of one French journal. "The attitude of Catholics is a distressing psychological problem," writes another. "The whole affair is a severe lesson to us to marshal and organize our forces," says a third. Parties, however, are not made in a day, and it will take many a long year to build up organizations which should have been in existence for the past half-century.

M. Brunetiere well sums up the situation in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is easy to set great forces, especially religious forces and prejudices, in motion. The difficulty is to stop them at will. M. Waldeck-Rousseau can understand this, for he is no longer

able to do what he was pledged to do by every consideration of honor. The turn of M. Combes has yet to come. "To whom do we owe the present disorders that afflict France?" asks Brunetiere. "To those who ought, as statesmen, to have secured us against them. It is their politics that has caused all the evil. If God can say to the sea, 'Thou shalt go no further!' neither M. Combes nor M. Waldeck-Rousseau can say it to the movement they have provoked. There was a talk of suppressing certain Congregations, and they have suppressed all Congregations of men, and are engaged in doing the same for those of women. All this, they maintain they are doing in the interests of the secular clergy, and in the name of the Concordat, which they desire to see better respected. The disorder is carried into the churches, and M. Combes has no better means of dealing with it than suppressing the pay of the cures. Is not this a question of the secular clergy? Is this not a question of *culte* which the Concordat guaranteed and organized?" But what of that? The Concordat itself is denounced, and M. Combes has spoken of this great question receiving a possible, a probable, and even an immediate solution, with an imprudence and a levity which have served only to excite his followers to fresh assaults against the Charter of the Church's liberty in France. What the near future will bring, it would be impossible and unprofitable to forecast. One thing seems certain: things have to be worse before they will mend.

Even at the last hour M. Waldeck-Rousseau's conscience seems to have been aroused. A week ago he raised his voice in the Senate in denunciation of M. Combes' action, declaring that his bill had contemplated legalizing and not suppressing the religious congregations. He chaged M. Combes with a dishonorable breach of the understanding upon which the measure of 1901, known as the "Law of Associations," had passed into law. Thus, he said, "is created a complicated situation in the presence of which the ordinary means of government do not appear to suffice." This declaration of the statesman responsible for the original measure may do something to clear him of complicity, but it is to be feared that he is powerless to stay the on-rushing torrent which he set loose, and the effects of which he should previously as a statesman have considered and discounted.

For us, the lesson should not be thrown away. We Catholics of Great Britain, I fear, suffer more or less from the disease of apathy. We, too, do not always take our part in the life of our country and make our influence felt where it well might be of use. It is our duty not alone as citizens, but for the sake of our faith, and in order to have the means within our power when the time comes, as come it will, to defend the principles we hold so dear, at least in theory. And so, whilst sympathizing with all our hearts in the troubles which have befallen the Catholics of France, and whilst protesting with all our strength, in the name of freedom and liberty of conscience, against the action of the unbelieving Government of that country, let us take the lesson to heart, and, throwing aside party and prejudice, stand together as Catholics, if and when the need shall arise, for the defense of Catholic principles and the protection of Catholic interests.

* * * * *

Since the above was written many things have happened in

France. The religious question is still, however, the burning question of practical politics, only that it has grown, if possible, more acute. M. Combes, in steadily pursuing his persecuting policy, has won further successes, and his Ministry has manifested a stability which no one would have prophesied for it. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, roused by frequent appeals to him, in the name of common honesty, to dissociate himself from the actions of his successor, made an attempt to stay the onrush of the torrents he had himself let loose, and he has been swept aside in the process. The English Benedictine property at Douai has been sold, for a sum wholly inadequate, to the town authorities, and the proceeds have been placed to the credit of the Benedictines in the sum administered by the *Bureau des Fondations Anglaises*. But as the revenue derived from our property must be spent in France, and as we are not permitted to exist as religious in France, we can obviously derive no benefit from this or our other funds held by the same trustees. Meanwhile, the furniture and all other movables of the old English Benedictine college, which had been purchased with English money, or had been the gifts of English friends to the English monks, have been sold by public auction for what they would bring.

The foreseen also has happened in regard to the authorized Congregations. In their turn, they have received notice to quit. Some months ago, M. Combes practically accepted a suggestion that no instruction should be allowed to be given by any member of a religious Congregation, even if the body were in possession of State approbation. A bill to provide for this has since been drafted and offered for the acceptance of the anti-clerical majority, who, *en bloc*, have for some time done M. Combes' bidding. The result of this bill will be to destroy denominational education in France altogether. By it, the State revokes previous authorization, and although the teaching Orders may continue for a few years, since the Government is wholly unable to supply their places at once, it is provided that the Ministry may at any time decree the closing of their schools at its convenience. Meanwhile, these Congregations may not receive any new subjects, and are to send in at once a complete list of all members. When this bill comes into operation, no fewer than 3,492 Catholic schools will be closed. Of these, 1,299 are boys' schools, many of them large establishments and all taught by the Christian Brothers; the rest, that is 2,195, are girls' schools, taught by various orders of nuns. That is what the *Temps* calls "the latest attack on the Liberal principle," which has been made, wholly without regard to what it will cost the nation in hard cash, by M. Combes' Ministry. According to this latest law, in five years' time at farthest, all the authorized teaching Orders will have shared the fate of their non-authorized brethren and sisters, and except for a small number of authorized contemplatives and a somewhat larger number of authorized nursing communities (if they are spared, which is not likely), the religious life will have been banished from France.

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! —a message from the dead—from human souls we never saw, and who lived perhaps thousands of miles away; and yet these on those little sheets of paper speak to us, amuse us, teach and comfort us.—*Kingsley*.

We reprint, with pleasure, the following brief, issued by our Holy Father, in encouraging commendation of the Society, instituted and actively engaged in the propagation of the Faith:

PIUS THE TENTH, POPE, FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE:

Raised to the Apostolic Office and placed by an act of the Divine Clemency at the very head of the Christian Priesthood, We have taken upon ourselves a Guardianship which goes far beyond the limits of Our Church of Rome. For, when He was about to leave this earth, Christ commanded the Apostles and among them all especially Peter—whom He wished to be more illustrious than the others not only by reason of his dignity but by his zeal for the heavenly glory—to teach all nations and to carry the salutary preaching of the Gospel to the most remote and uncivilized parts of the world. Obeying, therefore, the Divine Commands and following the glorious examples of Our predecessors, we feel that it is most consistent with Our office that Our favor and Our entire good will should be given to every means conducive to the spreading of the light of the Gospel and to the widening of the limits of the Church.

In the very first rank, both by its usefulness and its works, stands the Society called THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, worthy of the highest praise. This work among men seems to have been born of a wholly Divine inspiration, for it is certainly in the Providence of God that the people of the Church who did not receive the commission to preach the doctrine of Christ should aid, nevertheless, by their alms and their prayers the preachers of the Gospel. In this way, therefore, the love of Christ the Redeemer stirring the hearts of some excellent men inspired them to unite in a Society the faithful of all peoples and all nations, who would contribute from their resources to the sending of missionaries, who would come to the aid of these dispensers of holy things by uniting in prayers for them and thus obtain the object of their desires, namely: the progress of the Kingdom of God on earth. It is evident to all that such an association has deserved the highest praise in the wide spreading of the Christian faith. If the messengers of the Catholic doctrine are able to reach out to the most distant lands and the most barbarous peoples, it is to the generosity of this noble Society that credit must be given. Through it, salvation began for numberless peoples; through it, souls were prepared for those excellent fruits whose price he alone can appreciate who knows the value of the blood shed by Christ. Through it, contrary to what might have been expected from the disunited efforts of men, was marvelously carried out the command to make known the Gospel. Deeply conscious of the merits of this illustrious Society, We have always been greatly interested in it and have always helped it as far as Our humble resources would permit, always most anxious to do even more if, with the grace of God, it were within Our power.

Now, since the bounty of the omnipotent God has conferred upon Us the power of dispensing from the Chair of Peter spiritual favors, We are unwilling to allow this occasion to pass without paying to the association which We command a special mark of Our good will. Wherefore, in virtue of Our apostolic authority and by these letters, We absolve and declare absolved from all excommunication, suspension and interdict and all ecclesiastical penalties, if they have incurred any, all and each in

whose favor these Our letters are given. And in order that to the external helps given to the Society there may be added also protection and grace from on high, We have chosen SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER as the heavenly Patron of the same and We wish that to him be given all the honors paid to heavenly Patrons. Moreover, that the veneration paid to him may be further increased and that additional honors offered by the liturgy may enhance his glory still more among men. We raise his feast to the rite of a double major, conformable to the rubrics, for the Universal Church.

We are filled with a firm hope that this most 'noble association will grow in strength day by day under the intercession of Francis and before long by the abundance of its fruits, the number of its associates, the liberality and the zeal of those who contribute their alms, it will prove to be true this sublime and striking fact, that, as Christ established His Church, in which there is salvation for all who believe, so God in His own designs brought forth the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH to make the Gospel light shine before those who do not yet believe.

Doubtless the generous efforts of individual Catholics will contribute a great deal to this result even though they act independently. No more profitable means can be used, however, than the formation of bands of ten associates among Catholics according to the very wise methods already in vogue in the Society. For the less we unite our efforts, the less result there will be; on the contrary, when we combine and organize our forces our strength is most powerful. To act as individuals, We say, is good, but to act united with others is to act as we ought to do. May Christ, who has saved and regenerated the human race, protect this His Society by His grace and help, since it is its aim to spread His Most Holy Name. Yes, we are redeemed not with silver or gold, but with the precious blood of the Son of God, and it is our first duty to secure His help by our unceasing prayers.

This We order and command, and We decree that these present letters be binding, valid and effective, and that they acquire and obtain their full and entire effect and in all points be fully available to those to whom it belongs or shall in future belong, and that judgments and definitions be given according to these aforesaid by every judge holding ordinary or delegated powers; and We declare null and of no effect any attempt to the contrary, by whomsoever, with what authority soever, knowingly or in ignorance, it be made, all constitutions, apostolic ordinances, or any other notwithstanding. Also it is Our wish that to copies of these present letters, printed or otherwise, subscribed by the hand of a public notary and bearing the seal of some person constituted a dignitary in the Church, the same credence be given as would be accorded to these present letters if they were produced and shown.

Given at Rome, at S. Peter's, under the Fisherman's ring, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1904, in the First Year of Our Pontificate.

[SEAL] ALOYSIUS CARDINAL MACCHI.

IMPRIMATUR:

JUNE 4, 1904.

+ JOHN M. FARLEY, *Archbishop of New York.*

Calendar for September.

1—S. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr. Sincerity.

2—S. Stephen, King of Hungary. Obedience to the Holy See.

3—B. Guala, O. P., Bishop. Spirit of Charity. Eleventh Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

4—First Sunday of the month—Octave of S. Augustine. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in church of Rosary confraternity; prayers.

5—B. Catherine of Raconigi, O. P., Virgin. Willingness to suffer.

6—B. Bertrand of Garrigua, O. P., Priest. Devotion to the souls in Purgatory.

7—S. Rose of Viterbo, O. S. F., Virgin. Contemplation. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—The Nativity of Our Blessed Lady. Two Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians and Tertiaries: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers.

9—S. Servatius, Bishop. Patron of the Dominican order (from May 22).

10—S. Nicholas of Tolentino, O. S. A., Bishop. A Happy Death. Votive Mass of the Rosary. Twelfth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.

11—Second Sunday of the month—The Most Holy Name of Our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

12—B. Louis Maria Grignon, O. P., Priest (from May 23).

13—Our Lady, Help of Christians (from May 24). Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.

14—Exaltation of the Cross. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.

15—Feast of Our Holy Father S. Dominic in Suriano.

16—B. Imelda Lambertini, O. P., Virgin. Patroness of First Communicants. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

17—Stigmata of S. Francis. Devotion to the Five Wounds of Our

Lord. Votive Mass of the Rosary. Thirteenth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.

18—Third Sunday of the month—S. Cornelius, Pope and S. Cyprian, Bishop, Martyrs. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers.

19—S. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento and his companions, Martyrs. Fidelity.

20—B. Francis Possadas, O. P., Priest. Perseverance.

21—Ember Day—S. Matthew, Apostle. Obedience to the call of Grace.

22—Translation of the relics of Our Holy Father S. Dominic (from May 25).

23—Ember Day—S. Thecla, Virgin and Protomartyr of Women. Modesty.

24—Ember Day—Our Lady of Mercy. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers. Fourteenth Saturday in preparation for Rosary Sunday.

25—Fourth Sunday of the month—S. Thomas Villanova, O. S. A., Bishop. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

26—B. Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest. Observance of Rule.

27—S. Philip Neri, Founder of the Oratorians.

28—S. Joseph Cupertino, O. F. M., Christian Instruction.

29—S. Michael Archangel. Zeal for God's glory.

30—S. Jerome, Priest and Doctor of the Church. Love of Scripture.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Cornelius, Pope and Martyr; S. Wenceslas, Martyr; S. Ida, Widow; S. Firmismus, Bishop; S. Rosalia, Virgin. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Maurice, Martyr; S. Cosmas, Martyr; S. Thecla, Virgin and Martyr; S. Michael, Archangel; S. Regina, Virgin and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Matthew, Evangelist; S. Editha, Virgin; S. Jerome, Doctor; S. Justina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justus, Bishop.

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Dominicana

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. II

A November Thought.

Reverend J. L. O'Neill, O. P.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

While the air trembles to the tearful pleading
Of stricken hearts in agony outpoured,
Asking God's Saints to join in interceding
For mercy from the Judge in awe adored,
Mercy for the beloved ones who rest,
Death's seal of silence on their lips impressed.

Are we ungrateful? Are our Ave's given?
A pure heart offering for the generous soul,
Whose toil the chains of ignorance has riven,
Pointing the path to Heaven, life's happy goal,
The faithful Shepherd laboring, day by day,
To aid the weak who faltered by the way.

His the great thought, the grand ideal glowing,
In fervid utterance of tongue and pen,
A torrent of celestial beauty flowing
From the deep fountains of his spirit when
In words by loyal, fervent love inspired,
He praised the Mother of the "Long Desired."

No heart but beat responsive to his teaching,
When Mary's Rosary was His chosen theme,
Fraught with Christ's merits and His mercies reaching
From heaven to earth a blessing-laden stream,
Bright with the graces by His Mother won
For men, from the great treasures of her Son.

He loved our Lady, let our Lady's roses
Offered for him, as fragrant incense rise
Unto her throne, each Ave leaf discloses
Soul yearnings for the joys of Paradise.
Uniting us with the true friend who waits
Praying for us within Heaven's Golden Gate.

The Apostle of the American Indians.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

I.

Spain, more than any other nation on earth, by her discoveries and explorations, has made all the other nations of the world her debtors, whether they admit the fact or not. The golden age of her achievements in this direction was that comprising the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth centuries. It was an age that has no parallel in the world's history. While the then unknown western hemisphere was shaping itself, rather indefinitely, perhaps, in the fertile brain of the Genoese, navigators of other nations were not idle. Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese, was, almost simultaneously, studying out a new route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope. But, the original idea of the existence of such a route was the legacy of Prince Henry to his countrymen, with added injunction that they lose no time in making the discovery, and thus confer a lasting good upon mankind, "the talent to do good, being the only talent worthy of the ambition of a Prince."

Italy, for more than a century before, had largely monopolized the commerce of the Orient. She imported the richest products of the spice islands, the perfumes, precious stones, silks, gums, and other costly products of Asia and Egypt, distributing the surplus over the rest of Europe. In vain did Columbus look to his own country, thus pampered into inactivity, for aid in the fitting out of any expedition such as was required to enable him to proceed on his perilous voyage of discovery. To the court of Portugal, then, he applied in person. But, although King John seemed to believe in Columbus' theory of the existence of a western hemisphere, he could not see his way clear to embark in so novel an enterprise, while the discovery of the new route to India was still incomplete. In Spain, Columbus was, at last, aided by their gracious Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, and equipped for his voyage.

Upon his return to Spain, Columbus' reports of the new world which he had discovered, its marvelous wealth in precious metals, and its strange inhabitants, created a desire in many adventurous spirits to emigrate thither. On his second voyage, in 1493, Antonio Las Casas, father of Bartholomew, went to Hispaniola with Columbus. The son was, meantime, continuing his studies at Salamanca, in the famous university of that city. While still at the university his father gave Bartholomew an Indian slave, brought by Columbus from Hispaniola. Queen Isabella, having learned that the Indians thus brought to Spain

were being held as slaves, ordered them all to be liberated and sent back to their own country. The slave of Las Casas was freed and sent back with the rest. This event created in the young student's mind an undying interest in the American Indians. It was the fervor of his zeal in their behalf that compelled him, in 1502, to take passage with Commander Ovando to Hispaniola. What he saw of the cruelties inflicted by the colonists upon their Indian bondmen made so powerful an appeal to his humane sensibilities that he at once set himself to work as best he could to relieve their distress.

Ovando was commissioned by the Crown to succeed the unpopular Bobadilla as governor of the island. Bobadilla had succeeded Columbus, himself, as Governor in the same office, on the discoverer's removal by the Crown upon false charges preferred against him by enemies. The disastrous administration of Bobadilla coming to an end about the time of Las Casas' arrival, there had sprung up a most cruel oppression of the Indians by the colonists. The majority of the latter were convicts "transported from the dungeons of Castile." Freedom and prosperity in the new world had turned their heads. In his history of that time Las Casas describes the vilest outrages that those wretches inflicted upon the daughters of the native caciques. In the rich gold mines these task-masters compelled the natives to work all day in the broiling hot sun. Those fainting or falling under the intolerable strain and insufficient food were stimulated to greater exertion by "blows and lashes and even death itself." The gold thus taken from the mines under Bobadilla's administration, save ten per cent set aside for the Crown, went into the coffers of the convicts.

The news of the inhuman abuses of the natives having reached Queen Isabella, deeply touched her benevolent heart. Her chief concern had been the kind treatment of the Indians. Most of all was she solicitous about their religious instruction and moral training. Personally she had given orders to Ovando upon his arrival, to assemble the caciques and assure them that the sovereigns of Spain had "taken their people under their special protection." They were merely to pay tribute like her other subjects; they would be employes on the same terms as other miners and workers, and that they would be paid promptly for their labor.

Twelve Franciscan friars were sent out with their Provincial, Antonio de Espinal, to administer to the spiritual needs of the Indians, and to begin the work of Christian education amongst them. With Ovando's fleet of thirty-two sail, came twenty-five hundred souls, "many of them persons of rank and distinction, with their families." Ovando entered upon his administration of the colony with a retinue of seventy-

two esquires and a great display of "silks, brocades, precious stones, and other articles of sumptuous attire, prohibited at the time in Spain, in consequence of the ruinous ostentation of the nobility. Artisans, professional and married men, with their families, displaced as many idle and worthless fellows, who were deported from the island with the returning fleet.

Las Casas' observant eye kept close watch over the beginning of Ovando's rule, especially for some alleviation of the hardships of the Indians. But, as they were under the new *regime*, still compelled to work in the mines and in other royal service, and might be engaged as hired laborers, there was little change for the better in their condition. There were less brutal floggings and other corporeal punishments, of course. But, in time, other and sorer afflictions crept in as fatal to the natives as the slavery from which their humane Queen had freed them. Las Casas never once questioned the genuine sympathy of the King and Queen for the natives, nor did he doubt the efficacy of the laws which their Majesties had enacted for the protection of the natives; but he now despaired of Ovando's having the laws enforced as intended by the Queen. The new task-masters drove the poor Indians down into the mines as hard as ever; and, unaccustomed and unseasoned to such toil, they died off as fast as before.

Unable to accomplish much in their behalf, without some higher authority than that of an untitled and rather obscure layman, Las Casas returned to Spain and at once entered a Dominican institution of learning to prepare himself for entrance to that Order and for subsequent missionary work among the Indians.

With what zeal the young enthusiast pursued his studies is easily seen by the fact that he was back in San Domingo in 1510, where he was shortly after his arrival ordained. He sang his first high Mass, the first celebrated by a priest ordained in the new world. Fiske says that "He seems to have been the first Christian clergyman ordained in the New World. He was a person of such immense ability and strength of character that in whatever age of the world he had lived he would undoubtedly have been one of its foremost men. As a man of business he had rare executive power; he was a great diplomat and an eloquent preacher; a man of 'Titanic energy; ardent and self-controlled; of unconquerable tenacity; warm-hearted and tender; calm in his judgments, shrewdly humorous, absolutely fearless, and absolutely true."

It can be easily imagined what effect the cruelties which Las Casas

almost daily saw perpetrated upon the Indians must have had upon so sensitive a mind as his. No wonder that persecuted creatures rise in rebellion against their alien torturers. Then they were slaughtered by hundreds, burnt, torn limb from limb by bloodhounds, hands and feet chopped off. "Little children were flung into the water and drowned like puppies." This treatment of the Indians by those exiled white criminals will not, of course, be taken as a criterion of the Spanish character of that time. Las Casas, himself, knew that the chief offenders were but the intolerable excrescences of the land of Ferdinand and Isabella; yet, the enormity of their crimes was no less grievous to him.

But there had recently come over a dozen other Dominican priests in whose hands Las Casas felt safe in trusting the destinies of the San Domingo Indians. In the faithful discharge of their divine duties these holy men were constrained to ignore the vested colonial rights and, at once, began to arraign the crimes and sins committed about them. Father Antonio Montesnio preached a powerful sermon from the text "I am the voice of one crying in the Wilderness," which greatly incensed the wicked colonists. He told them that their sins, their greed, their cruelty, were such that they might as well be Moors or Turks, for any chance they had of going to Heaven. The town was all up in arms. A deputation of the leading colonists went to the shed used as a monastery, that afternoon, angrily demanding an apology from Father Antonio. "The prior's quiet reply was that Father Antonio's sentiments were those of the Dominican community and would on no account be retracted."

He was warned by the angry citizens to see to it that a milder tone be taken in the sermon next Sunday or else the friars had better pack up their effects for a sea voyage. "That would be easily done," quoth the Prior. "And, verily," says Las Casas, "it was so; for, all they had on earth would have gone into two small trunks."

"Next Sunday," says John Fiske, in his *Discovery of America*, "the church was thronged with Spaniards from far and near, for the excitement was fierce. Mass was celebrated, and then, amid breathless silence, Father Antonio stepped into the pulpit and preached a still more terrible sermon; he threatened his hearers with eternal torments and declared that the friars would refuse the Sacraments to any man who should maltreat his Indians or engage in the slave trade. Glorious Antonio Montesnio! First of preachers on American soil to declare war to the knife against the gravest of American sins!"

Las Casas was, of course, much encouraged by the presence of so many of his co-workers for the relief of the Indians in Hispaniola. The sermon of Father Antonio took a deep hold on his mind; yet, he did not at first quite endorse all the good Montesnio's denunciations of the slave-

holders. Las Casas, by his sympathetic treatment of his own slaves, had won their love and respect; so much so, that the other Indians who fled at the sight of a white man, went to him as a friend and protector.

Diego Columbus, brother of the discoverer, in that same year sent an expedition, under command of Velasquez, to conquer and colonize Cuba. On hearing of the Spaniards coming over from Hispaniola to conquer them, the cacique, Hatug, conceived a clever scheme of defending his people. Calling all the chiefs of his tribe together, he had placed before them a big lump of gold: "Behold, this is the god of the white man," said the cacique; "wherefore, let us dance to it and reverence it, that if, peradventure, they come hither it may tell them to do us no harm. And so, these simple barbarians adored the piece of yellow metal and danced around it, and sought to win its favor."

But this shrewd worship of the white man's yellow god did not save the politic cacique. He was caught by the Spaniards shortly after their arrival in Cuba and burnt at the stake.

Las Casas, fearing even to think of the fate of the Indians in Cuba, with no white friend to direct or protect them, shortly followed Valasquez. The bloody work of slavery and persecution of the Indians had well begun ere he reached the larger island. Single-handed, he at once entered upon his arduous duty of saving the Indians' bodies from their white task-masters and their souls from sin. The headway he made in both directions was a marvel even to his bitterest opponents. Valasquez admired and praised the priest's tireless energy and increasing zeal. No sooner had Velasquez conquered Cuba than he began to parcel out *encomiendas* of Indians to his faithful followers. A large village was the joint share of himself and Las Casas. Up to this time it was more the abuse than the use of Indians as slaves that Las Casas had condemned. Laborers of some sort had to be employed to extend the colonization, and he, as yet, saw no great crying sin in the kindly use of the Indians for that purpose till other laborers could be obtained.

It was while thinking over and reading up for his Pentecost sermon, in 1514, that the eye of Las Casas fell upon the thirty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus. I must, again, allow Mr. Fiske's eloquent words to describe the marvelous, instantaneous change that came over the spirit of Las Casas:

"As he read these words a light from Heaven seemed to shine upon Las Casas. The scales fell from his eyes. He saw that the system of slavery was wrong in principle. The question, whether you treated your slaves harshly or kindly, did not go to the root of the matter. As soon as you took from the laborer his freedom, the deadly sin was committed, the monstrous evil was inaugurated. 'There must be a stop to

this,' said Las Casas. 'We have started wrong. Here are vast countries which Holy Church has given to the Spaniards, in trust, that the heathen may be civilized and brought into the fold of Christ; and we have begun by making Hispaniola a hell. This thing must not be suffered to grow, with the growth of Spanish conquest.' There was but one remedy. The axe must be put to the root of the tree. Slavery must be abolished."

Las Casas began his campaign against the iniquitous system of slavery with the object lesson of freeing his own Indians. From the altar he told his congregations in no half-hearted terms that their souls were not safe so long as they held their Indian slaves. "All were amazed," he says himself, in his history; "some were struck with compunction; others were as much surprised to hear it called a sin to make use of the Indians as if they had been told it were sinful to make use of the beasts of the field."

Fighting single-handed against such an array of the powers of darkness must have been sometimes disheartening, even to so intrepid a soul as Las Casas. The few more humane colonists who were in spiritual sympathy with him in his high purpose were too much hampered by lower temporal concerns to risk lending him much active aid. As for giving up their *encomiendas* of Indians, that would ruin them. And so, finding the greater part of the colonists simply obdurate to his appeals, he presently started for Spain to represent the situation to the King.

Las Casas' first visit, on reaching Spain, was properly made to Bishop Fonseca, of the council for the Indies. But, so little interest was he able to awaken in that good prelate's breast, in behalf of the Indians, that he soon left him and started to lay his case before higher authority.

On learning that King Ferdinand had died just before he reached Seville, January 23, 1516, Las Casas felt that the Indians, as well as the whole Christian world, had lost their best friend. Joanna, Ferdinand's daughter, and Queen of Aragon, was insane, and her son, Charles, to whom both thrones descended, was only a boy of sixteen, then living in Flanders. But, in the great Cardinal Ximenes, then Regent of Spain, Las Casas found a ready and cordial sympathizer in the cause which he had most at heart. Clearly as he saw at once that the Cardinal was with him, yet Las Casas hesitated about presenting his case too directly. Both these great men knew that it was only cannibals, taken in war, and not the enslavement of all Indians that was contemplated in the royal orders of 1503. After enumerating some of the more brutal tyrannies inflicted upon the Indians, Las Casas asked, "With what justice can such things be done, whether the Indians are free or not?"

"With no justice, whatever," said the Cardinal, vehemently. "What,

are not the Indians free? Who doubts about their being free?" Much as his heart thrilled with joy over this great gain in behalf of the Indians, Las Casas was too good a diplomat to appear the least elated over it, in the Cardinal's presence. Then, after a thorough discussion of the whole subject between Cardinals Ximenes, Adrian, afterwards Pope, and Las Casas, a commission of Hieronymite Fathers was appointed to go to the Colonies with Las Casas, with orders and power to investigate and enforce laws. Las Casas was simultaneously made protector of the Indians and empowered to impeach delinquent colonial officials and judges. Cardinal Ximenes could have clothed him with no power better calculated to enable him to promote the enforcement of the laws enacted for the protection of the Indians. But, Spain now needed money, and the mines must be worked. There was talk of sending out white laborers or negroes for that purpose. A few of the latter had been previously sent out. Las Casas had, incidentally, said something to the point, that if slaves of any race must be had, it were better to have the negroes, they being inferior, one of them being able to do the work of seven Indians. Out of some such report his enemies circulated freely the taunt that Las Casas favored African slavery. The fact that a man favors the choice of the better of any two inevitable evils, for the time being, does not, in any sense, indicate that he is in permanent favor of either evil. Here, again, I must let Mr. Fiske sum up the evidence for Las Casas:

"When the work of Las Casas is deeply considered, we cannot make him anything else but an antagonist of human slavery in all its forms, and the mightiest and most effective antagonist, withal, that has ever lived. Subtract his glorious life from the history of the past, and we might still be waiting, sick with hope deferred, for a Wilberforce, a Garrison and a Lincoln."

Reluctant as we Catholics are to believe such things of any of our prelates, it is, nevertheless, too true that Bishop Burgos exerted all his influence with both the colonial agents and the Hieronymite Fathers to frustrate the plans of Las Casas in behalf of the Indians. So effective was this opposition that Las Casas' greatest effort made little headway against it. After a year's losing fight he again returned to Spain to see what could be done toward strengthening his position. Finding the great Cardinal Ximenes on his deathbed was a still further grief to Las Casas. But, it was no time for relaxation under such afflictions, and he soon won the favor of the young King, Charles the Fifth.

By means of the King's friendship and confidence, Las Casas was empowered to carry out any feasible scheme of his own for liberating his Indians. After failing to find white emigrants to contract as laborers in

the Colonies, his next plan was the selection of fifty men of good character who could invest two hundred ducats each and would be willing to accompany him to start a new colony on the mainland. These men were to wear a uniform, with a white-colored cross, that the Indians might know them from any other whites they had ever seen. He planned to have the Pope recognize them as a religious fraternity, in the event of the success of the colony, like those of the Middle Ages, which had been of such inestimable value as civilizing agencies.

Joy and Sorrow.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

Sunrise hour is sweetly stealing—
 Herd-bells music clear is pealing,
 Waving grasses dewy-crested,
 From the pearl-strewn waves seem wrested,
 Perfumes sweet on breezes blowing,
 Scent the air of morning glowing,
 And my heart is glad.

Sunset hour is slowly creeping—
 My sad heart its fond watch keeping,
 By the murm'ring streamlets wand'ring,
 Over mem'ry's pages pond'ring,
 Dreamy phantoms flitting o'er me
 Bring the mystic past before me,
 And my heart is sad.

A Canadian Autumn.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

The wild geese wing their flight across the sky,
 Filled well with brooding clouds, so dull and gray;
 A sullen sadness shades the face of day
 And, mirrored in the brook, the shadows lie.
 The murm'ring forest pines and the wild cry
 Of some poor bird—the thirsty bloodhound's prey—
 Make nature lonely, though her bright display
 Of color, dazzles man's æsthetic eye.
 The maple trees, in crimson, yellow, red,
 The asters and the princely golden rod,
 The clust'ring vines near by the cottage door,
 The dying willow bending its proud head—
 All, all so meekly to the twilight nod;
 And lo! the woodman's axe resounds no more.

The Origin of the Angelus Bell.

DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE ITALIAN OF

The Very Reverend Thomas Esser, O. P.

BY EDITH R. WILSON.

II.

The first positive testimony concerning the origin of the Angelus bell comes to us from the Tyrol, and, precisely, from the diocese of Bressanone. In an ancient document, which has been described to us as a "very old parchment register hung on wood," (*"tabula vetustissima pergamena ligno appensa"*), relating to the consecration of the church at Freins, in 1239, various indulgences are enumerated, among which one for those who, at the sound of the evening bell, recite three times the Hail Mary. (16) It would afford me the greatest pleasure to be able to accredit to that valiant and most Catholic little Alpine region the first historic vestige of that devotion so dear to the Catholic heart—the evening Ave—but I feel irresistibly drawn to believe that the writer of the parchment above quoted has united in a single document two distinct facts, separate from each other in point of time, the record of which he found in two different manuscripts, namely, the consecration of the church and the concession of the indulgences. For the reason that the style of the formula adopted: *"Cuncti Christifideles qui ad luminaria, ornamenta, vel fabricam hujus capellæ manus porrexerint adiutrices, seu qui missis, prædicationibus et mortuorum sepulturis ibidem interfuerint, aut dum Corpus Christi vel sacrum oleum infirmis portatur secuti fuerint, vel qui serotina pulsatione ter Ave Maria dixerint;"* this formula, I say, is more conformable to the style of the fourteenth than of the thirteenth century. Had the parchment been preserved to the present day, it could have been examined according to paleographical principles, and so reveal to us the age in which it was written; but, it no longer exists.

There is another ancient testimony attributed by Tiraboschi (17) to

(16) (Reschius), Supplementum ad monum. Brixin. edita Brixinae anno 1765. una cum ephitaphis et inscriptionibus.

(17) Vetera Humillatorum monumenta. Mediol. 1776, I, 297.

the close of the thirteenth century, but it is not free from doubt. It is the epitaph on the sepulchre of Bonvicino da Ripa a Milano:

HIC JACET
E. BONVINUS DE RIPA
DE ORDINE TERTIO HUMILIATORUM
DOCTOR IN GRAMMATICA
QUI CONSTRUXIT HOSPITALE DE LEGNIANO
QUI COMPOSUIT MULTA VULGARIA
QUI PRIMO FECIT PULSARI CAMPANAS AD AVE MARIA
MEDIOLANI ET IN COMITATU
DICATUR AVE MARIA PRO ANIMA EJUS (18)

The last document relative to this Bonvino (Bonvicino) referred to by Tiraboschi is of the year 1291, whilst Prof. Ratti has recently found a second, his will, drawn up in the year 1313. (19) All the chronology of Tiraboschi relative to this scientist is, therefore, at fault; so that, even if we accept the epitaph as it stands, we cannot attribute to the institution of the Ave Maria bell there referred to the antiquity hitherto claimed for it. Taking it, I say, *as it stands*; because, according to Ratti (p. 833), it was not composed until a considerable time after the death of Della Riva (Da Ripa), when authentic and exact information as to his life, his acts and the date of his death was lacking. On this account Ratti does not consider as at all reliable the statement of his belonging to the third order of "Humiliatorum," and inclines to believe Bonvicino, rather, a *Franciscan Tertiary*. We do not know, therefore, how much of his own or epigraphist may have added to the information which concerns us; and, indeed, it seems as if he had composed his epigraph at a time when the evening Ave was universally known. Nevertheless, it will always be accounted to the honor of Bonvicino that he "first caused bells to be rung at the Ave Maria," "*Mediolani et in comitatu*."

From the beginning of the fourteenth century dates the clear and irrefragable evidence of this loving and beautiful custom in honor of Mary. The first certain mention comes to us from the so-called Marian kingdom of Hungary. In 1307, a provincial council at Gran (Strigonia), held by Udvard, prescribed that in all the churches a sign should be given towards evening by a bell, at which the faithful should say the Hail Mary three times in honor of the Blessed Virgin. (20.)

(18) Quadrio, *Della Storia e della Ragione d'ogni Poesia*. Milano 1749.

(19) *Rendiconti del R. Istituto Lombardo di scienze e lettere*, ser. II, vol. XXXIV.

(20) Knauz *Mon. eccles. Strigoniens.* Tom. II, Kollerus, *Hist. Episc. Quinque Ecclesiarum*. Tom. II.

Two points merit special mention in this decision of the Council; that is to say, that the sign is given "*ad instar tintinnabuli*," which expression, if I mistake not, implies, beyond an allusion, to a prior use of bells, a direction as to a certain mode of ringing, *i. e.*, that now-a-days, called "by strokes," and, again, another indication that elsewhere such a usage of ringing the Ave Maria was already introduced and even widely diffused. "*Sicut in plurimis locis a fidelibus Xti, hoc firmiter observatur.*" This naturally should be understood in a relative sense only.

Ten years later we find that the same custom had been introduced in the diocese of Maguelone (now Montpellier), in France. (21) In 1318, Pope John the Twenty-second, by a letter of the thirteenth of October, approved this pious exercise in the church of Saintes (archdiocese of Bordeaux), granting an indulgence of ten days to those who, at the sound of the bell, should recite the Hail Mary three times, kneeling. From this pontifical document, which was recently published for the first time in its entirety, from the Vatican Archives (22), we learn how long this pious exercise had existed in the Church of Saintes. It seems, however, as if it were still in its first freshness. Moreover, it would appear that the number of Ave Marias had been fixed by the supreme pontiff at three only, as the condition of obtaining the indulgence.

A few years later, in 1322, a chapter at Vich, in Catalogna, Spain, prescribed that towards evening a bell should be sounded to invite the faithful to say, kneeling, an Ave Maria for their spiritual and corporal well-being, for peace, and for the fertility of their fields. (23)

Two years more and we find England appearing on the scene. In 1324 the Bishop of Winchester, John of Stratford, exhorted his diocesans to recite every evening at curfew, upon hearing three separate strokes upon the bell, or where such was not rung, at the close of day, three Ave Marias at each stroke, so as to recite nine in all. (24)

In 1326 several bishops, dwelling at Rome, at the petition of two nobles, conceded several indulgences (with the accustomed formula, "the ordinary thereunto consenting"), to a church in the diocese of Passavia. to all such as, at the sound of the evening bell, should devoutly recite the Ave Maria three times. (25)

Finally it behooved Rome to introduce within its walls this devout custom. The Pope just quoted, John the Twenty-second, by a letter of March seventh, 1327, given from Avignon, to his Vicar-General at

(21) *Gallia Christiana*. Tom. VI, Paris, 1739.

(22) Cf. Raynaldus *Annal. eccles.* ad an 1318.

(23) Villanueva, *Viaje literario a las iglesias de Espana*.

(24) Bridgett. *Our Lady's Dowry*, London.

(25) Duellius: *Ecerpta genealogico. hist.*

Rome, Angelo, Bishop of Viterbo, ordained that in each "rione" of the city a bell should be sounded at dusk, in a church so situated as to be conveniently heard by all in that "rione" (quarter). This sound was to be an invitation to all the faithful to recite the *Angelical Salutation* in honor of the most holy Virgin, and to each devoutly saying the Ave Maria, ten days indulgence is conceded. It is to be noted that in this letter nothing is said as to kneeling, nor as to the threefold Ave Maria; but, simply of the recitation of the Angelical Salutation. (26).

In 1331 the Bishop, Nankerus of Breslau, ordained the same signal to be given with the evening bell in all the parochial churches, in his diocese, and wished that it should be rung three times at brief intervals, the bell being struck on one side only. He prescribed only one Ave Maria, but this to be recited kneeling and with a particular intention, viz. for the well-being of the Church and the peace of the country. Nevertheless, we find a number of indulgences conceded by various bishops, to those who should, at the sound of the evening bell, say the Hail Mary three times, kneeling, *after the Roman manner (serotina pulsacione campanæ secundum modum curie romane genibus flexis ter Ave Maria dixerint.)* Thus, also, in a letter from the Bishop of Forli, in the year 1335, (27), of several bishops representing a church at Merarda in 1338 (28), from a church at Treviso, 1341 (here the number "three" is wanting (29) from the ecclesiastical province of Sens in a council at Paris, 1347. (30)

Considering the scanty and difficult means of communication it ought not to surprise us that even the acts of the Holy See did not always come promptly and exactly to the knowledge of the churches scattered through the various countries. Thus the provincial council of Sens, held at Paris, mistook the papal ordinance at Rome for a universal ordinance, and the indulgence conceded to the Romans (the number of which, however, was unknown to it), as conceded to all the faithful. These are the exact words: "*quod observetur inviolabiliter ordinatio facta per S. M. Johannem, P. P. XXII, de dicendo ter Ave Maria tempore seu hora ignitegii, in qua ordinatione conceditur certa indulgentia dicentibus ter Ave Maria, dictis tempore et hora.*" Here the above-noted clause, "after the Roman manner," is omitted. The Carthusians also supposed the Pontifical indulgence to be granted to all. For this reason their

(26) Reg. Vat. Joan. XXII, III, p. 1. In parte stampato presso Raynaldus, ad an. 1327.

(27) Mitarelli, Annal. Camaldul. Tom. v

(28) Archiv. Vatic. Instrum. Miscell. 1338, 16 Sept.

(29) Mitarelli, loc. cit.

(30) Coletus Conc. Tom. XV, Venet. 1731, Col. 613, cap. 13.

"Statuta Nova" of 1368 announces: "To the praise and honor of the Mother of God, and because of the annexed apostolic indulgence immediately before or after compline, as the custom of the country shall prescribe, let three light strokes be given on the bell and then by each three Ave Marias said. (31) Here it is not stated that it is so prescribed at Rome or that the Aves must be said kneeling. It is a pleasure to me to find in this testimony from a great Order spread through various parts of Christendom an indication that the religions conformed themselves to the customs of the various countries as to the time and manner of ringing; "as the custom of the country shall prescribe."

As to their substance, the statutes of the diocese of Nantes, 1325, (about) approach more nearly to that which Pope John the Twenty-second had prescribed for Rome, although no mention of the same occurs. Here, it is said: "*Praecipimus ut parochi faciant hora consueta pulsari campanas in ecclesiis suis ad ignitegium (gallice couvre-fen) et praecipiant parochianis ad pulsationem hujusmodi dicere genibus flexis verbum salutationis ab angelo gloriosae Mariae: Ave Maria; et ex hoc lucratur decem dies indulgentiae.*" (32) It is to be noted, however, that in this decree, as in others already quoted, the hour indicated for the Angelus is different from that at Rome, being the *fixed* hour of the curfew. Whereas, the Roman *twilight* is variable, changing with the season. (33)

In some countries there is simply a differentiation between summer and winter, ringing an hour earlier in one season than the other. He was not troubled by historic conscience who wrote: "Absonum ab usu Ecclesiae est praefinire horam septimam pomeridianam quolibet anni tempore pro salutatione angelica," and again: "Est contra praxim Ecclesiae praefinire horam octavam pomeridianam pro salutatione angelica." Do they not ring the morning Angelus also at Rome at an hour determined in the manner indicated and indeed, in individual churches according to their own convenience? In Tuscany, also, the morning Ave is conformed to the astronomic change of the dawn. One hears, or perhaps one does *not* hear it rung at two a. m. It may be questioned whether the usage is practiced; but the "usage of church" is not opposed to it.

(31) Basil, 1510, p. 1. cap. V.

(32) Martene Thesaurus Anec.

(33) This difference still continues. In Central and Southern Italy, the time of the evening Ave varies with that of sunset, while in other countries it is rung at a fixed hour.

J'oy la cloche de la Sorbonne,
Qui toujours a neuf heures sonne
Le salut que l'ange predit.

Writes a French poet.

Setting aside certain other testimonies, which could be adduced in addition to prove the progress, which our devotion was slowly making in various countries, we shall mention only one fact to show the development it had already attained by the second half of the Fifteenth century. A German Dominican, Fra Felice Fabri of Ulm, had, at that time, made several pilgrimages to the Holy Land, of which he afterwards wrote an account under the title: "Evagatorium in Terrae Sanctae, Arabiae et Aegypti Peregrinationem." (34) Now, he relates that in his first voyage (1480), he found this devotion of the Angelus introduced even upon his ship. At set of sun the captain's steward gave a signal from the deck with a small horn, wished all the passengers a pleasant night, in his master's name, and then showed them a picture of the Mother of God holding the Child Jesus in her arms. Before this all knelt and recited the Hail Mary three times, as is wont to be done at the evening bell. The same picture was presented to them in the morning and the Ave Marias said before it.

Here we have the first mention of the morning Angelus. About this time, however, the custom of inviting the faithful to prayer by the sound of a bell at morning and at noon was already introduced in parts of the Christian world. The first use of the morning bell, which I have been able to find, dates as far back as the beginning of the Fourteenth century. The chronicle of Parma tells us that in 1317, on Christmas Day, which fell that year on Sunday, this practice was introduced there with the approbation of the Bishop of Parma. They began, that is to say, the practice of ringing three times to invite the faithful to recite three Pater Nosters and three Ave Marias for the peace of the city. (35) Wherefore, the bell itself was called the "Peace bell." We readily see, however, that neither the prayer nor its intention satisfies our desires as yet.

Giovanni Mangano, however, the same who wrote at Avignon, in 1330, the "Liber de laudibus Papiæ" (36), (published anonymously by Muratori), relates that a morning bell had been recently introduced there to *salute* the *glorious Virgin*, after the same manner as that in use at evening; "as is done," adds the chronicler, "in many places." Curiously, we have no historic confirmation of this assertion. About sixty years later, we find an indirect confirmation in the "Monumenta Boica," where it is said that Duke Stephen of Bavaria, making a pilgrimage to Rome in the Jubilee year 1390, found both at Rome and in other parts

(34) Edit. C. D. Hassler. Stuttgart, 1843.

(35) Chronica Parmensia a sec XI ad exitum, sec XIV (Parmae, 1858), 203 Mon: hist. ad prov. Parm. pertinentia.

(36) Rer. Ital. Script. XI, c. 29, cap. XIV.

of Italy the use of the Morning Ave established; and this so pleased him that he prayed Pope Boniface IX to introduce the same in the churches of his own country. (37)

The same Pope granted an indulgence, in 1394, to the Cathedral of Franenburg in the diocese of Warmia or Ermland, for all such as at the sound of the morning Ave should recite, kneeling, at least three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. (38)

In 1399 Thomas Arundel, Bishop of Canterbury, ordered that in all the churches of the province as in the evening, at the sound of curfew, so in the morning, before daybreak, prayer should be made at the sound of a bell. All saying one Our Father and five Hail Marys "in protectionis et defensionis subsidium domini nostri regis," etc. (39) In the diocesan statutes of Breslau, one Our Father and three Hail Marys are prescribed, and these to be said kneeling, "for the good estate and unity of the church and for peace." (40)

In two other ecclesiastical provinces of Germany, i. e., Cologne and Mentz, the recitation of three Aves at the sound of the morning bell, was ordained in 1423; and it is added that these prayers be said kneeling, in honor of the glorious and immaculate Virgin (41). From this time on, testimony abounds in the German Empire. Thus, in 1423, the pious exercise was introduced into the diocese of Bressanone, by Bishop Bertaldo, prescribing simply the Angelic Salutation (42). Maria Zell in Styria grants an indulgence to all who at the sound of the morning bell say three Hail Marys (43), kneeling, and so forth.

In Italy, we have about the same period (1450), the witness of S. Antonino of Florence, who says: "Statuit Ecclesia singulis diebus pulsari ter campanas Ecclesiarum, de sero et iterum de mane, ad quid nisi ut honoraretur B. Maria et laudaretur ex salutatione angelica." (44) In a little Italian work, the same holy archbishop writes: "Holy Church has ordained the ringing of the morning and evening Ave, so that every day, at least for that brief space, prayer may be offered to God through the Our Father, and to His Mother through the Ave Maria. (45)

(37) Mon. Boica, XX, 54 e XXXV (2), p. 163.

(38) Woelky Cod. diplom. Warmien. oder Regesten und Urkunden zur Gesch. Ermlands.

(39) Wilkins, Concil. Britain, III, 246.

(40) Hartzheim Concil. German, V. 160—De Montbach Statuta, synod., p. 51.

(41) Hartzheim. Ibid. V. 209, 1221.

(42) Sinnacher Beytrage, zur Gesch. der bischoff.

(43) Heyenbach De Salutatio angel.

(44) Summa P. IV, Tit. XV, cap. 24, sec. 3.

(45) Confessionale ad voc carita (Bologna, 1471), p. 71.

Later, we find at Siena, that the ringing of the morning Angelus was observed with so much strictness as to rule that if it should be neglected on a day of court sessions, all judicial proceedings should be set aside as invalid. "And so," writes a Siennese author, Girolamo Gigli, at the beginning of the Eighteenth century, "it is observed, even down to our own days." (46)

We have not, hitherto, cited any testimony from France. I have been able to find two accounts only. One from a diocesan council of Lavaur (prov. of Tolosa), 1368, which enjoined, under pain of excommunication, upon all parish priests, to have a bell sounded at dawn, in the same manner as the evening Angelus was sounded; and that, at this sign, the faithful should say five Pater Nosters, in honor of the five wounds of our Lord; and then, kneeling, seven Hail Marys in honor of the seven joys of Mary. These prayers were to be said for the peace and prosperity of the church. (47) The second testimony comes from a diocesan council of Beziers (province of Narbonne), of the year 1369, which prescribes: "*quod de cetero in aurora diei pulsetur tribus ictibus cum batullo majoris campanae et quilibet audiens dicat ter Pater Noster et Ave Maria.*" (48)

For the rest, not only we have been unable to find other documents to prove the use of the morning Ave Maria in France; but, on the contrary, we have found direct evidence against it. On the other hand, not a few Frenchmen claim that they were the first to introduce the mid-day Angelus. So, for example, says Robert Gaguin: "*Introducta est, auctore Ludovico the Eleventh, consuetudo, campanam hora meridiana ut in noctis crepusculo solet, pulsandi* (the morning bell was then unknown to this writer), *quo tempore populus uno poplite humi deflexo, angelicam D. Mariae salutationem, obtinendae publicae pacis gratia, religiose exhiberet.*" (49) Among the letters of Louis the Eleventh, published at Vaesen (one is found written January 3, 1476, to the bishop of Mende, in which the king himself communicates to him a papal bull, which he is to promulgate throughout his diocese. "Puis naguieres." So he writes in his old French: "Nostre Saint Pere, le Pape, a nostre priere et requeste adonne st octroye a tous ceulx au celles; qui par chescun jour, environ l'heure de midi, diront devotement troys Ave Maria, en priant Dien pour le bien de la paix et union de nostre royaulme, troys cens jours de pardon et indulgence pour chescun jour qu' ils le diront et se nomme l' Ave Maria de la pouex." (50)

(46) Diario Sanese (Lucca), 1723, II 161.

(47) Coletus. Concil. Tom. XV.

(48) Martene Thesaurus Anec.

(49) Compendium de Francorum gestis, lib. X (Paris, 1507).

(50) Lettres de Louis XI (Paris, 1898), VI. 34.

It is noteworthy here, first, that the king makes no mention of the morning bell; secondly, that the prayer is to be said about or towards noon; thirdly, that, in other countries, also, the prayer at the sound of the morning bell is said for peace.

It is probable that Louis had sent similar letters to the other bishops of his kingdom. It seems, however, that he did so with considerable delay. The above letter was written, as I said, in 1476; the bull, however had been published at Paris in 1472. On this occasion, a grand procession was held, and the theologian, Jehan Brete of Tours, pronounced a polished discourse in the cathedral of Notre Dame. At Tolosa, the same solemn promulgation was held in 1475. It remains to be seen whether the custom of reciting a prayer at the midday bell really took its rise from this mandate of Louis the Eleventh or not. We shall see to the contrary.

(To be Continued.)

Faith.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

The earth, our dwelling-place, is one vast tomb;
 Man lives his little span and then he dies;
 Ere long his handiwork in ruin lies,
 And each and all meet one impending doom.

And yet while power and pride go down in gloom,
 And fear before the dread Destroyer flies,
 And tower and temple fall, no more to rise,
 The little wayside flower bursts forth in bloom.

And lo! we learn that God himself doth reign;
 The seasons come and go, and in their spheres
 The planets wheel in rhythmic sweep and swell.
 Death is not death, for God doth so ordain,
 Faith bids us put aside our mortal fears,
 And trust in Him who doeth all things well.

Dante's Vision.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

Inferno.

"Life's pilgrimage half o'er, I found myself,
As I had wandered from the beaten track,
Within a darkling wood. Alas! 'twere hard
To say how wanton, dense and wild its growth.
E'en now the very thought renews my fear:
Its bitterness is well nigh unto death.
But to discourse upon the good I found,
I'll speak of other things I saw therein.
But how I entered, baffles me to tell:
For sleep so overpowered my senses then,
That from the true, unerring path I strayed."

With these words, Dante begins to narrate his mystic journey which symbolizes man's pilgrimage through life. In the month of March, 1300, a Jubilee was proclaimed by Pope Boniface the Eighth and, Dante, laying aside his political prejudices, set out to visit the churches. Most probably during one of these visits, while crossing the bridge of San Angelo, he conceived the idea of writing his Vision. He was then about thirty-five years of age, when one, as Dante himself asserts, may be considered to have half finished his mortal career, and when reason begins to exert her sway over the unruly passions of youth.

Under the influence of sleep, which typifies religious indifference and forgetfulness of God, he loses his way; and, on coming to himself, finds that he is in the bosom of a dark, thick forest; but, on reaching the end of the vale, he arrives at the foot of a hill, lit up by the rays of the sun. He wishes to make the ascent, but a panther with speckled skin appears on a ridge; nevertheless, the golden hour of prime and the delicious season would have inspired him with courage to encounter the panther, had not a gaunt wolf and a majestic lion hindered him. These three beasts represent impurity, avarice and pride. Dante quakes with fear and withdraws into the shade; here he distinguishes the Roman poet, Virgil, who, unperceived before, offers to guide him onward and save him from the wild animals. Dante, hearing that at the wish of Beatrice, his former friend, now happy in Paradise, Virgil had hastened to succor him, willingly obeys; and both journey onward thro' the wood till they arrive at an open portal whereon these terrible words are written:

"This is the Gate that leads to sorrow's realm:
This is the Gate that opes to endless woe,
This is the Gate that leadeth to the damned.
'Twas Justice moved my heav'nly Architect;
God's Power, Wisdom and Primeval Love
Created me; no mortal creature was
Before; and, I, unchanged, shall last for aye!
All ye who enter, bid farewell to Hope!"

Sighs, wailing and groans smite their ears; and Dante is informed by Virgil that they come from crowds of people who lived on earth in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. They are stung by wasps and hornets; and the blood that trickles down their cheeks to the ground is gathered up by worms.

The two poets continue their way till they reach the banks of the river Acheron where the souls of the damned assemble, as numerous as sere leaves, that fall in autumn. The ferryman whose name is Charon, an old man with gray hair and beard, and eyes of flame, rows them over to the opposite shore. Hence both descend into Limbo, where they who died without baptism, are detained. Here Dante salutes some ancient classic poets and among them, Homer, "who, like an eagle, soars above the rest."

Leaving the first circle called Limbo they descend into the second. At the entrance stands Minos, the Infernal Judge, before whom all sinners, doomed to hell, must appear; he administers justice with the same impartiality that characterized him when king of Crete. He winds his tail around him to indicate the division into which the condemned soul is to be plunged. Going onward they reach a bleak desert over which carnal sinners are incessantly blown about by furious blasts roaring like an angry sea. They behold Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, the paramour of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony; Helen, the cause of the Trojan war; Semiramis, who reigned in Babylon; Dido, Queen of Carthage, who committed suicide when she heard of Aeneas' departure; Achilles, "the bulwark of the Greeks," in the Trojan war; Paris and Tristan, knights-errant; Francesca da Rimini and her lover Paul Malatesta, stabbed by Francesca's jealous husband, Gianciotto Malatesta, while they were reading together.

In the third circle of hell the gluttonous are punished; they lie in the mire under a ceaseless storm of hail, snow and sleet; Cerberus, a three-headed dog, that keeps watch at the entrance, deafens them with his barking and tears them to pieces. Dante accosts a celebrated Floren-

tine glutton named Ciacco who fortells that anarchy will shortly reign in Florence.

Passing onward to the fourth circle they meet Plutus, the god of riches. Here the prodigal and avaricious roll heavy stones and clash together, while mutually railing at one another. Thence they proceed to the muddy Stygian lake, wherein the wrathful and gloomy are immersed. Walking along the bank of the Styx they come at last to a lofty tower on which two cressets are hung; in the far distance another light returns the signal; whereat Phlegyas (who, angered against Apollo burnt the temple of Delphos, was slain by this god and hurled to hell), the ferryman, conveys Dante and Virgil to the other side. While crossing they witness the damned assail Filippo Argenti, who was a rich and irascible Florentine. The Poets reach a city wrapt in flames, called Dis from the god of hell—the gates whereof are shut against them by demons. Meanwhile, three hellish furies or Erinnys, appear on the towers, stained with blood, with snakes curling round their heads instead of hair. They invoke the Gorgon's aid to destroy Dante; for the head of Medusa changes into stone whomsoever looks upon it. Virgil warns his companion and turns his head aside; an angel swiftly glides along the Stygian lake, and touches the portal with his wand; thereat the gates fly open, and the Poets enter.

Near the ramparts they descry burning sepulchres, the lids of which hang suspended; here the arch-heretics are punished. Amid these lie the Epicureans; Frederick the Second, King of Naples and Aragon; Farinata, leader of the Ghibellines of Florence.

Reaching the brink of a precipice, they both retire behind a sepulchre to accustom themselves to the fetid exhalations that emerge from the abyss. In the meantime Virgil explains how the entire city of Dis is divided. As man blinded by passion sins less than he who sins maliciously, the unchaste, the wrathful and the prodigal are chastised outside the city of Dis; but a malicious act deserves severer punishment; and as the injury resulting from malice may be wrought by violence or by fraud, hence the violent occupy a different division from that of the fraudulent; but, as on the other hand, a man may do violence to three kinds of persons, namely, to God, his neighbor, and to himself and goods, the violent are tortured in three rounds. Fraud may be directed against one who confides in another, or against one who withholds such confidence; hence, those who used fraud against others who withhold confidence, occupy a place called by the poet, Malebolge or bad fosses, ten in number; while those who employ fraud to the prejudice of those who trusted in them, are punished in the nethermost place which is divided into four circlets.

After this lucid classification, they descend into the seventh circle

guarded by the Minotaur which, as the offspring of sin was born half man and half beast, in the Isle of Crete. They wend their way downward from crag to crag till they perceive a river of blood where they who have done violence to their neighbor, are cruciated; wherever one of these spirits uplifts himself from the blood, he is shot at by the Centaurs who run on a trail alongside the river. Three of the latter, Nessus, Chiron and Pholus block up the path; but Virgil pacifies them so far that Nessus consents to carry them to the other bank; on the way he points out Alexander of Thessalia; Monfort who slew Henry, son of Edward of England at the altar; Attila, King of the Huns, called the Scourge of God; and Pyrrhus, Achilles' son. Nessus re-crosses the ford, and the poets enter a wood of dusky foliage where they who committed suicide are changed into knotted trees on which the Harpies (birds with face and neck of woman) make their nests. Next they see those who have squandered their goods, torn piecemeal by female mastiffs.

Leaving the second apartment of the seventh circle, they come to an immense plain of dry, burning sand, whereon lie those who have done violence to God, Nature and Art; they are exposed to an unintermitted shower of flakes of fire. Among the first they hear Capaneus who was one of the seven kings that besieged Thebes, and who, on account of his impiety, was hurled by Jupiter into hell.

On beholding a river of blood, Phlegethon, traversing the plain, Virgil explains how a stream that flows from a fissure in a statue on Mt. Ida in Crete, forms the rivers Acheron, Styx and Phlegethon, and lower down, Cocytus, and in Purgatory, Lethe.

Dante holds discourse with Brunetto Latini, his former master, whom he meets by the side of the bloody stream, among a troop of spirits who have done violence to Nature.

Reaching the third compartment of the seventh circle, they journey to a place whence the waters of Phlegethon fall; Virgil throws into the chasm a cord with which Dante was girt; thereupon, Geryon, the hideous figure of fraud, appears. While Virgil converses with Geryon, Dante goes forward along the edge of the void to observe the torments of those who have done violence to Art; and, on returning, they both descend on Geryon's back into the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs which contain fraudulent sinners. In the first gulf, all who, either for their own pleasure or for that of another, have seduced women, are scourged by demons; here Jason, who carried off the golden fleece, beguiled Hypsipyle and wronged Medea, pays the penalty of his lewdness. In the next gulf Dante beholds flatters sunk in ordure. In the third those guilty of simony are thrust head downward into narrow pits; flames play on their feet which, through agony, they shake incen-

santly. Virgil catches up Dante in his arms and carries him up again to the arch which leads to the following gulf. They now find themselves in a hollow vale; and towards them a group draws near, the heads of whom are reversed; they are soothsayers and augurs; and since they durst predict future events, they are constrained to walk backward; Amphiaraus, prophet of Argos, who sank into the earth at Thebes; Manto (daughter of Tiresias of Thebes) who finally settled in Italy (whence the city of Mantua), astrologists and diviners are chastised here.

They look down from the bridge that spans the fifth gulf and behold public peculators plunged in a lake of seething pitch, guarded by demons armed with hooks and prongs. At Virgil's request ten of the devils, with their captain, condescend to be their guide. An altercation, which was occasioned by one of the condemned, arises between two of the devils, and both fall headlong into the burning pitch.

On reaching the sixth gulf they overtake the sad procession of the mourning hypocrites; they are covered with leaden copes and hoods, gilt on the outside. All of them in their turn tread round Caiphas nailed to the ground in form of a cross. Dante aided by Virgil extricates himself with difficulty from the sixth gulf, and proceeding to the seventh, finds robbers tormented by serpents of divers kinds; three Forentines are strangely metamorphosed in Dante's presence.

Remounting the steps down which they descended, they hasten to the arch that crosses the eighth gulf; from whence they contemplate evil counsellors enveloped in columns of fire, in one of which he learns that Ulysses and Diomedes, two wily Greeks, suffer together. Ulysses explains how on sailing beyond the Columns of Hercules (now Gibraltar), he sank beneath the billows. In the ninth gulf are schismatics, sowers of scandal and heretics, with their members hacked, maimed or amputated. Their wounds close during the round to be opened again by merciless executioners.

Journeying onward to the tenth gulf they find alchemists and forgers covered with leprosy; those who counterfeited the person of others bite whomsoever they meet; those who debased current coin, suffer from intense thirst; those who deceived by speech under false pretences, are consumed by fever; among the latter is Simon, who persuaded the Trojans to hoist the horse over their walls.

Following the sound of a horn they see several giants, the most renowned of whom are Nimrod, who attempted to build the tower reaching to heaven; Ephialtes, son of Neptune, who endeavored to scale the heavens, and was pierced with arrows by Apollo and Diana; Antaeus, son of the Earth, who devastated Lybia and was slain by Hercules; the

last takes up Virgil and Dante in his arms, and deposits them in the ninth circle. This is a dreary region of ice, formed by the frozen Cocytus, divided into four rounds wherein traitors are punished. In the first called "Caina," are they who betrayed their own blood; in the second, called Antenora, from a Trojan who sold Troy to the Greeks, traitors to their country are immersed in ice. Arriving at the extremity of the second round, Dante hears the heartrending story of Count Ugolino who, together with his four sons, was shut up in a tower and died of hunger.

The third round, called Ptolomea, from the wretch who betrayed Pompey, contains those who have betrayed their friends. In the last, called Judecca, from Judas the traitor, lie wholly immersed in ice those who have betrayed their benefactors. In the centre of the round (which is also the centre of the earth), stands Lucifer, a horrid monster, with three mouths, flapping his black wings; the blast is so cold that it freezes Cocytus.

Dis, or Lucifer, munches three traitors, one in each mouth, Cassius and Brutus (who betrayed Julius Caesar), and in the middle, Judas.

Virgil and Dante wait till the devil has opened his bat-like wings sufficiently to clasp his shaggy sides; then turning round they leave hell and, finally, issuing from a cave, they behold the stars.

Loss or Gain?

AGNES C. GORMLEY.

Too dim for me the taper's blaze had burned—
In wrathful mood I flung the thing afar;
When lo! the timid ray my blindness spurned,
In rare effulgence rose and shone—a star!

Her Beloved.

CHARLOTTE A. CALLAHAN.

She heaped fresh violets at His feet,
Her lover, kind and true,
And pledged Him all her love, with sweet
Eyes downcast, and with look demure,
For she was fair and young and pure,
And He was kind and true.

Amid the flowers she bent again
And bade to her Adored
A fond good-night, and vanished then,
Down shadowy chapel aisles among.
The maiden was a novice young,
And her Belov'd, her Lord.

Editorial.

The Feast of All Saints, which the Church celebrates on the first day of November, recalls to the minds of the faithful the multitudes of holy martyrs, whose feast is not commemorated on any special day during the year. St. Jerome tells us that there is no day, excepting the first day of January, to which there may not be assigned more than five thousand martyrs. For this reason, since it is impossible to celebrate their memory singly, Pope St. Gregory, established the Feast of All Saints on which day they receive special honor from the universal Church. In honoring these confessors of the Faith, we particularly honor God, who has wrought so many marvelous things through them; we honor them also that we may deserve their powerful intercession with God. We should perseveringly try to imitate the virtues of this glorious band of sanctified souls, particularly in doing penance for our sins; so that they may have special reason for rejoicing in Heaven in communion with the repentant of earth.

On the second day of November, the memory of the departure of all Christian souls is solemnly commemorated by the Church, to the end that they may have spiritual comfort from the united prayers of the faithful. No friend of the holy souls in Purgatory should fail to pray diligently throughout the month of November for the release of those united to us in the bond of faith, who helplessly await our suffrages and are dependent upon our charity. "We have loved them in life; let us not forget them in death."

The celebration of Thanksgiving day, in accordance with the President's proclamation and the time-honored custom of the country, is a happy reminder to the people of the duty of gratitude, of the obligation of rendering, day by day, loving acknowledgment to our Heavenly Father, the Giver of every good gift, from Whom we receive, day by day, so many proofs of His loving and paternal care.

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God, for it is meet and just.

In noting the passing of one of our nation's most valiant sons from among the living, we extend our sympathy to those made sorrowful by the taking away of this great and good man.

George Frisbie Hoar went to his reward, crowned with the accumulated honors of a Senatorial career remarkable for personal achievement, during long-continued service. A healthful and beneficent personality has been taken from our country's life; but, his influence will dominate American sentiment and appeal to the purest ideals in American patriotism.

Senator Hoar was a profound thinker; a careful student of history; a keen observer of the needs of his own time and people; he was strongly impressed with the sensitiveness of a great and free people to an individual touch, to the influence of a personal force; he had said, on a memorable occasion, "there is no such thing as fate; no such thing as pitiless destiny." He believed in God, in a Providence that leaves men to work out their own destiny, their own fate, in freedom, as they obey or disobey His will. He taught that—

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all life, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts, our angels are, for good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Hence his championship of any cause involving the question of righteousness or freedom; his shaping of policies upon the principles on which our national Union is founded; his uncompromising crusade against every species of oppression, be it political, religious or industrial, that posed as beneficence. Armed with honest conviction, he spoke plain truth, fearlessly, as duty and justice demanded. He had no faculty for, nor could he ever applaud, the remarkable feat practiced by some of his political associates, of "swimming under water." Honest as the sun, he courageously unmasked the hideous features of hypocrisy that disgraced the name of Americanism under the auspices of the A. P. A. movement in his native State.

He made clear to the rabid leaders of sham American Protective Association that "The American spirit, the spirit of the age, the spirit of liberty, the spirit of equality, especially what Roger Williams called 'soul liberty,' is able to maintain herself in a fair field and in a free contest against all comers. "Do not compel her," he said, "to fight in a cellar. Do not compel her to breathe the rank, malarial atmosphere of dark places. The atmosphere of the Republic is the air of the mountain top and the sunlight of the open field. Her emblem is the eagle and not the bat."

Brave, noble words of a true American statesman, whose eyes looked undimmed upon the greatness of his glorious country—a greatness which he strove, with unfaltering devotion, to preserve unsullied from the foul hand of corruption.

Noble apostle of freedom! No more honorable creed can be followed by the citizen of America's future than that embodied in the sentiments expressed by Senator Hoar upon a painful occasion when he referred to the sad circumstances of the death of President McKinley:

"You and I are Republicans. You and I are men of the North. Most of us are Protestants in religion. We are men of native birth. Yet, if every Republican were to-day to fall in his place, as William McKinley has fallen, I believe our countrymen of the other party, in spite of what we deem their errors, would take the republic and bear on the flag to liberty and glory. I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke that our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the republic in the spirit of a true and liberal freedom. I believe if every man of native birth within our borders were to die this day, the men of foreign birth, who have come here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the republic, would carry on the republic in God's appointed way. I believe if every man of the North were to die, the new and chastened South, with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning, of love of home and love of State, and love of freedom, with its courage and its constancy, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its lofty destiny. The anarchist must slay 75,000,000 Americans before he can slay the republic."

Verily, "it is good to confide in the Lord, rather than to have confidence in men;" and it may be truly said of Senator Hoar that his trust was in the God of nations, and that God Himself will reward his great faith.

Columbus Day was selected by the Knights of Columbus as peculiarly fitting for the opening day of a grand religious demonstration in California. Joined by members of the Order from various cities in the vicinity of San Francisco, the celebration of Columbus Day may be regarded as the official initiatory appearance of this honored body in the Archdiocese.

The following excerpts from the paper written by George A. Connolly, District Deputy of the Pacific Coast Jurisdiction, which was printed in the *San Francisco Monitor* of October 8, contains interesting information. We trust that the work so solidly and auspiciously begun on the Pacific Coast may endure unto the spiritual profit of future generations.

The advent of the Knights of Columbus on the Pacific coast may be said to date from the arrival in San Francisco of Mr. James J. Gorman, of Fall River, Mass., in the month of September, 1901. Mr. Gorman had previously done efficient work as National Organizer of the Order, notably in the Rocky Mountain section. His superiors, convinced of his ability in this line of work, and rightly judging, as the outcome has abundantly proved, that the time was ripe for the establishment of the Order on this coast, had commissioned Mr. Gorman to organize Councils in San Francisco and Los Angeles. At that time there was in California, so far, at least, as the writer has been able to learn, but one Knight of Columbus—Mr. Neal Power, the present honored Grand Knight of San Francisco Council, who had been initiated into the Order some years before, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Gorman received valuable assistance from Mr. Power, and set about his work in characteristic fashion.

Within a few days of his arrival, a splendid gathering of the most representative Catholic gentlemen of San Francisco was held in the marble room of the Palace hotel. Mr. Gorman and Mr. Power both addressed the meeting, and explained in some detail the ideals of this Knighthood. The response was generous and enthusiastic. The success of the movement was assured from the beginning. Applications for membership were presented in greater numbers than was desired, and at a subsequent meeting held in the Mills building, after the applications had received the approval of the home office, a strong corps of officers was chosen for the new Council, headed by the late beloved and revered Doctor James McCone as Grand Knight. His work of organization in San Francisco completed, Mr. Gorman proceeded to Los Angeles and soon had under way a flourishing Council made up of the foremost Catholic citizens of the city, under the leadership of Mr. L. A. Grant as Grand Knight.

On Sunday, January 19, 1902, a selected degree team, composed of officers from Denver and Chicago, initiated the members of San Francisco Council into the Knights of Columbus, exemplifying in a superb manner the dignified and impressive ritual of the Order, and conferring upon the initiates the first, second and third degrees of membership. On the following Sunday, Jan. 26, Los Angeles Council was similarly instituted, and the members of the degree corps, having been hospitably entertained both in the Northern and in the Southern metropolis, returned to their homes, leaving us to work out our duties and our ideals; not but that our progress was watched with the keenest interest both by our fathers in Columbianism and by the national officers of the Order. We realized fully that the future development and

success of the Order on the coast depended in large measure upon the character of our infant efforts, and above all, upon the personnel of our membership. A policy of the strictest conservatism was at once adopted and sedulously adhered to. None were admitted, or even proposed, save those whose qualifications were known and undisputed. Sterling, practical Catholicity was and is the primary and indispensable test.

Nevertheless, in the month of June, 1902, both San Francisco and Los Angeles Councils had large classes of candidates ready for initiation. Meanwhile Mr. Gorman had been at work in Oregon, Washington and Montana. It was decided by the National Board of Directors that all of the Councils organized by Mr. Gorman in the Northwest should be instituted by one corps of degree officers, and that on the same journey, by special dispensation, the first, second, and third degrees should be conferred on the candidates of San Francisco and Los Angeles Councils. Thus originated that famous invasion of the Northwest which has become historic in the annals of the Order. As a special mark of favor and in recognition of the splendid work done and the enthusiasm displayed by its entire membership, San Francisco Council was invited to exemplify the first and second degrees at the institution of Portland and Seattle Councils, while Salt Lake City was similarly honored in the case of Spokane and Butte Councils.

The English delegates to the International Peace Congress, lately in conference in Boston, animated by a hereditary bellicosity, have been manufacturing balls to fire among the unoffending Belgians. John Bull would adorn his horns with a few more war trophies, in the way of Transvaals, before he subscribes resolutions for the extension of the blessings of peace!

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL for 1905, now in its twenty-second year, has just been issued by Benziger, New York.

Notable in interest are the papers on "Catholic Japan," by Reverend Thomas Campbell, S. J., and "Early Missions of California," by Mary E. Mannix. Stories, sketches and comment upon events of the passing year furnish entertaining reading. The ANNUAL is profusely illustrated. The cover design, frontispiece, and opening poem are appropriately suggestive of the approaching Feast of Christmas, commemorative of Christ's Nativity. Parents will do well by placing this excellent periodical upon the home reading table.



Some Recent Books

Under title of *A BROKEN ROSARY* Edward Peple presents a conglomeration of vice and virtue, impersonated by members of the Parisian equivocal set and an ascetic hero. The reader is impatient for the culmination of the tragedy—but he is treated, instead, in the closing chapters, to a side-splitting farce: The hero—a Dominican—"who seemed among his sombre-robed inquisitors (*the Jesuits!*) like a *pallid rift in the core of a frowning cloud*," is forced back to duty at the point of the naked sword." And "the Jesuit," upon entering, "leaned upon his staff and walked with a twisting limp; beneath his brow *two* cold grey eyes (why not three?) looked out forbiddingly, and the corners of his mouth curved downward to a thin protruding chin. He wore "an acid smile" and "a padded sandal!" When he was offered a cup of water he drank and "*handed back the empty vessel*" (Peple evidently expected him to swallow it!) and wiped his thin blue lips with a claw-like hand." Then, "A deafening hubbub rose—excited cries, harsh blare of trumpets, pounding rush of horses' hoofs, a jingling clatter of dismounting men!" After which follows a sort of open-air concert: "The sparrows twittered," the brothers "shrieked," the "priests wept," "the Jesuit thundered," "the troopers bit their lips!" The hero "stared, stared stupidly; his brain was stunned, and his heart pumped vainly to supply its need." Grand finale: At a sign from the Jesuit "the line of sombre cassocks passed slowly along the portico, mounted the stairs to the gallery above, and *crawled* into the cloister's shadowy hold."

Shade of Munchausen! Thou hast been restored, filled with vitality and even with more radiant mendacity, into the corpus of the imaginative *Peple!*

Published by John Lane, New York.

B. Herder, Saint Louis, has just published a much needed work called *MODERN SPIRITISM*, by J. Godfrey Raupert. There is no "ism" of the present time that has taken so great a hold of the public mind as that of Spiritism, and a work of the character of the present volume supplies a long-felt want. The author enters into the question fully and explains Spiritism in all its phases. He proves by striking and unassailable testimony that this creed is contrary to the teaching of Holy Scrip-

ture, and, consequently, opposed to our Holy Faith. The book will satisfy any fair-minded reader of the serious nature of the errors disseminated by spiritists.

SPIRITUAL DESPONDENCY AND TEMPTATIONS, by Reverend P. J. Michel, translated from the French by Reverend F. P. Garesche, is a volume that will appeal to those living in religious communities and to seculars aiming at spiritual perfection. This work is not superficial, being a marked exception to many treatises on the same subject; it evidently is the result of many years of experience in the direction of souls. The author adopts a method of reasoning clear and solid, yet by no means dry. Confessors will find this volume helpful.

Benziger Brothers of New York are the publishers.

Reverend W. J. B. Richards, D.D., Oblate of Saint Charles, has written an excellent treatise on the reasonableness of an unlimited confidence in God, which will find favor with those who are tempted to doubt the infinite love and mercy of God. The reverend author appeals to reason in placing before the Christian the **FOUNDATIONS OF HOPE**; his arguments are most convincing, and singularly consoling. The study of this valuable little work will stimulate activity in the practice of the beautiful virtue of Hope.

The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

UNDER THE VIERKLEUR, by General Ben Viljoen, is a spirited romance founded upon the events that occurred in the Transvaal during the recent Boer war. Danie Linde, a typical Boer hero, sturdy, valiant, patriotic, towers in moral grandeur over the insignificance of an enemy to whom fortune has awarded the trophies of unjust war. The sweetness and strength of character of Martha Maritz and Bettie Uys will appeal to all who can appreciate the nobility of sacrifice made for "sweet love's sake."

The book is beautifully printed and illustrated by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston.

COR CORDIUM, Thoughts for the Clients of the Sacred Heart, compiled from the prose and poetry of eminent writers, by Madame Cecilia, is an attractive devotional booklet, published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Calendar for November.

1—Feast of All Saints. Holy day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary and for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

2—All Soul's day. Special devotion for the dead.

3—B. Simon Ballachi, O. P., Lay-Tertiary of the Dominican Order. Humility.

4—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Cardinal. Model of Pastors.

5—B. Martin Porres, O. P., Lay Brother. Mortification. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

6—First Sunday of the month—Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity.

7—B. Peter Ruffia, O. P., Priest and Martyr. Detachment.

8—Octave of All Saints.

9—All Saints of the Dominican Order. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

10—S. Angela, Virgin. Meekness. Anniversary of the deceased Brothers and Sisters of the Dominican Order.

11—S. Martin, Bishop. Charity to the poor.

12—Anniversary of the dedication of the Basilica of S. John Lateran, which is the Pope's Cathedral. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

13—Second Sunday of the month—The Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C.; procession; prayers.

14—B. John Licci, O. P. Devotion to the Passion.

15—B. Albert the Great, O. P., Bishop. Love of duty.

16—B. Lucy Narni, O. P., Virgin. Resignation. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

17—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop; so called on account of his extraordinary miracles.

18—Anniversary of the Basilica of S. Peter Rome.

19—S. Elizabeth of Hungary, O. S. F., Queen and Widow. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

20—Third Sunday of the month—S. Felix Valois, Priest and Foun-

der with S. John of Matha of the Order of Trinitarians for the redemption of captives. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Two Plenary Indulgences for members of the Confraternity: C. C.; visit Rosary Church; prayers. (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers.

22—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr. Heavenly patroness of music.

23—S. Clement, Pope and Martyr. Courage in affliction. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

24—S. John of the Cross, Carmelite Priest. Religious discipline.

25—S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr. Heavenly Protectress of the Dominican Order.

26—S. Andrew Avelino, Priest of the Congregation of Regular Clerks. Obedience. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

27—Last Sunday of the month—First Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

28—S. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Cleric. Purity.

29—B. James de Benefactis, O. P., Bishop. Devotion to the Holy See. Beginning of Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception.

30—S. Andrew, Apostle. Patron of Scotland; was crucified on a cross formed in the shape of the letter X.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop; S. Gertrude, Abbess; S. Godfrey, Bishop; S. Felix, Priest; S. Hubert, Bishop. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Martin of Tours, Bishop; S. Clement, Pope; S. Elizabeth of Hungary, Queen and Widow; S. Theodore, Martyr; S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Andrew, Apostle; S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Hilda, Abbess; S. Flora, Virgin and Martyr; S. Edmond, Bishop.

Dominicana

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Dante's Vision.

PURGATORY.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

Dante describes how, on issuing from Hell, he uplifts his eyes to the beautiful east suffused with the rays of the Star of Love. On the right he beholds four other bright stars that represent the four moral virtues; their silvery light falls on the face of a venerable old man—Cato of Utica. Virgil inquires of him the shortest road to Purgatory; the ancient guardian complies with the request, and, moreover, tells Dante what to do. The Poets go towards the shore; and according to Cato's commands, Virgil girds Dante with rushes and laves his face with dew.

Let us hear Dante describe what he afterwards saw:

"We still were lingering near the beach like one
Who, mindful of his way, in thought moves on,
Yet motionless remains: when lo! as, near
The hour of prime, athwart the gathering mists,
Low in the west, Mars glows o'er ocean's floor,
Appeared a light (which may I see again!)
That moved so swiftly o'er the deep that wings
Of birds could never match its speed. From which
Mine eyes I turned to ask my trusty guide.
And when I gazed again, the light had grown
In size and splendor: other lights emerged
From either side which I could not explain.
From underneath, another like the first
Shot forth. My master stood in silence while
The gleaming took the shape of wings. But when
He recognized the helmsman, cried: 'Kneel down
And join thy hands: it is God's Angel: now
Indeed shalt thou behold true messengers.

See how he scorns all human means; he needs
 No oar, no sail except his wings between
 Such distant shores. See how to Heav'n he lifts
 His wings eternal—wings that never fade
 Like mortal tresses, winnowing the air.
 And as the bird divine yet nearer drew,
 So radiant he appeared that human eye
 Could not endure the sight. I cast mine down.
 He rowed ashore a light and nimble boat
 That left no wake upon the water's breast.
 The heav'nly pilot stood upon the prow,
 And blessedness seemed written on his mien.
 Within more than a hundred spirits sat.
 'In Exitu de Aegypto' sang
 With all that follows in that psalm divine
 In unison the blessed crew. He made
 O'er them the sign of holy Cross: whereat
 They leapt at once upon the beauteous shore.
 But he departed swiftly as he came."

Among the passengers that land, Dante recognizes his old friend, Casella, who sings to him amid a band of attentive spirits. They are dispersed by Cato's upbraiding voice. Dante next meets Manfred, King of Naples, who entreats him to inform his beautiful daughter Costanza that he died repentant.

Ascending the mount of Purgatory, they rest a while on a ledge, and Virgil explains to Dante why they see the sun on their left. While still discoursing they are surprised to hear a remark made quite near them: it comes from a spirit named Belacqua, who sits with others behind a rock; they are detained there because "to the end they delayed repentant sighs."

The Poets then observe a troop of spirits draw near chanting the Miserere: these deferred their repentance till they were cut off by a violent death; and now, with other spirits, beseech Dante to intercede for them in prayer. The Poet next meets Sordello, who welcomes him most cordially. Since approaching night forbids their further progress, Sordello guides them to a flowery retreat where they distinguish the Emperor Rodolph; Ottocar, King of Bohemia; Philip the Third of France; Henry the Third of Navarre; Philip the Third of Aragon; Charles the First of Naples; Henry the Third of England, "King of simple life"; and William, Marquis of Montferrat. Towards evening the spirits sing the "Te Lucis," and two angels, clad in green robes and

armed with flaming swords, descend to keep guard over the vale. Meanwhile, three resplendent stars appear near the pole: and a serpent that glides into the vale, flees when he hears the rustling of the angels' wings. Conrad Malaspina foretells Dante's banishment. Slumbering in the delightful recess, Dante imagines he is caught up by a gold-winged eagle and transported towards the sun. On awakening, he learns from Virgil that Saint Lucy came from Heaven and carried him to the Gates of Purgatory. In fact, he beholds a radiant angel seated on the uppermost of three steps which is as ruddy as porphyry; the next, black, rough, singed and cracked lengthwise and across, while the lowest is of white marble, so terse and polished that it reflects the image of the person who approaches. These steps signify the qualities of a good confession.

Dante, at Virgil's bidding, kneels before the angel who, with a bright sword, traces seven times the letter P on his forehead, symbolizing the remains of the seven capital sins; then, taking from his bosom two keys, one of gold and the other of silver (images of the knowledge and jurisdiction of the priest), unlocks the gate. The Poets enter after being warned not to look backward. In sweet strains the Holy Souls chant the "*Te Deum laudamus*," on hearing the doors of Purgatory opened, knowing that another soul is saved. Virgil and Dante ascend by a winding path up the rock until they reach a level space, bounded on one side by a precipice and on the other by a rock of white marble. Here Dante contemplates a carving that represents the Annunciation, and so life-like that the angel seems to breathe "*Ave*," and the Virgin Mother, "*Behold the handmaid of the Lord*." Next to this, Dante sees the Royal Prophet dancing before the ark; farther on Trajan, the Roman Emperor, granting the suit of a poor widow, prostrate at his feet. Towards them come a multitude laden with heavy stones: their heads are bent towards the ground. These are the proud who are compelled to walk stooping; they recite a beautiful paraphrase of the "*Our Father*." Dante speaks with several. Pursuing their way, Dante is warned by Virgil to fix his eyes on the ground; and, on doing so, he marvels at the delicate imagery representing instances of humbled pride: the fall of Lucifer; the giant Briareus, benumbed with death; the giants routed and quartered by Apollo, Pallas and Mars; Nimrod, standing bewildered on Senaar's plain; Niobe, bewailing her dead children; Saul, expiring on Gelboe; Arachne, on the tattered web; Roboam, whirled away in his chariot; Sennacherib, murdered in the temple; Cyrus, mangled by Tomyris; Troy, lying in ruins.

As they go their way, Dante describes how an angel approaches:

"A beauteous creature, clad in white,
 Approached us swiftly from afar:
 And in his face, with glory bright,
 There, quivering, shone a matin star!"

The angel brushes off with his wing a P from the Poet's forehead, having led them on to where the rock parts. Here they distinguish voices sweetly singing, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Dante finds the ascent much easier than before, and is informed by Virgil that, as the mystic letter disappears, he will climb not only without difficulty, but with joy. On the second cornice, devoid of ornament, a voice is heard saying: "They have no wine," and another, "I am Orestes"; and the sound dies away. Here the envious are punished: they are dressed in sack-cloth, and their eyes are sewn up with iron wire; they sit propped up against each other to express their mutual sympathy, although they were selfish during life. Another angel brushes away one of the remaining letters, and invites them to ascend to the next cornice, where the sin of anger is punished. Voices sing, "Blessed are the merciful." Virgil explains how good, participated by many, makes its possessors even richer. Dante, in a kind of waking dream, sees several instances of patience: the Virgin Mother sweetly chiding her Son; Pisistratus, meekly answering his wife's cry for vengeance; the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, who, expiring, prays for his executioner. Now a thick mist envelopes the Poets; and, as they proceed (Dante leaning on Virgil's shoulder), they hear spirits praying for peace, singing, "Agnus Dei." Marco Lombardo accompanies the visitors a while, and explains how man is endowed with free will and how laws curb his passions; they issue from the thick cloud. Dante's fancy pictures to him several instances of anger: Haman, crucified; Lavinia's mother, who hanged herself on hearing of Aeneas' victory over Turnus; Progne, who, having given her child to Theseus to eat in order to avenge an insult received from her husband, was changed into a nightingale. His dream is broken by an angel who, fanning his forehead, sings, "Blessed are the peace-makers," and ushers them to the fourth cornice, where sloth is expiated.

Night approaching, they rest, and Virgil expounds the nature of love and how it may warp to evil, either on account of its object or for lack, or excess, of vigor in the pursuit; hence, on the first three cornices, pride, envy and anger (three specimens of hate) are punished; on the fourth, sloth; and on the remaining three, avarice, gluttony and sensuality. Along this fourth cornice the slothful run restlessly; one, in the vanguard, cries aloud 'mid his tears: "Mary sought the hilly region in haste"; and another: "Caesar stung Marseilles and then fled to

Ilerda in Spain." In the rear one voice exclaims: "They to whom the sea opened, died before the Jordan saw their heirs"; and the second: "They who refused to suffer toil with Aeneas, chose life without glory."

Towards dawn, Dante imagines he beholds a syren (half fish and half woman), who sings to him sweetly and endeavors to lure him, although she seemed so repugnant at first; a holy dame appears at her side and rips her open; whereat the enchantment vanishes. An angel opens his swan-like wings, and, fanning Dante, bids them proceed, assuring them that they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted. On the first ledge they see the avaricious lying prone on the ground, tied hand and foot. Hadrian the Fifth speaks to the Poet. Afterwards, Hugh Capet praises the poverty of the Virgin Mother in Bethlehem; Fabricius, who rejected the offer of Pyrrhus; and Saint Nicholas, who endowed three maidens. The same speaks of his descendants, and of most of them in no flattering terms. He condemns the imprisonment of Pope Boniface the Eighth; lastly mentions how the spirits, at night, blame Pygmalion who, for love of gold, became a traitor and a parricide; Midas, who changed into gold all he touched, and thus died of hunger; Achan, stoned by order of Josue; Heliodorus, trampled on by the hoofs of the horses on which angels appeared to defend the Temple; Polynestor, who slew Polydorus, his guest; and, finally, Marcus Crassus, who sacked the Temple of Jerusalem.

As they hasten along, the mountain shakes, and they stop to listen to voices singing, "Glory be to God on high," as the shepherds did on Christmas night. Statius, the poet who sang of Thebes and Achilles, overtakes them on his way to Paradise; he explains that the mountain rocks whenever a soul is purified and ready for Heaven; he is overjoyed at finding himself in Virgil's presence. The angel, who directs them to the sixth cornice, remains behind singing, "Blessed are they who thirst after justice." On their way Statius assures Virgil that he embraced the true faith after reading the fourth Eclogue, and that on account of his pridigality he was punished on the fourth ledge; he, moreover, speaks of several Latin poets who are in Limbo with Homer. They arrive at the foot of a tree laden with fragrant fruit and bathed in spray falling from a rock. Voices issue from the branches, praising the Virgin Mother's solicitude at the marriage feast of Cana; the frugality of the ancient Roman matrons; the abstinence of Daniel and Blessed John the Baptist. Journeying onward they hear the words, "Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord!" They meet a multitude of spirits wan and emaciated, with sunken eyes. Dante is informed by Forese that the gluttonous are purified here, and that they linger beneath the fruit-laden tree as they go their round. Further on, they arrive at the foot of

another tree, shoot of the one from which Eve took the forbidden fruit; here, in the branches, voices refer to the attack made by the satiate Centaurs on Theseus; to the Hebrews who were dismissed by Gideon. An angel, ruddy as molten glass, accosts Dante; and, winnowing his wings, erases the letter P and praises the virtue of temperance:

"I raised my head to see who it might be:
 And never glass or molten metal glowed
 So bright and red within a furnace as
 The one I saw. He spake: 'If ye desire
 To mount, here must ye turn; along this path
 Must he ascend who would proceed in peace.'
 And like the breath of May, the harbinger
 Of dawn, and perfume laden with the sighs
 Of hay and flow'rs, a breeze my forehead fanned.
 I felt the rustling of his downy wings
 That on the breeze ambrosial fragrance shed."

Statius explains to Dante how those punished on account of their disorderly appetite suffer hunger and thirst. The three Poets come to the seventh and last cornice, where they hear spirits singing amid the chastening flames, "O God of mercy," and, on ending the hymn, crying: "I know not man"; and, finally, narrating examples of chastity contrary to the vice they expiate. Dante addresses Guido Guinicelli, and Arnault Daniel, a Provençal. Towards evening Dante hears an angel singing, "Blessed are the clean of heart." The latter bids him leap into the flames. The Poet hesitates; but when Virgil informs him that between him and Beatrice no impediment exists but this, he rushes into the fire to purify himself; and, together with Virgil and Statius, issues from the other side, where he hears the glorious invitation, "Come ye, blessed of my Father."

At nightfall the three lie down to rest on the steps of the mount; Dante falls asleep while gazing at the stars; in his slumbers he sees a beautiful lady, named Lia, gathering sweet flowers to weave a garland. Lia speaks of her sister Rachael, who contemplates herself in a mirror all day long. The latter represents the contemplative life and the former the active life. With the first streaks of dawn, darkness vanishes, and with it his dream. When they reach the summit, Virgil tells Dante he must be his own guide for the future, as his task is ended. They still travel together and enter a forest that was once the earthly Paradise. Dante is stopped by a crystal stream, on the other side of which he sees a fair lady, Matilda, culling flowers. She informs him that the

river here is called Lethe (oblivion) ; and further onward, Eunoe (good memory). While the lady sings, "Blessed are they whose sins are covered," seven gold candlesticks appear not far off, shedding broad beams of light ; these represent the seven sacraments. Beneath this beautiful sky slowly come four and twenty elders, two by two, crowned with *fleur-de-lis* ; they are the authors of the Old Testament ; all sing, "Blessed are thou among the daughters of Adam, and blessed for ever, thy loveliness." After these walk four animals (as described by Saint John), symbolizing the four Evangelists ; between them is a beautiful triumphal car (typifying the Holy See), drawn by a Gryphon. The latter, half eagle and half lion, is a figure of Christ—God and Man. On the right of the chariot, three maidens dressed, one in white, the other in green, and the third in red (images of the theological virtues), dance, hand in hand ; while on the left, four other damsels wheel ; these portray the cardinal virtues. Immediately behind the car, step two Elders, one representing Saint Peter, and the other with the sword, Saint Paul ; after these come four others, who represent the writers of the Catholic Epistles. Finally, closing the procession, an old man walks as if in a dream. The last shadows forth the Apocalypse. The last seven are crowned with roses and red flowers.

At a sound as of thunder, the chariot stops and all face it. One of the choir entones, "Come, O Spouse, from Lebanon" : and the others take up the song. Angels descend upon the car, bearing in their arms a lady named Beatrice, Dante's youthful love ; she wears a white veil, green mantle, and robes bright as flame. She personifies Divine Wisdom. Dante turns to interrogate Virgil ; but the latter had departed, unperceived, before the apparition of the maiden. Beatrice reproves Dante for his forgetfulness and sins. After acknowledging his guilt, he is drawn by Matilda through the waters of Lethe, then led to the four cardinal virtues ; and, finally, to the theological. At the request of the latter, Beatrice casts aside her veil, and Dante gazes on her. The procession moves onward to a leafless tree, stripped through Adam's sin ; it also represents Rome. It re-blossoms at the presence of the Car and the Gryphon. Beatrice descends and seats herself on the roots, surrounded by the seven nymphs. The Gryphon, accompanied by his *cortege*, returns to Heaven. After blighting the tree, various monsters, figures of divers political and religious intrigues, transform the Car, which is finally whirled away through the forest, signifying the translation of the Holy See to Avignon.

Beatrice listens sadly to the virgins' song ; then leaves the tree, accompanied by the seven virgins, Matilda, Statius, and Dante, till they arrive at a fountain, where the two rivers, Lethe and Eunoe, flow dif-

ferent ways. Matilda, at the wish of Beatrice, orders Dante and Statius to drink of the waters of Eunoe. Dante returns from the wave, "renewed like new plants with new foliage," pure and ready to mount to the Stars!

Christmas Day.

JOHN CHARLES EARLE.

As one who reaches after toil and fight
 A happy place, exalted peers among,
 And yet remembers, not without delight,
 The small beginnings whence his greatness sprung—
 The breast on which he wept, to which he clung;
 The spot where earth first opened on his sight;
 The garden walk where first his play-shouts rung;
 The spate hard by that tumbled down the height—
 So, Mary Mother, on the sapphire throne,
 Where thou art seated with thy Royal Child,
 Thou treasurest in thy memory every stone
 And rafter of that inn and manger wild
 Where David's Son became thy very own
 And on thy smile Incarnate-Godhead smiled.

The Sweet Heart of Mary.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

Sweet Heart of Mary! my own Love!
 Far purer than the turtle dove,
 Or snow that crowns the mountain height,
 Or dew that gems the flow'rs at night!

Admit me in the virgin throng
 That hymns the Lamb with joyful song,
 Which none but they can ever know
 Who follow Him where He may go!

To Mary's Heart! all glory be:
 To Her sweet Son, eternally:
 And to the Father be all praise,
 And to the Spirit thro' all days!
 Amen.

The Apostle of the American Indians.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

II.

From Charles the Fifth Las Casas obtained a grant of considerable territory about Cumana on the Pearl Coast. The preliminaries of this project cost him three years' hard work, in which he was impeded at almost every step by the intrigues of enemies in high places; but he finally got away for Hispanolia in 1520, to find, on reaching there, that the Dominicans had built a monastery during his absence and counted on his active aid. Some time afterwards a young pearl-fisher, named Ojeda, being in want of slaves, stopped at the monastery for a sheet of paper, on his way to convict some Indians of cannibalism, in order that he might the readier secure them as his bondsmen. He took a notary with his party to note down the chief's condemning answers to the catechising.

Abandoning this project of getting slaves, on reconsideration of its being too slow, Ojeda adopted a livelier method. On falling in with a party of Indians some miles down the coast he attacked them, killing a great many, and impressed the rest on board his vessel. Some Indians having seen the Dominicans at the monastery hand the sheet of paper to Ojeda, naturally concluded that they must be in league with him. Soon afterwards they killed Ojeda, burnt the monastery and massacred all the Dominicans. Nor did this sacrifice appease the Indians' wrath against the Spaniards. Months later, during Las Casas' absence on some business at Hispaniola, they attacked his little colony at Cumana, on the Pearl Coast, burnt the village to the ground and killed every soul that did not escape to the neighboring islands. This terrible and disheartening destruction of the fruits of his past five years' incessant labor was a severe blow to Las Casas. Under the weight of it he fell into the first fit of despondency to which his great heart had given way. During that sorrowful interval of interruption in his work he retired to the Dominican monastery at San Domingo. It was while there, in his long, deep meditations, in the quiet of the beautiful gardens of the monastery, that the good Fathers induced him to join their Order. He was made a Dominican in 1522. He remained in the monastery for the following eight years, a close student of theology, scholastic logic, and he spent much time in writing history.

Spain had been meantime rapidly extending her empire in America.

Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, had been conquered and made Spanish colonies, and Peru was soon to follow.

On hearing, in his retirement, that the cruelties of Hispaniola had been repeated in Nicaragua, Las Casas, obtaining permission from his Superior, went to Spain in 1530. From Charles the Fifth he obtained a decree prohibiting Indian slavery "in the countries which Almagro and Pizarro were expected to conquer." Returning to Hispaniola, Las Casas was sent to the new Dominican monastery in Mexico to select associate fathers to accompany him to Peru, with the object of promulgating the Imperial decree regarding Indian slavery and to establish a monastery there. Insurmountable obstacles rendered it impossible to found the monastery then, and proclaiming the decree made it no way possible to enforce it.

Going next to Nicaragua, Las Casas, for several years, struggled to restrain the rapacious cruelty of its new Governor. Then, on learning that a friend had been, meantime, appointed Bishop of Guatemala, he went to that country early in 1536, where, with three of his companions, he took charge of a Dominican monastery, which had been for seven years unoccupied. By a close study of the native Quiche, these four Dominican Fathers were not long in acquiring a pretty fair knowledge of that language, and they spoke it fluently.

About this time, many of the Spanish colonists, having read copies of a book written by Las Casas during his long retirement in the monastery at San Domingo, named *Unico Vocationis Modo*, or the only proper method of calling men to Christianity, were greatly exasperated. They taunted him with being a vain theorizer. Let this apostle of peace try himself on a tribe of uncivilized Indians and get them to keep the peace.

Taking them at their word, Las Casas, obtaining authority and permission from the Deputy-Governor of Guatemala, prepared for an expedition into the almost inaccessible province of Yuzulutlan. The natives were reputed to be idolators—offerers of human sacrifice—and were desperate fighters. Three times had the Spaniards invaded that country, and as often had been driven back discomfited and with great loss. It was a land of impassable crags, deep gorges, rushing torrents and impenetrable forests, and it was the land that Las Casas chose in which to demonstrate the feasibility of his "only right and proper way of bringing men to Christ."

No one better knew the various obstacles and dangers in the way of his new mission than Las Casas himself. In drawing up a contract with Deputy-Governor Maldonado, he aimed to protect himself against the intrusions of other white men by the stipulation that "No lay Spaniard,

under heavy penalties, except the Governor himself in person, should be allowed for nine years to enter into that territory." It was further agreed that "if Las Casas or any of his monks, can bring these Indians into conditions of peace so that they should recognize the Spanish monarch as their Lord Paramount, and pay him a moderate tribute, he, the Governor, would place those provinces under his Majesty in Chief, and would not give them to any private Spaniard in encomienda."

The first real work of preparation of Las Casas and his associate Dominicans was the epitomizing of the Christian doctrine into Quiche verse, so that the simplest child might understand it. They set the verses to music suitable for chanting by the natives, accompanied by their crude musical instruments. They knew that there was nothing so quickly learned by young or old children, or which lingered so long and pleasantly in the memory, as sacred song. Then, on finding four Indian traders who sometimes carried their wares into the "Land of War," the Fathers, after winning their friendship, spent months in teaching them their sacred song until the Indians knew it all by heart and could give simple explanations of it.

Fitting their four new converts out with a good supply of wares most attractive to such barbarians as they were going amongst, Las Casas dispatched them on a mission to the pueblo of the greatest cacique in Yuzulutlan. Like most fresh converts to the true faith, the Indians were active in their work. They were cordially received and entertained at the teepee. When they had disposed of their wares, timbrels were strung to the sacred measure and they chanted the Dominicans' couplets of Christianity to the heathen crowd, to which the "strange sweet words" seemed to surpass all the marvelous music of their gods. The traders answered truly the many questions asked them about the strange new God and his teachers. They drew rude pictures of the friars, telling the fighting men that they were good men, unlike other Spaniards, cared nothing for gold, and taught that human sacrifice must be stopped. So much did their music and discourse impress the cacique that he sent his younger brother to Guatemala with the traders to see and study the Dominicans, and if he should find them equal to the accounts given by the singers he might invite them to Yuzulutlan.

The invitation was, of course, given and Father Luis de Barbastro, who best spoke the Quiche tongue, was escorted by the young chief and the four traders into "The Land of War." Within six months' time from his arrival, Father Luis had converted the cacique and a number of the clan chiefs. A church had been built, and, by a vote of the tribal council, human sacrifice had been prohibited.

When, months later, Las Casas, with another Dominican, came

upon the scene, the priests of the War God were greatly incensed. The church was burned and they grimly hinted that "the flesh of these white men, dressed with Chile sauce, would make a dainty dish."

Yet, before another year's end, these fighting Indians had destroyed their idols voluntarily, renounced cannibalism and agreed to avoid war, save when their country was invaded. Again must Mr. Fiske state the facts of another climax:

"And now were to be seen the fruits of the masterly diplomacy of Las Casas. Though the cacique had thrice defeated the Spaniards, he knew well how formidable they were. By acknowledging the supremacy of Charles the Fifth—a sovereign as far off as the sky—and paying merely nominal tribute, he had the word of Las Casas, which no Indian ever doubted, that not a Spaniard, without permission of the Dominicans, should set foot upon his territory. This arrangement was made, the peaceful victory was won, and Las Casas returned to Guatemala, taking with him the cacique, to visit Governor Alvarado, who had just returned from Spain. This rough soldier, it will be remembered, was the man, who, by his ill-judged brutality, had precipitated the catastrophe of the Spaniards in the city of Mexico on the May festival in 1520. In his heart there was, however, a gallant spot. He knew a hero when he saw him, and he well knew that, with all his military qualities, he could never have done what Las Casas had just done. So, when the stern conqueror and lord of Guatemala, coming forth to greet Las Casas and the Indian king, took off his plumed and jeweled cap and bent his head in reverence, it seems to me one of the most beautiful moments in history, one of the moments that comfort us with the thought of what may be done with frail humanity when the spirit of Christ shall have come to be better understood."

On his return to Spain, in that year, 1539, Las Casas had his agreement with Alvarado solemnly confirmed by Charles the Fifth. Left unmolested, thenceforth the "Land of War" remained a land of peace. Not only that, it became a great centre of Christian missionary work among other Indian tribes. During the five years which Las Casas was detained in Spain as advisor of the Emperor, on Indian affairs, he occupied his spare time in writing his "Destruction of the Indies" and other books. The most effective and far-reaching, perhaps, of all Las Casas' achievements, was his promulgation of the new law of Charles the Fifth. The particular clause of this code, never repealed, and which more than any other stopped the spread of slavery, was: "Item. We order and command that henceforward, for no cause whatever, whether of war, rebellion, ransom, or in any other manner, can any Indian be made a slave."

Yet, after all, the law did not suppress the encomienda system. A compromise was finally reached whereby the encomiendas were made inheritable "during two lives, and should then revert to the crown. This meant, practically, the freedom of the slaves. But they were not free. The Encomienda System was slowly abrogated to that of the less severe Reportimiento. Nor was it wholly rooted out until about the middle of the eighteenth century by Count Florida Blanca. Though Las Casas did not live to see the full ripe fruitage of the seeds which he had sown, the harvest was none the less his. He lived, thought and felt too many centuries ahead of his time to be able to lift many of his lay contemporaries up to his infinitely higher spiritual level. Yet, by means of his masterful personality and unique diplomacy, he moulded and won Cardinals, Popes and Emperors over to his right way of seeing all men of every race and color standing free and equal before the one just and merciful God. If, as Mr. Fiske says, "he was an aristocrat to the tips of his fingers," the world has been for long in crying need of thousands upon thousands of just such aristocrats as Las Casas.

The Emperor could now dispense with his presence at Court. He was offered but refused the rich Bishopric of Cuzco, but was finally prevailed on to accept charge of the poor diocese of Chiapa, near Guatemala. There he knew to be awaiting him plenty of hard work in enforcing the new laws for the suppression of slavery amongst his Indians. There he would not be troubled with the (to him) unpleasant offerings of presents or reward, neither of which he was ever known to accept in all his long life. Amongst the Spanish colonists of his diocese, Las Casas' work in behalf of the Indians was so well known that no very enthusiastic reception was tendered to him; yet, not the least of his many great peaceful victories over the powers of darkness and of evil was that of bringing the revengeful mob of the *Ciudad Real*, gathered to violently attack him, to his feet in tears, kissing the hem of his robe and begging his forgiveness. On hearing that the new laws freeing the Indians were in danger of abrogation in Spain, Las Casas, after three years, resigned his charge and returned to his native land to employ his influence at the Spanish court, having crossed the Atlantic for the fourteenth time. Content that he was leaving so many Dominicans and other devout men in the New World to carry on the good work which he had begun and accomplished, he felt satisfied that his presence was no longer needed there. This was in 1547. The remaining nineteen years of his life he lived at the Dominican College of San Gregorio at Valladolid.

Three years later, Juan de Sepulveda, one of the greatest scholars of that time, published a book "in which he maintained the right of the

Pope and the King of Spain to make war upon the heathen people of the New World and bring them forcibly into the fold of Christ." Knowing that this was in direct opposition to his life-long principle of winning men to Christ by peaceful means, Las Casas felt that it was dangerous and determined to answer it. A council of learned theologians was, therefore, convoked at Valladolid by Charles the Fifth, before whom the subject was discussed exhaustively by "the doughty champions." It was a time when the insistence that the only lawful way of making Christians of heathens was by persuasion, needed to be couched in delicacy of phrase. The council itself was said to be a bit apprehensive about the effect of their deciding in favor of Las Casas, and so "they gave a hesitating judgment in favor of Sepulveda;" but the Emperor, doubtless with a pleasant smile for Master Bartholomew, proceeded forthwith to suppress Sepulveda's book and sent stringent orders to America to have any copies of it found there seized and burned."

Sepulveda afterwards said, in speaking of the debate and his redoubtable antagonist, that he was "the most crafty and vigilant of mortals; and, so ready with his tongue that, in comparison with him, Homer's Ulysses was a thick-witted stutterer."

About five years later, not long after Charles the Fifth had retired from the throne to a monastery, and his son, Philip the Second, was King, money was needed to carry out some of the young monarch's vast schemes. His advisers suggested that the American colonists "would jump at the chance of buying in the reversion of their encomiendas at a handsome price in hard cash." It was to avert this calamity that Las Casas, now in his eighty-second year, once more came forth into the public arena. This time the Church was a unit in opposition to Indian slavery in any and all forms, and by her united forces Las Casas' last victory over the mercenary aims of designing men was as glorious as it was signal.

Thenceforward he devoted the greater part of his time in the quiet seclusion of the College of Valladolid, to the finishing of his great "History of the Indies." This had been commenced in the monastery of San Domingo more than thirty years previously. In his consignment of the great work in trust to the College of San Gregoria he directed that it be held from publicity till after the end of the century. No reason seems to be given for his closing his record of events in the same year in which he became a Dominican, 1522, twenty-five years ere leaving the New World for the last time. Irving, Helps and other historians, had access to the work in manuscript, by means of which the English reading public were given interesting fragments of the life of this great man. But, it was not until after the publication of this book in 1875, when

viewed by such lucid, logical, comprehensive historians as John Fiske, that we were enabled to know the real character of Las Casas and his times.

In his ninetieth year, after finishing the work on his history, Las Casas wrote a valuable chronicle of the colonization of Peru. His last journey of any distance was to Madrid, for the purpose of securing a royal decree protecting certain rights and benefits of the natives of Guatemala. Almost up to the last hour of his life on earth the thought, feeling and active effort of this noble man, were directed and exerted unsparingly toward the temporal and spiritual salvation of the Aborigines of the New World. After but a few days' illness he died, at the age of ninety-two, in Madrid.

The time covered by these marvelous achievements of Las Casas exceeded two generations, in which we find record of no interruption by sickness or other cause, save the brief interval caused by the shock of the news of the destruction of his Pearl Coast Colony. A careful survey of the history of this great continent from the time of Las Casas to the present fails to reveal his superior, or even equal, in the victories and triumphs of peace. The Catholic writer can, therefore, no more than regret in silence his own insignificance in presence of such a life, and allow Mr. Fiske to write the last words:

"In contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas, all words of eulogy seem weak and frivolous. The historian can only bow in reverential awe before a figure which is in some respects the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the apostolic age. When now and then, in the course of the centuries, God's providence brings such a life into this world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of its most precious and sacred possessions. For the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such men, there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age."

Gleam white O Robe nor fear to shame
 Essential Purity:
 Shine blue O girdle from on high,
 In perfect surety;
 Thou comest from the sky.

A something white may loose its sheen,
 But whitness never may;
 A Saint may fall from sanctity,
 But holiness remains alway.

Not woman merely made immaculate discern:
 But the immaculate conception from eterne.

The Origin of the Angelus Bell.

DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE ITALIAN OF

The Very Reverend Thomas Esser, O. P.

BY EDITH R. WILSON.

III.

The first direction for any prayer whatsoever to be said at noon at the sound of a bell comes to us from Bohemia. A synod of Prague in 1386 ordained that every Friday, at the hour of nones, the largest bell should be sounded in all the churches in memory of the Passion and Death of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; hearing which, the faithful should interrupt any occupation whatever (even at table) and recite five Our Fathers in honor of the five Wounds, and beseech our Lord to preserve His kingdom from pestilence and from irreligion, and to grant it peace (51). In conformity with this ordinance, a suffragan diocese of Prague, i. e., Olmütz (1413), directed the sounding of the noon bell on Friday, but the prayers to be recited were different, namely, three Our Fathers and as many Ave Marias (52). The same usage, although with varying prayers, was successively introduced in other churches. In the ecclesiastical province of Salzburg, in 1418 (53), in that of Mentz and Cologne in 1423 (54); in the diocese of Minden, in 1469 (55); and in that of Basle in 1503 (56). But we cannot dwell on this Friday devotion, save to say that it was adopted by Saint Charles Borromeo and remained popular on account of the indulgence attached to it by Benedict the Fourteenth (58). Together with this call of the bell for one day of the week only, another for every day was introduced by Callixtus III. to be used against the Turk. It must be borne in mind that in the year 1453, Constantinople, and three years later, the Morea, fell into the hands of Mahomet II. In these sad circumstances the Pope had recourse to prayer. In a letter addressed to all the Bishops of the Catholic world, he ordained that in all the

(51) Abhandlungen der k. böhm. Geo. der Wissenschaften v. Folge Bd. xii. (Prag.) p. 22.

(52) Hartzheim Concil. Germ. v. 41.

(53) Sinnacher loc. cit. p. 78.

(54) Hartzheim, loc. cit. p. 78.

(55) Wurdtewein Nova subsidia diplom. 12 (Heidel.) 1789, p. 344.

(56) Hartzheim, loc. cit. vi. 9.

(58) Bullar, Bened. xiv. Prati. 1845. I. 22.

churches "between Nones and Vespers," that is to say, before the striking of the Vesper bell, or closely thereupon, "there shall be sounded three strokes with one or more bells, after the manner of the evening Ave, so as to be heard of all the faithful, who should then say the Pater and Ave three times for the brave soldiers contending against the Turks." (58) This brief was sent forth June 29, 1456, and on July 22, of the same year, the Christian warriors following the cross of the saintly religious, John Capistran, and the banner of the fervent Hunyadi, overcame the Turks at Belgrade. (60)

There is little evidence to prove that this "Bulla orationum" was ever put into execution, although the Pope, himself, in an undated brief to the Duke of Burgundy, says: "Throughout Italy, Germany, Hungary and Spain, also, as we believe, throughout France, it has been published and observed." (60) I have been unable to find explicit confirmation of this statement except at Bologna (61) and Bressanone (through the celebrated Cardinal Niccolo Cusano) and at Ratisbon. (64) At Rome itself, the papal decree was quickly forgotten till Alexander the Sixth by a decretal of 1500, restored it to vigorous observance. Buccardo, in his *Diary of the Roman Curia* under Alexander the Sixth, tells us that Sunday, August ninth, for the *first* time, a bell was rung at noon in all the parish churches of the city for the Pater Noster and Ave to be said against the Turks, as had been ordained in the time of Callixtus the Third, happily reigning. (64) At Vienna, the celebrated Bishop, Frederic Nausea, inspired his diocesans and as many as read his admirable catechism, with fresh fervor for these devotions to be practised at the sound of the bell (65). In Bohemia, the Archduke Ferdinand, in 1556, at the suggestion of Peter Canisius, restored the usage of the midday bell against the enemies of the cross, and for the progress of the Christian faith (66). He did the same likewise in the Tyrol, when he became ruler of that principality (67).

From Imola, interesting information reaches us at the opening of the sixteenth century. There, in the month of May, 1506, at the initiative of Duke John the Third, Sassatello, the ringing of the noonday

(58) Archiv. Vat. lib. I Bull. sec. Callix. III.

(60) Platina Vitae Sum Pontif.

(60) Pastor Gesch. der Papste (2) I 596.

(61) Chronica di Bologna nel Muratori.

(63) Bickel. Synod. Brix. sec. xv.

(64) Jauner. Gesch. der Bischöfe von Regensburg.

(64) Edit. Thuasne III. (Paris 1885) p. 72 cf. Raynaldus Annal. ad. an. 1500 n. 4.

(66) Cath. Catechismus, Colon. 1543 lib. 5 cap. XVIII. fol. 181.

(67) Hirn, Erzherzog. Ferd. II. von Tyrol, Innsbruck, 1885, I. 173.

bell was begun to summon the faithful to *salute the Blessed Virgin* (69). This mandate seems independent of that of the Pope and is the first at noonday destined for the veneration of Mary.

Very curious is the direction of a Council of Avranchet (prov. of Rouen), 1550, to the effect that the Ave Maria should be said towards noon for the peace of the kingdom whenever it may conveniently be done. It is not probable that the decree of Callixtus or even the King's command had reached these Christians. Otherwise they would not have said, "whenever it conveniently may be done." This is confirmed by the fact that they speak only of indulgences conceded by "popes" (in general.) In the same council, the praiseworthy custom is inculcated of reciting at curfew the Lord's Prayer and Angelic Salutation, kneeling. Of the morning Ave nothing is said.

The same expression, "when conveniently may be done," is found in a Council of Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, which, in 1571, introduces the midday bell, without any allusion to the morning and evening salutation. (70)

At Lima, only in 1584, was it ordained by a synod to ring at noonday, "that all may pray." (71) In Spain we find the noonday bell introduced in 1600 in the diocese of Orihuela (prov. Valencia). (72)

During the seventeenth century the use of the triple signal given daily by consecrated bells, became more and more widely diffused, not, however, to such a degree as to be termed universal. Far from this! However, the idea that the prayer to be recited at these three intervals in the day, was a salutation to the Mother of the Redeemer, grew continuously. Both received a certain confirmatory approbation from the "Episcopal Ceremonial," published in 1600, under Clement the Eighth. In this official book of the Church, it is enjoined upon the sacristan to see that the signal for the Angelic Salutation be given daily, at morning, noon, and evening. Much earlier, however, this threefold signal had, in many places, already been regarded as a call to salute our Lady. As far as can be seen, England can claim the honor of being the first place where the prayers said three times a day were the three Hail Marys (although some others were added) and where the bell, which invited to prayer, was called simply the "Ave bell." This was towards the close of the fifteenth century. At the opening of the following century, a French Bishop, Mons. Briconet, granted an indulgence to the faithful

(69) Zaccaria, Dissert. varie. Ital.

(70) Bessen Conc. Rotomag II. 278.

(71) Hartzheim loc. cit. VII. 731.

(72) Card. Saenz de Aguirre. Coll. Conn. Hispan. et novi orbis.

of the diocese of Meaux and of Lodeve and to the Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Pres, who should recite three times daily, at the sound of the bell, three Aves, kneeling. After 1600, the Aves became, by degrees, albeit slowly, more and more general. We find documentary evidence thereto at Augsburg (1610); Salzburg (1616); Treves (1628); Namur (1639), etc. (73)

At this epoch we find, also, for the first time, the prayer to-day used by the Church at this devotion, that is to say, the *Angelus Domini*, set forth by a diocesan synod, held at Sitten, or Sion, in Switzerland in 1626. (74) It is beyond my purpose to follow the historical development of these formulæ of prayer. (75) I will say, however, that the earliest book in which I have found the *Angelus Domini*, is an Italian catechism printed at Venice in 1560, under the title of "A Short and Easy Method, Useful and Necessary, in the Form of a Dialogue, to Teach Children, Boys and Girls, and Those Who Are Not Instructed, the Devotions and Pious Practices of the Christian Life." In 1571 Saint Pius the Fifth had it inserted in the little office of the Madonna, under the title of "Daily Exercises," and thence gradually it passed into other books of devotion and instruction and became the common practise of the faithful.

One word more upon the manner of ringing the Ave Maria bell. In the conciliar and other decrees already quoted, we have found many indications regarding this point. It is true that many of them speak in general only of a threefold sound of the bell, adding sometimes that this triple signal be made at brief intervals. (76) The Bishop of Winchester, in 1324, speaks of "three short interrupted peals of the bell," but, whether by ringing or by striking, is not clear. The same may be said of an inscription on a bell at Erfurt, at the end of the fifteenth century: "Cum ter reboo, pie Christiferam ter aveto.

At other times, however, and frequently, we find clear and distinct directions to sound by strokes, and these strokes sometimes seem to have been just three in number. So, for example, the Council of Beziers, in

(73) Ibid.

(74) Hartzheim loc. cit. IX. 232, 267, 575.

(75) Hartzheim loc. cit. IX. 378.

(76) Whoever wills, may find the same set forth in the "Historical Year-book," 1902.

(76) Thus the Council of Treglours, 1334, "let the bell be rung thrice and let there be the space of an Ave Maria between the sounds." That of Eichstaett, in 1354, "tribus vicibus campanæ unus sonitus fieri;" that of Cologne, 1423, "pulsetur tribus vicibus campana;" that of Lisieux, 1448, "cum campana ter pulset;" that of Orihuela, 1600, "trino campanæ sonitu." The statutes of the Carthusians, 1368, have "trina pulsatio parva fiat," and Saint Antonino, prior to 1459, writes, "pulsari ter campanas."

1369, says: "Three strokes shall be given with a hammer upon the largest bell." So, John Herold, called "the disciple," speaks of the custom of sounding by three strokes. The words of the Council of Breslau, in 1331, are: "Tribus vicibus ad unam partem brevibus intervallis campana pulsetur," leaving no doubt that the bell was to be sounded by strokes, but do not allude to any determined number of strokes three times repeated. (78)

Other decrees finally determine that in the ringing of the Ave Maria three strokes should be given, three times, in such a way that there should be nine strokes in all. Thus the "Ceremonial" of the discalced Carmelites. (79) "At the Angelic Salutation, let the greater bell be rung three times, each time by a threefold stroke, the space of one Angelical Salutation being allowed between each." Colvenerio certifies that in his time the Angelus was rung in this way (i. e., by nine strokes equally divided by two intervals) throughout the greater part of the Catholic world. The already quoted customs of Lima, in 1512, establish: "In meridie novem ictus et in Ave Maria alios novem." The "Ceremonial" of the calced Carmelites (80), says: "The evening Angelus shall be rung with three times three strokes, likewise at dawn and noonday; let it be done according to the custom of the country." The "New Ceremonial" of the discalced Trinitarians prescribes: (81) "Hase de tocar (poco antes de anohecer) dando nueve golpes con la campana mayor de tres en tres."

I take pleasure in adding a few other directions, which leave to time-honored customs their due rights. Thus, the Ceremonial of the Order of Mercy says: Let the greater bell be struck with three or nine strokes, according to the custom of the place or diocese; "tribus aequalibus spatibus unius Ave Maria discretis." (82) And Beyerlink adds (loc. cit.) "ter per diem triplici bombo, si maiores campanae sint, alias repetito novies pulsu excitent fideles."

Little by little, in almost every land, the usage has become fixed of giving the signal for the Ave Maria at morning, noon, and eve, by the three strokes three times repeated. By the Clerks Regular of the Minorites, the novelty was introduced of sounding for the last time five strokes instead of three. (83) This finds its explanation in a somewhat exag-

(78) Otte. Handbuch der Kirchl. Kunst Archaeologie (78) Leipzig, 1883, 1, 444.

(79) Cap. I. §1 u. 9.

(80) Lib. I. rulr, 9. n. 6.

(81) P. I. Cap. 7 u. 12, fol. 47.

(82) Lib. I. Cap. 2.

(83) Caeremon P. V. Cap. 5.

gerated effort after conformity between the prayer and its signaal. The last verse of the Angelus being somewhat longer than the others on account of the annexed collects, it can be concluded with in the time of ringing by prolonging also the latter.

At Rome and Naples the custom exists of ringing first three, then four, then five strokes, adding finally one ultimate stroke. Down to the present day, there are not wanting rubricists who find reasons real or mystical for these uses. It suffices to hear these explanations to convince oneself that they are forced and unreal. To render possible any explanation, Maggio commences by saying that, according to his opinion, it would be better to overlook the last strokes. "Perhaps this would indicate the close of the prayer and the moment of rising." But who does not see that such an admonition is needless? Neglecting, then, this last stroke, we have twelve strokes in place of thirteen. "These," says Maggio, "I believe signify the twelve privileges of the Madonna." "At the beginning," he continues, "fewer strokes are given and at the end a greater number, because the prayers are longer." This might explain the usage of the Minorities, but not that of Rome, the second verse of the Angelus being no longer than the first. Besides, if this explanation be accepted for the Angelus, what can be said of a similar manner of ringing the *De Profundis*?

The Camaldolesi, in those countries where the Angelus bell is sounded by strokes, rather than rung, follow the Roman use, omitting the last stroke. The Ceremonial of the Theatines says: "The first stroke shall be shorter, the second a little longer, and the third still longer."

It matters little how the Angelus is rung, but much how it is *said*. Both should be done to honor the most holy Mother of our Divine Redeemer.

"Te quando sorge e quando cade il die,
E quando il sole a mezzo corso il parte,
Saluta il bronzo che la turbe pie
Invita ad onorarte."

Manzoni *

[THE END.]

* Thee, when rises and when sinks the day,
And when the sun has reached its middle way,
The sacred bells salute; the pious throng
fall on their knees and pray. (Trans.)

How the Heart of Maurice Dineen Was Tested.

JAMES RILEY.

A bright sun looked down from an Irish sky on the little town of Smoiteen by the sea, where a young girl, standing near the edge of the wharf held her hand to her eyes, and gazed longingly out upon the water.

"I think he'll not go wid ye, after all," said the old woman sitting on one of the two small chests farther back, her withered hands, as she spoke, busy at mending a fish-net. The girl did not answer, and seemed not to hear the words; she still looked out at sea.

"He's comin' now, gran'mother—a white sail's breakin' out of the haze around the point;" and the tall girl, her dark hair streaming over her shoulder, leaned forward as she spoke—her heart in her words.

Alice Flynn was going from home to cross the Atlantic in the hope of meeting her lover in Quebec. A year previously Maurice Dineen had left the little fishing town where he had first seen the light, promising that in a year's time he would send for the choice of his heart, and, when wedded, they would carve for themselves a portion in the new world. A letter had just come, and in it the money for the passage. But the letter brought alarming word—Maurice was going to California. Gold could be had there for the digging, he said, and there every man was free. Health and strong hearts and hands were needed that success and fortune might be secured. Surely he would succeed. And so thought Alice, for was not Maurice Dineen the best hurler of his time beyond the Connemara Mountains? And had he not the strongest hand that ever threw a hook from a Smoiteen boat? There was no doubt that he should succeed.

And yet she did not wish him to go to California; or, if he did, she must, she would go with him. For this reason she was leaving home as soon as possible—leaving her old grandmother who had reared her tenderly, hoping to reach Quebec in time. He had said that the party with whom he was going would not start for two months; so if she set out immediately after receiving the letter, she might meet him.

It was only last night that Maurice's cousin, Michael Joyce, announced that he would accompany her, and this morning had gone in his boat at an early hour to secure a passage in a ship that was to sail from a neighboring town. Then he would come back and take her with him.

The parting tears and cries—that expressive sorrow—the only

comfort of Ireland's breaking heart during those famine years, and hard years that followed, prevailed on the little wharf. Strong, sea-beaten men, women bare of foot, and children, sobbed a blessing and good-bye to the two emigrants.

"Here, John, give me a hand, we must be off." Michael and his brother placed the chests in the boat, the latter stepping into the boat after them. The little craft moved out on the water on her way to Portumlin. As it did, the people kneeling, the girl's grandmother before the rest, a silent prayer went up into the clear sky and beyond it to the Great Throne, that two more hearts sailing away from the land of saints—the land blessed by S. Patrick, would find happiness on an alien shore.

The "West-Wind" was a fast sailing ship, and three weeks after Alice Flynn had bidden farewell to the green hills of Ireland, as she lovingly viewed them from the ship's stern, the cold, bleak shores of Labrador stood out gray and forbidding to the north; and when, a few days later when sailing up the wide St. Lawrence, its barren rugged shores and heartless landscape, already denuded by stinging frost, seemed a sad contrast to the charming shores she had left.

With the wind ahead, the sail up the St. Lawrence was long, the ship slowly beating her way. At last a cry awoke the sleeping passengers that the city to which they were sailing was before them.

A few minutes later Alice met her friend Michael on the deck and they looked out upon the scene. Before them, at the right, its little church, the humble forerunner of the tall grand church of to-day, nestling under the steep hills, was the ship-wrecked sailors' shrine of Sainte Anne de Baupre. Far away in the majesty of perspective, stretched the Laurentian Mountains, and before them, twenty miles distant on its historic rock, three hundred feet and more above the water, its tinped roofs reflecting the sun's rays, so that it seemed a great ball of flaming gold in the sunlight, was the city before which Montcalm, Wolfe, and Montgomery fell—the far-famed Quebec.

"An' is that really goold in the sun, or is that yer wantin' only to take a rise out of me?" asked an old man of a sailor, who had told him that the city before him was Quebec, and that its roofs were actually made of gold.

"If you don't believe that," answered the man of tar, "look ye over here to the right. Dy'e see it there, as it comes rollin' down the mountain?"

Michael and Alice looked with the old man and saw the Falls of Montmorency rolling down the mountain side—or, rather, falling from

it—down a leap of nearly three hundred feet, the morning sun full upon it; it seemed a brilliant jewel upon Nature's breast.

The passengers were now all on deck drinking in the grandeur and strangeness of the scene. The great river bearing to the sea the water of the world's greatest lakes, ships going and coming, every sail set to the sweeping breeze, beautifully fair against a bright and smiling sky, contributed to make the simple passengers of the "West-Wind" feel that they really were nearing a land of fable.

Michael explained to the old man and his fellow-passengers many things about them. He then moved with Alice to a more retired place on the deck, that she might better see and enjoy the scene. He was telling her of the Jesuit Fathers and French explorers who first sailed up the noble stream; he pointed to the church at Beauport, its shining spire and golden cross rising from a cluster of white cottages, saying that in a few hours the two would be kneeling and giving thanks in one of the many churches of Quebec—giving thanks even before going out to find Maurice, when a rough hand was suddenly laid upon the girl's shoulder.

"Well, my girl, we didn't get as well acquainted as we might, did we?" Instinctively the young girl shrank from the coarse, second-mate, whose rude advances to her during the voyage, had made her dread seeing his great pock-marked face. Even as he did so, Alice Flynn pressed close to her protector, Michael Dineen, who, clasping her with his strong arm, glared at the officer, whose hand dropped.

"Aboard the bark? Keep off! Are you going to make me go about?" It was the captain shouting from the quarter-deck, and, as he shouted, a ship, coming down before the wind, went rushing by to windward.

Standing in the bow of the outgoing ship, his bright eyes full of hope, what was it that Maurice Dineen had seen? That which froze his young blood, and made the years before him seem a cold, hard blank. And was it true, then, what old Nell, the fortune-teller, had once said at the village feast—that Alice would marry his cousin Michael? It was true Michael had not been averse to the bright eyes of the prettiest girl in Smoiteen, eyes that, however, had always turned away from his when they said too much. And Maurice believed that no tale of love was whispered into the ear of Alice Flynn—his sweet white blossom—but his own.

"Alice!" She did not hear the cry; it was borne by the winds that separated her heart from the heart she loved, and, until now, the heart that loved her. In life friends thus sail away from each other through misunderstandings; false impressions taken up and acted upon too

quickly, as in the case of Alice Flynn and Maurice Dineen. The wild November wind sped down the St. Lawrence, and on the river's crest went with it a seared, sad heart. The golden sands of California were to Maurice Dineen now less alluring than the cheerless shores he was leaving.

Out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and southward to the warmer latitudes the ship bore on, but the heart of the young Irish fisherman warmed not. Ploughing the waters of the Spanish Main, past scented groves, on into the doldrums where the seas were silent through long days and longer nights of alternate change and weary monotony, until at last the reviving "trades"—impelled the ship in lively motion—the heart of Maurice Dineen was strangely becalmed. The majestic Pacific, that wooed the western sun to rest upon its bosom, the rosy hues of morning, the golden glory of El Dorado beyond, stirred no responsive thrill in the heart of Maurice Dineen! The Golden Gate, wide open, revealing matchless beauty, welcomed the noble ship with greetings of love and liberty, but what was love to Maurice Dineen! Alone must he labor, unrewarded would be his toil. No loved companionship would brighten the pleasures his gold might win!

Leaving San Francisco Maurice trudged onward towards the gold fields. Companions were not wanting; desperate some of them were. What recked it all! He must dig for gold; and what he dug, he must hide—for the sinister looks of Jack Dunstan and Dick Halvin, two of the four men who jointly worked the same claim, betrayed their unscrupulous greed.

One day, when it was Maurice's turn to cook, he made a hole in the ground, which served as the cabin floor, placing the gold in a handkerchief, he buried it, marking the place carefully. Each day's labor was amply rewarded. At the end of three months "Good Luck Camp" had turned out great, shining nuggets of precious gold. Dunstan had been bought out by the rest a month before, and Havlin had gone down to Fowler's Forks to buy supplies. After dinner Dineen was left alone at the camp, Tom Hughes and Bill Read having gone down the stream a short distance to fish. Sitting at the door of the hut, Maurice looked out on the wide, wild expanse, the snow-capped mountain ranges rising against the sky, when his eye was attracted by a piece of a newspaper fluttering past on the wind; it lodged on a bush a hundred yards down the descent.

His heart jumped; here was a messenger from the outside world; here hundreds of miles from civilization it had come to him, and he quickly ran after it. In large letters he saw "Quebec;" the rest of the heading was torn off, but to know it was part of a paper from the city

where he had spent a year, was enough. His heart beat fast. Spreading the sheet out he devoured every item; then his eye fell upon the following:

The Trial of Michael Joyce Postponed.—“Michael Joyce, who was taken back to Ireland, to stand trial for the murder of the land agent in Smoiteen, a little town in that country’s west coast, has secured a stay of proceedings for one year, through the efforts of his counsel, Thomas Maloney, in this city. Mr. Maloney has written to California to Joyce’s cousin, Maurice Dineen, who, if he can be reached, Joyce claims, will surely send a letter proving an alibi.”

The lines burned into his brain. Maurice Dineen was a changed man. Yes, he had something now to live for—something he would live for, and something that he would do. He would not send a letter; neither would he wait for the one sent by the lawyer. It might reach him and it might not. He had asked a friend to forward his letters to him upon leaving San Francisco, but why wait for that which would never, perhaps, reach him? He was with his cousin, Michael Joyce, in Westport the night and hour the crime of murder was committed in Smoiteen, and for which that cousin now stood accused! It might be that it was for this reason—to escape what he thought was coming, that Michael had sailed to Quebec. He had not thought of it before, although now he remembered that Michael was suspected of knowing something about the murder on account of his having belonged to the Ribbonmen.

Maurice hastily began to dig up his gold. The open handkerchief was in his hand, as the tread of a heavy animal sounded, and the next moment Dick Halvin led to the door the camp’s mule, laden with the stores brought from the Forks.

“What will you give me for my share in the claim, Dick?” said Maurice, “I want to sell out.”

But the man outside had seen the gold in the other’s hand; he had left the last of his dust at the gambling table at the Forks; in an instant his hand was on his pistol.

“No, you don’t do that!” and a hand behind held back the firearm.

Tom Hughes and Bill Read had come back from fishing just in time to save to Maurice Dineen his gold and his life. Although they drove a sharp trade with him in buying his claim, they insisted that he should have his equal share. An hour later they walked Halvin out of the hut, from his dinner, a Colt’s persuader at his head, outside the mining-camp, where he was left to follow his sordid way.

Maurice Dineen reached Ireland in time to bring from the courthouse in Castlebar his cousin Michael Joyce a free man. A brief visit—

a few days only spent in Smoiteen, where the "rich Calforeneen's goold" brightened the ways of trade in the little place, making everybody laugh; for no finger and thumb in the whole town but closed on less than silver, and some on "goold itself," coming from the generous hand of Maurice Dineen.

Once again the western sun going down into the sea lured on a noble ship—a ship that was carrying two cousins who separately had crossed the Atlantic before, but this time were not going to Canada but to Boston.

"I think we'll reach Boston by Christmas Day," said Maurice one morning. The wind was fair, and the ship was bowling along with every sail pressed. As he spoke he saw the officers with glasses scanning the horizon, now and then earnestly talking together. Soon the welcome word went around that the apparent cloud-bank on the port side was the shores of Cape Cod. And so, although Maurice Dineen could not reach Alice Flynn on Christmas Eve, he might at least see, and did see from the harbor where the ship lay anchored, the lights of the city where she lived.

In 1854 there was little attention given to Christmas Day in Boston, except such as was observed by the scattered sons and daughters of the Gael. In a house under Fort Hill a number of these, besides the family, were gathered—young men and women, who had come to pass a few happy hours. A beautiful girl, sitting apart, whose dark eyes wore a sweet, sad expression, listened quietly to what her friends were saying about herself.

"Well, I don't blame Alice for not sailing on Christmas Day," said one girl, "Sure, no luck would come from it."

"It's venturesome at best," said another, "to sail around Cape Horn."

"No, but the ship that comes in on Christmas Day," broke in a third, who had just entered, handing her bonnet and shawl to Alice, that's the ship for you. One's in this morning from Ireland, and as I was coming out of Mass at the cathedral, I met two as fine a pair of young men—"

The door opened, and, preceded by an acquaintance of the hostess, Maurice Dineen and Michael Joyce entered the room.

The story of true love crossed, which had made two hearts miserable for a time, at last ended in perfect understanding and wedded bliss. Maurice Dineen had not saved his cousin in vain!

Editorial.

DOMINICANA greets its friends in the cordial spirit of Christmas-tide, and earnestly hopes that the fulness of blessings—"Peace to men of good will"—ushered in by the Infant Saviour may brighten for them the morrow of the incoming year.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother, which ranks in secondary dignity to that of the Nativity of her divine Son, in the month of December, has been enriched by our Holy Father during the present year with the special privilege of a plenary indulgence. The commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the *foundation* of Mary's glory, recalls to the Christian mind the joyous manifestation of gratitude that greeted its solemn pronouncement by Pope Pius the Ninth, of happy memory, fifty years ago. In extending special privileges, and in directing solemnities throughout the Christian world for fostering devotion to Mary, our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, points out in a recent encyclical, the *chief* reason for continuous petition to Mary; for, "the restoration of all things in Christ have been made through Mary."

Can any one fail to see that there is no surer or more direct road than Mary for uniting all in Christ and obtaining through Him the perfect adoption of sons, that we may be holy and immaculate in the sight of God? For if to Mary it was truly said: "Blessed art thou who hast believed because in thee shall be fulfilled the things that have been said to thee by the Lord." That she would conceive and bring forth the Son of God; and if she did receive in her breast Him who is by nature truth itself in order that "He, generated in a new order and with a new nativity, though invisible in Himself, might become visible in our flesh." The Son of God made man being the "author and consummator of our faith," it surely follows that His Mother most holy should be recognized as participating in the divine mysteries and as being in a manner the guardian of them, and that upon her as upon a foundation, the noblest after Christ, rises the edifice of the faith of all centuries.

How think otherwise? Could not God have given us in another way than through the Virgin the Redeemer of the human race and the Founder of the Faith? But since Divine Providence has been pleased

that we should have the Man-God through Mary, who conceived Him by the Holy Ghost and bore Him in her breast, it only remains for us to receive Christ from the hands of Mary. Hence, whenever the Scriptures speak prophetically of the grace which was to have appeared among us, the Redeemer of mankind is almost invariably presented to us as united with His Mother. The Lamb that is to rule the world will be sent—but He will be sent from the rock of the desert; the flower will blossom—but it will blossom from the root of Jesse. Adam, the father of mankind, looked to Mary crushing the serpent's head, and he dried the tears that the malediction had brought into his eyes. Noah thought of her when shut up in the ark of safety, and Abraham when prevented from the slaying of his son; Jacob at the sight of the ladder on which angels ascended and descended; Moses amazed at the sight of the bush which burned but was not consumed; David escorting the ark of God with dancing and psalmody; Elias as he looked at the little cloud that rose out of the sea. In fine, after Christ, we find in Mary the end of the law and the fulfillment of the figures and oracles.

And that through the Virgin and through her, more than any other means, we have offered us a way of reaching the knowledge of Jesus Christ, cannot be doubted when it is remembered that with her alone of all others Jesus was for thirty years united, as a son is usually united with a mother, in the closest ties of intimacy and domestic life. Who better than his Mother could have a more open knowledge of the admirable mysteries of the birth and childhood of Christ, and above all of the Incarnation, which is the beginning and foundation of faith? Mary not only preserved and meditated on the events of Bethlehem and the facts which took place in Jerusalem in the Temple of the Lord, but sharing as she did the thoughts and the secret wishes of Christ, she may be said to have lived the very life of her Son. Hence, nobody ever knew Christ so profoundly as she did, and nobody can ever be more competent as a guide and teacher of the knowledge of Christ.

Hence it follows, as We have already pointed out, that the Virgin is more powerful than all others as a means for uniting mankind with Christ. Hence, too, since according to Christ Himself: "Now this is eternal life: That they may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," and as we obtain through Mary the knowledge of Christ, through Mary also we gain more easily that life of which Christ is the fount and principle. And if we consider how many and how potent are the causes which render this most Holy Mother all eagerness to bestow upon us these precious gifts, oh! how our hope will increase.

For is not Mary the Mother of Christ? Wherefore is she our Mother also. We are all bound to believe that Jesus, the Word made Flesh, is also the Saviour of the human race. Now, as the Man-God, He had a physical body like every other man; and as Saviour of the human family He had a spiritual and mystical body, that is, the society of those who believe in Christ. "We are many in one body in Christ." But the Virgin conceived the Eternal Son not only that He

might be made man taking his human nature from her; but also that by means of the nature assumed from her, He might be the Redeemer of mankind. Hence the angels' words to the shepherds: "To-day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." In the bosom, then, of His most chaste Mother, Christ took to Himself human flesh and united to Himself the spiritual body formed of those "who were to believe in Him." So that Mary, bearing in her breast the Saviour, may be said to have borne also all those whose life was contained in the life of the Saviour. Hence, all of us who are united in Christ and are, as the Apostle says, "members of His body and His flesh and of His bones" have come forth from the bosom of Mary, as the body united to its head. It follows that spiritually and mystically we are called children of Mary, and that she is the Mother of us all. "The Mother, spiritually but truly, of the members of Christ which we are."

Since the Blessed Virgin is the Mother at once of God and of men, who can doubt that she uses all means to obtain from Christ, "the head of the body of the Church" that He transfuse His gifts through His members and above all the gift of knowing Him and of "living by Him."

Furthermore, the most Holy Mother had not only the honor of "having given the substance of His flesh to the Only Begotten Son of God Who was to be born with human members," from whose substance the victim was to be prepared for the salvation of men; but she was also entrusted with the charge of guarding and nourishing the victim and of presenting Him for the sacrifice at the appointed time. Hence, that never broken communion of life and labor between the Son and the Mother, so that of both the Prophet's words are true: "My life is being consumed in sorrows and my years in moanings." And when the last hour of the Son arrived, "there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother," not occupied merely in contemplation of the cruel spectacle, but rejoicing that "her Only-Begotten was offered for the salvation of the human race," and also so participating in His passion that had it been possible, "she would much more willingly have suffered all the torments which Her Son suffered." And by this communion of pain and of will between Christ and Mary "she merited to become most worthily the restorer of the lost world," and hence, too, the Dispenser of all the gifts which Jesus won for us by His death and His blood.

We do not deny that the distribution of these gifts belongs by strict and peculiar right to Christ, since they are the fruit of His death, and He is of Himself the Mediator between God and man. Yet, by that participation we have described of pain and sorrow of the Mother and her Son, it was granted to the august Virgin "to be with her Only-Begotten Son, the most potent mediatrix and conciliatrix in all the earth." Christ is therefore the fount "and of His fulness we have all received, from whom the whole body being compactly and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity"; Mary, as St. Bernard justly remarks, is "the channel," or,

to use another phrase, she is the neck by which the body is united to the head, and the head sends life and strength through the body. "For she is the neck of our Head through which every spiritual gift is communicated to His mystical body." From all this, it is clear we are very far from attributing to the Virgin the power of producing supernatural grace, for this belongs to God alone. But as she surpasses all human creatures in sanctity and in union with Christ, and as she was chosen by Christ to be His companion in the work of human salvation, she has merited for us, "*de congruo*" what Christ has merited for us, "*de condigno*," and she is the first of Ministers in the distribution of grace. Christ "sitteth on the right hand of the Majesty on high," and Mary stands at His right hand as Queen, "the surest refuge and most faithful helper of all in peril, so that there is no place for fear or despair, where she is the guide and protector and intercessor and defender.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

In his interesting treatise, entitled *MONEY AND CREDIT*, Wilbur Aldrich lucidly restates "monetary fact and theory embodying the results of evolution and discussion down to date," for the enlightenment of the thinking public. Brief reviews of "Primitive Trade," "Coined Money," "Credit," "Credit Investments," "Paper Money," "Representative Paper," "Quantity of Money," and the "Connection Between Money and Credit" are ably presented; they are suggestive studies of the principles of economics.

The Grafton Press, New York, publishes the book in excellent style.

THE IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, definitely and regularly set forth in his treatise under that title by the Reverend F. Arnoudt, S. J., is an irresistibly attractive summary of ascetical theology and doctrinal practices upon which Christians base a spiritual, interior, life. The tender charity of the Heart of Jesus, manifested towards the sinner during His life upon earth, may be learned from the study of His favorite precept and heroic practice "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of Heart; and ye shall find rest for your souls."

This choice book of prayer and special devotion to the Sacred Heart should be in the hands of devout Catholics. The present translation from the Latin is by I. M. Fastre; it may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, New York.

Calendar for December.

1—B. Diana and Companions, O. P., Virgins. Humility (from June 9).

2—B. John Dominic, O. P., Bishop. Cheerful obedience.

3—S. Francis Xavier, S. J., Priest. Apostle of the Indies. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

4—First Sunday of the month—Second Sunday of Advent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

5—B. Stephen, O. P., Priest (from June 12).

6—S. Nicholas (Santa Claus), Archbishop. Patron of children. Innocence.

7—Ordination of S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Holy-day of obligation. Patroness of the United States. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

9—S. Jane Frances de Chantal, widow; Abbess and Foundress of the congregation of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin (from Aug. 21). Purity of Intention.

10—Translation to Loretto of the House of the Blessed Virgin in which the Annunciation took place.

11—Second Sunday of the month—Third Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

12—Our Lady of Guadalupe. Patroness of Mexico.

13—S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. Constancy.

14—The Angel's Guardian. Ember day.

15—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

16—B. Sebastian, O. P., Priest. Regular observance. Ember day. Novena for Christmas begins.

17—B. Margaret of Savoy. Patience in sickness. Votive Mass of the Rosary. Ember day.

18—Third Sunday of the month—Fourth Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

19—S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr (from Dec. 4). Forbearance.

20—S. Dominic, Abbot. Zeal for souls.

21—S. Thomas, Apostle. Lively faith.

22—B. Mary Mancini, O. P., widow. Care of the sick.

23—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin (from Dec. 18).

24—Vigil of Christmas. Fast day for all the faithful, including workmen and their families.

25—Nativity of Our Lord. Two Plenary Indulgences may be gained by Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Church; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence may also be gained by Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary.

26—S. Stephen, Deacon and Protomartyr. Forgiveness of Injuries.

27—S. John, Apostle and Evangelist. Surnamed the Beloved.

28—Holy Innocents, Martyrs.

29—S. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.

30—Fifth day of the Octave.

31—S. Sylvester, Pope.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Daniel the Stylite, Confessor; S. Melania the Younger, Virgin; S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr; S. Sarah, Virgin and Martyr; S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sylvester, Pope; S. Nicholas, Bishop; S. Stephen, Protomartyr; S. Anastasia, Martyr; S. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Thomas, Apostle; S. Alice, Empress; S. Francis Xavier, Confessor; S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor; S. John the Evangelist.

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